

FIVE
NOVELS:

Translated from the *French* of

M. SEGRAIS,

Author of *Zayde*, and the *Princess*
of *Cleves*.

VIZ.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for D. BROWNE, jun^r. at the
Black-Swan, without *Temple-Bar*.

M.DCC.XXV.

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Translated from the French of

M. DE LA FAYE



I. THE FORTUNE OF THE FORTUNE

II. THE FORTUNE OF THE FORTUNE

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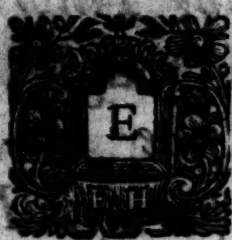


TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES

Duke of *Queensberry*
and *Dover*.

MY LORD,



Ncouraged by your
generous Permission,
I presume to lay
at your Feet, this
Transtation from the French
A of

of M Segrain: What of his Works have already been made to speak English, are read, and approved of by the Gay and Polite, for whom these sort of Writings are intended: Whatever be the Fate of this, my Ambition is gratified, by having this Opportunity of publickly acknowledging your Grace's late Goodness to me, for which I could alledge no Plea but my Misfortunes; and my deceas'd Brother's having had the Honour of being Tutor to my Lord George Douglas your Brother, whose fine Genius, and Sweet Temper (as I have often heard him say) made

(iii)

made Instructing a Pleasure &
besides which, the Performance
of his Duty was amply re-
warded, by the generous Treat-
ment he received from the late
Duke your Father, whose Great-
ness of Soul, and exalted Qua-
lities shine with double Lustre
in your Grace.

As Heaven seems to have
bestowed its choicest Blessing
on you, in a Lady whose
transcending Beauty and Vir-
tues make her the Delight of
all, there is no room for my
Gratitude to wish you any
other Felicity, than that you
long may live to make each
other

(iv)

other happy, and that Posterity
may never want one of your
Illustrious Race to bless this
Island. I am,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most Obliged

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant.



THE
Beautiful PYRATE;
OR, THE
Constant Lovers.

WHEN those Dominions were govern'd by Sovereign Princes, which have, since united to the Monarchy of *France*, render'd it one of the most potent Empires of *Europe*; there reign'd in *Provence*, a Prince, so indolent and averse to the troublesome Fatigues of State-Affairs, that he entirely resign'd the Management of every thing to his Wife: a
B Prin-

Princess of a most refin'd Understanding, and perfectly well skill'd in the Art of Government. But she dying, he was forc'd to rouse himself from those Pleasures, the vigilant Address of his Wife had given him Liberty to indulge in, to partake of the Thorns as well as Roses of the Royal Garland: But he being fated to marry Women of uncommon Capacities, the Count de *Tholouse*, a neighbouring Prince, whose Dominions had been govern'd in the same manner as his, dying much about the same time as his Wife, he made his Addresses to that Princess, who with Joy embraced the first Proposal, in hopes of governing his State as well as her own, and of uniting them, by marrying her only Daughter to a Son which the Count of *Provence* had by his first Countess: But Marriages, projected by Ambition, and at such a distance, seldom are accomplish'd; neither was this, notwithstanding the Facility of the Count's Temper, and the Artfulness of the Countess.

Soon after the Marriage of the Count of *Provence* with the Countess of *Tholouse* had been celebrated with the utmost Magnificence, died the Count of *Roussillon*, leaving his Dominions to an only Daughter; but two Nephews of the Count's, dis-

disputing with her the Succession, they agreed to refer the adjusting of their different Pretensions to the Count and Countess of *Provence*; to which purpose they all repair'd to their Court. But before this Affair could be determin'd, the Countess of *Roussillon* fell extremely ill, and finding herself near Death, she desired the Countess of *Provence* to grant her two Favours; first, to take care of her Daughter's Interests, and then to marry her when she should be of an Age fitting. The Countess promis'd her to do both; soon after which she died, having expressly charg'd her Daughter to look with the same Respect on the Princess, whose Succour she was come to implore, as on a Mother. The Countess of *Provence* immediately carried the young Princess of *Roussillon*, whose Name was *Adelayda*, to her Daughter's Apartment; and placing them together, equally divided her Affections between them. *Carloman* (for so the young Prince of *Provence* was call'd) no sooner saw *Adelayda*, than he fell passionately in love with her. Never was any thing so beautiful as this Princess. Her Mother had been the Delight and Admiration of all that had ever seen her; but yet her Daughter was allowed to be ten thousand times more excelling: her Shape was

noble and easy ; and she had so much the Air of a Person of exalted Quality, that 'twas impossible to look on her without Respect ; her Eyes of a sparkling Blue, displayed the Vivacity of her Mind, and the Brightness of her Understanding ; her Complexion was above all Embellishments. I shall say nothing of the Delicacy and Regularity of her Features, 'tis not in Words to describe such transcending Perfection : But there was in her Looks a certain engaging Softness, and so much heavenly Modesty, that she seem'd to be rather something Divine than Human. 'Twas no wonder therefore that *Carloman's* Soul was entirely taken up with her transporting Charms ; but 'twas surprising, that so artful a Woman as the Countess of *Provence*, who had a Design that *Carloman* should marry her Daughter, should place *Adelayda* and her together, since 'twas impossible where she was, to have Eyes for any thing but her. Yet whether she thought that Interest would blind *Carloman* ; or whether she depended on the Prudence and Severity of a Governess she had placed over *Adelayda*, to observe her Actions, who allowed her to speak to no one but in her Presence ; or whether it being so decreed by Fate, that those two amiable Persons should

should be united to each other; she could not avoid acting in that manner: Whatever it was, she suffer'd them to be together, till 'twas too late to apply a Remedy to the Evil. *Carloman* was not only amiable in his Person, but he had a great deal of Wit; was liberal, magnificent, and the most amorous Man in the world. 'Tis easy therefore to believe, that notwithstanding the Impossibility of speaking to *Adelayda* without Witnesses, he had Address enough to make known his Passion. *Love* is too industrious to be restrain'd by any Difficulties, they only serve to render his Vigilance the more conspicuous, and quicken his Invention.

Whether the Discovery was made by Letter, or only by the Language of his Eyes, *Adelayda* soon perceiv'd the Prince was in love with her; and pleas'd with his discreet Manner of making it known to her, and concealing it from all the World besides, she approv'd of his Passion. Thus, in the very Infancy of their Affections, they so well manag'd their Correspondence, that they deceiv'd the whole Court, and even made their Enemies unknowingly their Interpreters; for, to deceive the Governess, they made use of Terms, the Signification of which was only to be understood by

themselves ; and they had so excellent a Cypher in their Conversation (if I may so call it) that not only the Governess could not comprehend what they meant, but, what was still more diverting, *Carloman* not daring to mention his Passion to *Adel-ayda*, and being forced, out of Complaisance to his Mother-in-Law, to feign one for the young Princess of *Tboloufe*, who was not of the quickest Comprehension ; whatever he design'd for *Adel-ayda*, he spoke aloud to the other.

But tho' he had Cunning enough to conceal his Love from the Countess, yet she saw, that so far from pressing his Marriage with her Daughter, he did not with pleasure hear it mentioned. This giving her great Uneasiness, she did her utmost to discover if he were not in love elsewhere ; but his Behaviour was so circumspect and artful, that she found him always gay and fond of Diversions, the most inconsistent with Love : She could not tell what to believe, and was apt to impute his having no Inclination for Marriage, to the Wildness of his Youth, and would perhaps never have discover'd the Truth, had it not been for an Accident : as he was one Day at Cards with her, in pulling something out of his Pocket, he dropt two Keys ; they being extremely small,

small, and falling on a Carpet without Noise, and he very attentive on his Play, was not sensible of his Loss, tho' it was of the greatest Consequence to him. The little Keys were not found till the Prince was gone, and the Countess, who saw them taken up, order'd 'em immediately to be carried after him; but seeing somewhat that was tied to 'em, glitter like a Diamond, she had Curiosity enough to look on 'em: there were four or five Seals of different Sorts, some with his Arms, others with her Daughter's Cypher, for he affected those false Appearances by *Adelayda's* Desire, the better to conceal the Passion he had for her. But among the Seals, the Countess took notice of one much more valuable than all the rest put together; 'twas a Diamond cut with exquisite Art, it hanging by itself, and a little Piece of Wax sticking to it, made the Countess imagine it had been but lately used: looking on it therefore with more Attention, and examining the Device, she saw it was a Mount *Aetna* casting forth Flames, as it is usually represented, with these Words written round it, *The Cause is not known.* She immediately concluded that this was not made without a Design; the little Earnestness the Prince show'd to marry her

Daugh-

Daughter, made her imagine this Device might be of his own Invention, and that the Fire of Mount *Ætna*, the Cause of which is concealed might, be an Emblem of a secret Passion he had, which prevented his marrying her Daughter: Having a vast deal of Penetration, she imagin'd these two Keys, by their Make and Size, and the Manner of his keeping them, must infallibly belong to the Depositary of his most important Secrets. The Prince having an Apartment in the Palace, and she seeing from her Windows that he was walking in the Garden, cross'd the Countess's Apartment, and thro' a Gallery that parted them, went to that of the Prince: unluckily for him, the Gentleman of the Bed-chamber then in waiting, was a Creature of the Countess's, and by her placed about the Prince as a Spy, to inform her of his Actions; and he happening to be the only Person there, she order'd him to open his Master's Closet, and judging that the largest of the two Keys she had found must belong to some Cabinet, and the smallest to some Box probably shut up therein, she no sooner saw the Prince's Cabinet, but she tried the Key, and found herself not mistaken in her Surmises. The Cabinet was compos'd of an entire Piece of Crystal,

curi-

curiously chased ; but she did not amuse herself with admiring the Beauty of the Workmanship, or the various inestimable Jewels she found within it, especially when she had seen the little Box her Imagination had proposed to her : It was of Gold, beautifully enamell'd with Flowers and Fruit, which, wherever the Colours would permit, were represented by precious Stones, and particularly a Vine, the Leaves of which were formed by Emeralds, and the cluster'd Grapes by Amethysts. On opening this, she found it full of Letters, and catching up one of them, which had no Direction, she concluded by that it could not have been from her Daughter, looking therefore on the Seal, which was entire, tho' the Letter open'd, to see with what Cypher it was imprinted, she found it was a Device that did not imply a dawning Passion, for 'twas a *Cupid* holding two Hearts on an Anvil, and seeming to be beating them into one, with these Words, *Of two I make one.* All this strangely alarm'd her ; judge then of the Effects of the Letter, which was conceived in the following Terms.

Don't

DON'T you think that our Dragon has this Day redoubled her Vigilance? Be not surpriz'd that I don't look on you as usual, nor speak before her——far from venturing to do so, I dare not lift my Eyes up from the Ground, for she seems to me to read my very Thoughts——Let not my Behaviour afflict you, since you know the Cause—but be assur'd that our Enemies, with all their Penetration, shall never see my Heart unpossess'd by your Image. Love has placed it there, and shall there preserve it, as long as you are as discreet as I will be faithful.

The Countess, not contented with reading this Letter, took the little Coffer nearer the Window, whence she could see the Prince still walking in the Garden; and resolving to look on all that was within it, the next Letter she laid her hands on, was this:

I Believe you love me,——is not that saying enough?——No——do you still murmur?——must you have more?——I give you leave to love me——What are you not yet contented? Truly you are very difficult——Why then I do not hate you——You seem to be offended at the Expression;—you are the most importunate of Men——I must do something to get rid of you

you——I love you——This is saying a great deal too much, but I shall tell you, that the Confession is extorted from me by your Importunity, if you, by your Obedience and Fidelity, do not endeavour to merit it.

This was the Purport of another.

I Can't tell which of us two is the most to blame, you for loving me, or I for receiving your Addresses—But when I consider the Difficulties attending our Amour, I think we ought both to strive who should be the first to disengage ourselves; tho, as your Error preceded mine, so ought your Repentance: This is a Reason strong enough to make you set me a good Example, I blush to give you a better; but the Danger is so great, that I ought not to omit it. Know then, that tho I can't say I shall ever be so imprudent as to love you, yet I am sure, until you cease making your Addresses to me, I shall not have Power to disallow of them.

There were about a dozen more Letters which the Countess perused, but for fear of tiring the Reader, I shall not repeat them; tho Carloman having placed them in the Coffer as he receiv'd them, the first were at the bottom, and consequently those that she had taken most pains

pains about: for in the beginning of such a Correspondence, we make use of Art, but when warm'd up with mutual Endearments, 'tis Nature dictates, and our Thoughts flow faster from our fired Imagination, than the swiftest Hand can pen them.——The Countess knew the Hand too well, to question who the Author was; besides, the Letters so well shew'd that they were indited by a Person strictly watch'd, that what she found at the bottom of the Box was a further, but unnecessary Proof that they came from *Adelayda*; which was a Bracelet of her Hair fasten'd by her Cypher, and her Picture in a Case made of an entire Ruby. She had all the Leisure imaginable to make what Observations she pleased, because she still saw the Prince walking with a great Number of Courtiers, and that the Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, by standing on the Outside of the Door, prevented any Surprize.——But that she might the more maturely deliberate on what was to be done, she resolved to take no notice of her having discover'd the Intrigue; she replaced therefore the Picture, Bracelet and Letters in the same Order she had found them, and having lock'd the little Coffer and Cabinet, she retir'd to her own Apartment as secretly

as

as possible, and return'd the Keys and Seals to the Prince by a Page, whom she had order'd to say that he had found 'em the moment the Prince went out: All this was done in so little time, that the Page giving him them in the Garden, tho a Lover is generally mistrustful, yet the Prince suspected nothing.

When the Countess came to consider on the Affair, seeing that all the Vigilance of the Governess, her *Argus*, had been to no purpose, and that these two young Persons had began and carried on an Intrigue in the middle of the Court, without any body's perceiving it, she thought it would be impossible to prevent their loving each other, as long as they should continue together; and that should her Authority interpose, it would only exasperate them against her. She well knew, that Love is not to be extinguish'd by Force, but that in generous and truly enamour'd Hearts, Opposition and Violence only increase the Flames; yet not being able to lay aside the Hopes her Imagination had so long flatter'd it-self with, she took an odd Resolution: She knew that in *Italy* the Duke of *Calabria* was seeking for an agreeable March, and judging *Adelayda* to be every thing he could wish for, she dispatch'd a Gentle-

Lyon

C

man

man to him, to inform him of the Beauty and Wealth of that young Princess, and to assure him, that if he would marry her, she being Arbitratress between the Nephews of the late Count of *Roussillon* and her, would pronounce in favour of *Adelayda*; and that as that Duke was very aged, she would dispense with his coming to *Provence*, to make his Addresses to her: but that she would send *Adelayda* over to him, as soon as he should determine to marry her, and make her the Advantages her Fortune and Quality merited. The old Duke, who had heard talk of the Beauty of *Adelayda*, and knew her Riches, readily embraced the Proposal, and sent the Countess of *Provence's* Agent back again, to inform her of the Success of his Negotiation. The Countess, pleased with the good News, and unwilling to lose time, order'd the Gentleman to get himself and Family in readiness to carry *Adelayda* to the Duke of *Calabria*, but without discovering the least word of the Design. This Gentleman, who lived near *Marseilles*, which had been one reason for the Countess's making choice of him, because he lay so convenient to embark on the least notice, having inform'd her that his Equipage was ready, and that his Wife and Daughter should

should conduct the Bride ; she quits *A-
vignon*, where she usually kept her Court,
and under pretence of visiting the Towns
that belong'd to her own Dominions, re-
pairs to *Marseilles* with *Adelayda* and her
Daughter, whom she had taken with her
to prevent all Suspicion. In short, the
Wind being favourable, a Vessel equip'd
for that purpose had carry'd *Adelayda* a
considerable way, before *Carloman* knew
of her being gone. But to say which
of those two was most embarrass'd, is im-
possible ; she, to find herself at the mer-
cy of the Seas, in the hands of Persons
she had never seen, uncertain of what
they intended to do with her, and with-
out hopes of being able to give *Carloman*
any Informations of her Condition : or
that afflicted Lover, who learnt that his
Mistress had been carry'd away, without
knowing whither ; it is easy to judge of
his Despair, and the Words that Love,
Grief and Rage put into his Mouth ; but
it will be more proper to follow *Adelayda*.
Tho the Night was pretty far gone before
she was forced into the Ship, yet she was
at a great distance from the Port by Break
of Day ; notwithstanding *Provence* was
scarce to be seen, *Adelayda* always had
her Eyes turn'd that way, and as those
who have Misfortunes in Love, are less a-

bandon'd by Hope than any others, that unhappy Princess flatter'd herself, that *Carloman* would come to her Relief, and if in the Course they steer'd, they saw any Vessel, tho never so little, she immediately concluded it was come to deliver her; relying on his Courage, and the Authority he had as Prince. But at length finding her Expectations disappointed, and that her Conductors, so far from setting her on shore again in *Provençe*, as she desir'd, would not so much as tell her where, or on what Design they were carrying her; she abandon'd herself to all the Rage of wild Despair; sometimes she threaten'd her Ravishers, then melting into Tears, she threw herself at their Feet, and embracing their Knees, intreated them with such moving, piercing Expressions, that, resolute as they were in the executing of their Undertaking, they could not refrain from pitying her; but that, alas! was small Relief. — The Countess had order'd the Gentleman not to let her know any thing of the Design till the second Day, that if *Carloman* should have pursued and rescued her, he might not find out on what account she was taken away. — But now that time being come, her Conductor introduced his Wife and Daughter to the Prin-

Princess, that they might assist him in calming her Resentments; and coming into the Cabin, where he had left her with his Son and some Servants, to prevent her throwing herself into the Sea, as the Violence of her Affliction had oftentimes made her attempt to do, he began by assuring her, that what was done, was entirely out of Zeal for her Good, and then deliver'd her a Letter from the Countess. Tho *Adelayda* could not but have an ill Opinion of every thing that came from a Person who had acted in such a manner by her, yet not doubting but that it contain'd her Fate, she open'd it, and with Eyes drown'd with Tears, read as follows.

Barbilda Countess of *Provence* and *Thoulouse*, to *Adelayda* Countess of *Roussillon*.

H *Heaven is my Witness, amiable Adelayda, that you are as dear to me as my own Child; the Requests of your dying Mother are still fresh in my Memory, and I will, as long as I live, preserve the Regard and tender Affection for you, that I promised her; when, at the same time, she commanded you to obey me as a Mother. As I cannot complain of your Behaviour, I hope you will do*

me the Justice to acknowledge, that I never acted with the least Rigour towards you. What I undertook to perform, was to take care of your Interests and Person, and to provide you with a suitable Husband. The first, I am sure, you are satisfy'd I have done, and 'tis for the second that this Gentleman waits on you to Italy. The Duke of Calabria is a Prince adored by his Subjects, and revered by his Neighbours; he has demanded you in Marriage, and 'tis he that I have pitch'd upon for your Husband: His Condition and Rank is at least equal to yours, I wish his Age was somewhat more agreeable to your extreme Youth; but a Person of your Quality and Perfections would never be married, if they staid for one every way their Equal. May you find as much Happiness with him as you can wish, or that I expect from the Gentleness of his Disposition, and your Beauty. Obey therefore, my dear Adelayda, the Will of a Mother, who, thro me, commands you; resolve to marry the Duke of Calabria, as it is an advantageous and necessary Match for you; and do it with so much the more Willingness, because you have not met with the Fidelity you imagine; and he, who ought to have been at least as averse as yourself to this, was the first that approved of it.

On

On the reading this Letter, *Adelayda's* Courage entirely fail'd her, for she saw the Design was so well concerted, and so far advanced, that 'twould be impossible for her to avoid being thrown into the Arms of a Prince, for whom, waving his great Age, she could not but have an extreme Aversion, as it was on his account she was torn from her beloved *Carloman*; scarce had she therefore cast her Eyes off the dreadful Sentence, but, full of inexpressible Grief, she lost all Sense, and fell motionless on a Couch, on which she had been sitting. She continued in this Trance a considerable time, notwithstanding all possible Endeavours were used to recover her. *Lascaris* (for that was the Gentleman's Name, whom the Countess had made choice of for her *Agent*) judging that his Presence would rather aggravate, than lessen the violent Affliction of that young Princess, retir'd, leaving his Wife and Daughter, who were sensibly touch'd at her Condition, to comfort her. Night, in the mean time, came on, and obliged those, who were fruitlessly endeavouring to instil into her wounded Soul the pleasing Balm of resigning herself to the Will of the Divine Providence, which ever relieves oppress'd Innocence, to withdraw, and leave her alone, to give a Loose to the wild

wild Plainings of Grief, Rage, Love,
 and Despair, which by turns rack'd her
 distracted Imagination——Alas! *said she*
to herself, how has Fate, by Blows re-ite-
 rated, compleated my Undoing——First,
 it deprives me of my indulgent Father,
 raises up Enemies, that endeavour to rob
 me of my undoubted Right; and then in
 the very Sanctuary, to which I fly for
 Shelter, there losing my Mother, I lose
 my All.——Oh cruel *Bathilda*! is it thus
 you acquit yourself of that Hospitality
 your Promises exact of you——And you,
 cruel Instruments of her Rage, can you
 believe that I will undergo Tortures, ten
 thousand times worse than Death, by o-
 beying you, rather than by launching my-
 self into the Sea, at once put an end to
 my unhappy Life: No, no; your cruel
 Watchfulness shall not oblige me to drag
 out a wretched Life without my much-
 lov'd *Carloman*. These Thoughts rose in
 her tortur'd Breast, when she thought of
 the Violence that was put upon her—but
 when she reflected on the last Words of
Bathilda's Letter, where she hinted at *Car-*
loman's having betray'd her, what Pen can
 represent the furious Transports of her
 Rage! The Countess of *Provence* had in-
 serted those Words, in hopes of making
 her believe that *Carloman* was false to her,
 which

which might make her the more readily consent to her Marriage with the Duke of *Calabria*——She imagin'd that *Adelayda* would not fail giving credit to it, because she had never made known by what Artifice she had discover'd their Amour; yet she had carefully concealed from *Lascaris* the Interest that *Carloman* had in the Affair; lest, as it is natural for those who aim at making their Fortunes, to adore the rising Sun, he might have revealed the Secret to him, either in hopes of a greater Reward than what she promised him, or out of fear of losing himself with the Prince, who, considering his Father's Age, must in all probability soon succeed.——As he knew therefore nothing of the Matter, he heard the latter part of the Letter read, without comprehending the Meaning of it——Yet it was that which most sensibly touch'd *Adelayda*——*I have not met with the Fidelity I imagine* (cry'd she, repeating the last Lines of the Countess's Letter) *and he who ought to have been as averse to the carrying me thus away as myself, was the first that consented to it.*——Ah *Carloman*! has my loving you more than Life, merited the basest Treatment that Man can be guilty of! Is it possible that a Prince, who is the Delight of Mankind, can be guilty

guilty of such black Villany, as to join in destroying an innocent Maid, whose only Fault is loving him? 'Tis impossible; how can I but think it? especially as my Information comes from one whom I ought so much to suspect. Perhaps at this minute he is not less afflicted than I am: or why may not the same cruel Person, who has vented her Rage on me, as she entirely manages his Father, have thrown him into a State as wretched as mine? as we easily believe those Things we passionately wish for. *Adelayda* sometimes flatter'd her-self with these Thoughts; but when she reflected, that never having made use of a third Person in their Commerce, it could not have been discover'd by any body but himself, these pleasing Imaginations vanished; and she concluded, that either thro' Inconstancy or Ambition of aggrandizing himself by the Addition of her Rival's State, he had sacrificed her. Fir'd with these Thoughts, she wish'd for her Liberty, only to go and revenge herself on him for his Inconstancy. What better Counsellors could she have to extricate herself out of her Misfortunes, than Love and Revenge! and this was the Method they inspir'd her with. As *Lascaris*, in order to comfort her, was representing the

the Grandeur of the Duke of Calabria, and the Advantages that would attend such a Match ; she desir'd him to order every body out of the Room, and give her leave to speak to him in private. Which being done, My Grief arises not, *said she*, from my Aversion to the Duke, I know he is of my own Quality : and as for his Age, if that gave me any Dislike, it would at the same time bring the Consolation of a speedy Widowhood. All that I'm concern'd at, is, my not being able to perform a Vow I have for some time made : Being brought up from my Infancy in a Nunnery at *Barcelona*, the Abbess of which is my Mother's Sister, and Daughter of the Prince of that Country, had not the Death of my Father, the Count of *Roussillon*, (I being his only Child) made my Mother take me from thence, I had still been there : but having seen enough of the Vanities of the World, to make me relish the Tranquillity of that retir'd Life, I have resolv'd to dedicate myself entirely to God. Assist me therefore, I beseech you, in so pious a Design : And since the Wealth and Power of the Duke of Calabria is so great, preserve for your own Family what you design for me. The Duke never saw me ; your Daughter is much more beautiful, and

and about my Age and Height: She has never been seen at the Court of *Provence*, or scarce indeed at home, if what she tells me of the retired Life she and her Mother leads, be true. Why may not she therefore marry the Duke? You know the *Italian* Princesses are never seen in publick, and especially if they don't desire it themselves. The old Duke will scarce oppose such a Resolution. In exchange for this great Fortune, I with pleasure resign to her; I only desire a Habit of your Son's, because that will be safest, as I shall be amongst Men, if any Accident happens, and to be suffer'd to repair to the Nunnery in the smallest Bark that you'll allow me; where, as you will make my Happiness, I shall daily pray for yours. If the Match is so advantageous for me, as you represent it, you cannot be so unnatural as to refuse it for your Daughter: But if you do, rather than lose my Honour, and break my Vows, there's no Death I will not chuse. As it was Interest that had made the Gentleman undertake this disagreeable Commission, 'twas no wonder that this Proposal touch'd him. 'Twas true, *Adelayda* had been brought up in the Monastery, as she said. His Daughter was handsome, and tho' not comparable to *Adelayda*, yet enough

to

to answer to the Character he had given the Duke of that young Beauty; for having been dispatch'd in a great Hurry, he had not so much as taken her Picture with him. All that she propos'd, was therefore so plausible, that, as the Covetous flatter themselves in their Hopes as much as Lovers do, he told her he would consult with his Wife, and then give her his Answer. Accordingly he did, but she was so dazzled with her Daughter's Grandeur, that she overcame all the Difficulties that could be suggested; And returning to *Adelayda*, he told her, on condition his Son should wait on her till she had taken her Vows, he would immediately put into *Sardinia*, and buy her a Ship. In return, she promis'd him, that no one should ever know the Convent she was in, or ever hear of her: for that she would immediately go into *Spain*, and there enter into one of the same Order with that she had been brought up in. *Lasca-*
ris privately order'd his Son, that if he should find her offering at infringing her Promises, he should immediately kill her. Thus is *Adelayda* in a Man's Habit, in another Vessel, under the Conduct of young *Lasca-*
ris, sailing towards *Spain*, fully resolv'd on the first Opportunity to return to *Provence*, and revenge
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herself

herself on *Carleman*. But ill Fortune does
 not so soon change; for the Ship she was
 in, was attack'd by a Corsair of *Barbary*,
 and young *Lascaris* kill'd on the first
 Shock. *Adelayda* then thought if she
 could but escape being taken by the Py-
 rates, she should have no difficulty in re-
 turning to *Provence*; encouraging there-
 fore her Men, by Words and her Ex-
 ample, her Despair made her perform
 such extraordinary Actions, that 'twas
 not without a very great Loss of Men
 that the Pirate made himself Master of
 her Vessel. Tho he was extremely irri-
 tated at the Resistance, yet he saw him
 perform such Wonders, that he forbade
 his being kill'd, in hopes of acquiring to
 his Service the powerful Assistance of so
 valiant a Man. But finding him inconsol-
 able for the Loss of his Liberty, he, by
 an Interpreter, inform'd himself of his
 Circumstances. *Adelayda* suiting her Dis-
 course to her Habit, reply'd, That he
 was passionately in love with one of the
 Countess of *Provence's* Maids of Honour,
 and that had he not been taken Prisoner,
 he was going to be made compleatly hap-
 py. The Corsair order'd him to be as-
 sured, That if he would assist in taking
 some Prizes, as soon as he should have
 made his Fortune, he would land him in
 Pro-

Provence. Whether 'twas in hopes of the Pyrate's being as good as his word, or that weary of Life, she sought Death; but in all Re-encounters she sufficiently show'd the miraculous Power of Love, and by her Bravery confirm'd to herself the Corsair's Esteem. — In the mean time, *Lascaris's* Voyage to *Calabria* succeeded agreeably to his warmest Hopes; the old Duke, ravish'd with the Beauty of his Wife, solemniz'd his Marriage with publick Rejoicings.

But 'tis time we should now return to the wretched *Carloman*: The first two or three Days they endeavour'd to conceal *Adelayda's* Absence from him, by pretending she was extremely ill — but who can deceive a Lover? that Artifice being found out, they said she was gone to *Rouffillon*, to take possession of her Inheritance, but knowing that to be improbable: because there had been no Preparation made for it, nor no Person of Consequence sent with her — he at length transported with Rage, threw himself at his Father's Feet, begging him to protect the injur'd Innocence of *Adelayda* — but found no Satisfaction to be had that way, because the Countess absolutely ruled — In vain he threaten'd, in vain he supplicated, he still continued in Uncertainty till *Lascaris's* Return; then the Countess

was the first that inform'd him, that *Adelayda* had, in compliance to her Mother's last Commands, accepted of a Husband from her hand, and now thought herself happy in the Duke of *Calabria*. She flatter'd herself, that when the Prince had been satisfy'd that *Adelayda* was married, and consequently lost to him, he might have been prevailed on to accept the Advantages attending his Marriage with her Daughter: but *Adelayda's* Image was too deeply engraved in his Heart, he resolved therefore to go to *Calabria*, and make his own Eyes Witnesses of her Infidelity and his Misfortunes. Providing himself therefore with a considerable Sum of Money, he secretly withdrew from Court, and attended only by two Gentlemen, by Land repair'd to *Calabria*.—He soon learnt, that the Duke, being an *Italian*, and old, was extremely jealous; that she never stirr'd out, nor was ever seen by any, but by him and her Women; and that tho she often diverted herself with Comedies, she was always placed so, that she could see without being seen. *Carleman* thought he should have died with Grief at this News, for he now saw the small Hopes he had left, vanish'd.—At first he thought to have disguis'd himself in Women's Clothes—but not knowing how to

introduce himself into the Palace, even when so disguis'd, he abandon'd that Design as soon as form'd; tho he ran a risque of being discover'd, yet he never fail'd of being at every Comedy that was represented, and endeavour'd to show himself as much as possible to the close Closet wherein she sat, yet it was to no purpose: at length, as he understood *Italian* perfectly well, had an admirable Memory, a good Air, and a great Aptitude to Representations, he offer'd himself to the Company of Comedians: with these Perfections he was soon prefer'd to the chief Parts, but he constantly chose those where he might introduce something *à propos* to his *Amour*. The Inhabitants of *Provence* were the first Poets in *France*, in which Art *Carloman* very greatly excell'd; he always therefore added some Verses of his own, when he acted the Part of a betray'd Lover, or of one who had had his Mistress ravish'd from him.—But he only acquir'd the Character of an excellent Comedian, and a most admirable Poet; the Troop indeed was enrich'd by it, but he reap'd no Advantage, *Adelayda* was at too great a distance to take notice of his Passion: So that entirely despairing of touching her Heart, and concluding that she had sacrificed him to her Fondness

for the old Duke, he was preparing to return to *Provence*, when being one day at Mass, he saw an old Woman of a very venerable Aspect, with a great Pair of Beads in her hands, cover'd with a Veil, come and place herself near him. Her Face was turn'd to the Altar, and her Eyes seem'd to be lift up to Heaven in an Extasy of Devotion; when, amongst her Prayers, he heard these Words: *Comedian, don't look towards me, but listen attentively to what I say.* — *Carloman*, who was always thinking on *Adelayda*, and the Women that guarded her, whom he suppos'd were of the same Age with this, immediately concluded this was some Message from her — *Speak on, said he, and question not my Attention.* — As soon as it is Night, *continued she*, go to the Port, and in a Boat convey yourself to the Foot of the great Tower of the Castle; stay there, till from a Window you shall see a Torch at, a Ladder of Ropes be let down to you — be secret, and you'll be happy. Convinced that he was going to *Adelayda*, he spent the rest of the Day with the greatest Impatience. — The Daughter of *Luscaris*, Dutchesse of *Calabria*, was so taken with the Address and Beauty of the Comedian, as she thought him, that being willing to be inform'd if he had not been

been born to a better Fortune, she had sent the old Woman, whom she had gain'd, to appoint this Interview. — We need make no question of *Carleman's* being at the Port at the Hour appointed ; his Diligence was so great, that getting into a Boat, he row'd himself to the Foot of the Tower long before the Ladder of Ropes was thrown out — When it was, tho' it was from a considerable Height, he ascended so swiftly, that the old Woman thought he had flown ; she assisted him at getting into the Room, and told him he was the happiest Man in the World, the Dutchess wants to know who you are ; wait a moment, and I'll introduce you to her, as soon as she is alone. Tho' she did not stay long, yet it appear'd to him an Age — at length she came, and carrying him into a Wardrobe, she lifted up a Tapestry that cover'd a Door, This is her Highness's Chamber, said she, enter, she's alone, and in Bed. There were two Candles on a Table, but none near the Bed ; running therefore towards it, he was so transported with Joy, that not knowing whether he should reproach her with Inconstancy, or thank her for this Favour ; he scarce knew how to begin ; but at last taking hold of her Hand, and kissing it, he was just going to say
all

all that Love could dictate to his raptur'd Heart, when he heard a great Noise at the Chamber-Door. The old Woman came running in, and cry'd it was the Duke return'd from the Country sooner than was expected; and begg'd him to retire, or they were ruin'd. Notwithstanding her haste, and the inoreasing of the noise at the Chamber-door, he had not power to stir, till the Dutchess cry'd out, Retire: He then went back the same way he came; but so afflicted at his Disappointment, that before he had got down half way the Ladder, he fell into the Sea. As he was in hopes of seeing *Adelayda* once more, he thought his Life worth saving; and swimming very well, tho it was prodigiously dark, at last laid hold of a Boat, and, wet and fatigued as he was, thinking 'twas the same Boat that brought him, he got into it. After having breath'd a little, he found it was fasten'd by a Rope to the Foot of the Castle, exactly as he left his own: Untying it therefore, in order to return, and clapping his Hand against the Wall, he push'd it out with all his Force, still thinking himself in the same Boat that had brought him, in which he had left the Oars: But finding none in this, when, after he had launched it into the Sea, he began to look for them in order to row him-

himself to the other Shore, he saw his Mistake, and was in the greatest Disorder; for he could not distinguish, whether the Wind, which blew pretty strongly, carried him towards the Shoar or the main Sea. His Thoughts were too much taken up on *Love* and *Adelayda*, to enter thoroughly into the Horror of his Condition, till Day-light appeared: He then found himself at a very great Distance from the Shoar, the Wind still driving him further off, and the Weather threatening a Storm: However, as soon as he could see which way to swim, he leap'd into the Sea, and endeavour'd to gain Land; but the Waves were so tempestuous, that breaking over his Head, he was forced to be contented with recovering his sorry Boat, he soon lost sight of Land, and, as an Addition to his Misfortune, the Storm still increas'd. Death then appear'd to him in a thousand different Forms. His Boat was almost fill'd with Water, and 'twas as much as he could possibly do, by laying it out with a Scoop, which he accidentally found in the Boat, to keep it from sinking. Had this happen'd to him when he thought himself entirely forgotten by *Adelayda*, he would have submitted to his Fate: but as he now flatter'd himself that he was still

still dear to her, he exerted his Strength so vigorously, that he out-weather'd the Tempest. But tho' the Sea was somewhat calmer, he still was in danger of dying by Famine, for he could see nothing but the Sky and Water. After another Night spent in this forlorn manner, and the returning Morning bringing with it not the least Rays of Comfort; tir'd with Fatigue, Want of Sleep and Sustenance, he threw himself at the Bottom of the Boat, and regretting no other Loss but *Adelayda*, he, despairing, expected to be swallowed up by the Waves; in which melancholy Condition we will a while leave him, and return to our valiant Princess. The hopes of regaining her Liberty, as the Corsair had promised her, had made her perform incredible Actions, whenever he attack'd Infidels like himself, for he spar'd no body; but after innumerable Prizes, the valiant Slave, (for so they call'd *Adelayda* on account of her Courage) finding herself no nearer obtaining her promis'd Reward, but still put off from time to time, resolv'd if possible to free herself. Tho' Gratitude did not so far prevail on the Pyrate, as to make him keep his Word; yet waving that, she was treated in the noblest manner, and could, whenever she pleas'd, pass from one of his Ships to another.

ther. This Corsair had so many Slaves, that in one Vessel in particular, their Number far exceeded that of his own People. The Princess observing this, took her Opportunity to sound some of them, who were *French*, and the most resolute: and letting them know she was a Man of Quality of their own Nation, and how easy it would be for them, with her Assistance, to escape; they, who only wanted a Leader, and could not think it possible for them to find one more proper than the valiant Slave, bound themselves by Oath, to hazard every thing in the Enterprize. One Night therefore, that the Corsair was at Anchor on the Coasts of *Africk*, she took her opportunity, and being on board of the above-mentioned Ship, which was, by good fortune, the swiftest Sailor amongst 'em, she unchain'd the chief of 'em, and they the rest; without any Noise they kill'd all the Soldiers that resisted, and their Captain, who was a Relation of the Corsair's; and putting the others in Chains, they let slip their Anchor, and hoisting Sail, put out to Sea. The Night was excessive dark, and the Design being executed soon after the Close of the Day, they were got at such a Distance before the Corsair the next Morning miss'd 'em, that they were out of danger.

ger of being retaken.—Most of them being either *French* or *Italians*, they steered their Course directly to their native Countries; when luckily for *Carloman*, on the Morning which succeeded the second Night that he had past in the piteous Condition I have just now described, they found themselves near his miserable Boat. *Adelayda* was on Deck, looking with longing Eyes for the Coast of *France*; and pleasing herself with the Thoughts of revenging the Miseries she had undergone, in five or six Months Slavery, on the false perjur'd *Carloman*; but seeing some one in such Distress, her Generosity, and the Pity natural to her Sex, made her give orders for the taking him up, contrary to the Advice of most of her Comrades, who, dreading the Pursuit of the Pirate, were unwilling to lose so much time. How do we know, *says she*, but that Heaven permitted us to escape, on purpose to save the Life of this Man? Shall we not render ourselves unworthy of its Assistance, if we refuse ours to one who so much wants it.—Tho' the Ship's Crew was composed of so many different People, yet they owing their Liberty to her, and the Courage they had so often seen her show such glorious Proofs of, having inspir'd them with the greatest Vene-

Veneration for her, she was as implicitly obey'd, as if she had in reality been their Captain—They therefore immediately put out a Boat, and 'twas indeed almost too late; for before they could row to *Carloman*, his, already shatter'd and broke on every side, was sunk to the bottom by the dashing of the Waves, and that unhappy Lover, worn out with the Labour he had undergone for two Nights and a Day, was not able to move his Arms to swim, and support himself above Water, till they came to his Assistance. *Adelayda* seeing him sink, cry'd out to them to hasten towards him, for she was by this time near enough to him, to distinguish the Richness of his Habit, and consequently to conclude him to be some Person of Quality; for *Carloman*, being in expectation of appearing before the Dutchess, whom he all along thought *Adelayda*, had dress'd himself like the Prince of *Provence*, not a Comedian. Before the Boat could get up to him, he had sunk once more; but being caught hold of by the Hair, as he was going down again, they took him up for dead, holding down his Head, that the Water he had swallow'd might run out of his Mouth. Who but a Lover could have known the gay, theauteous *Carloman*,

in this Condition? his Lips and Features pale, and distorted with the Agonies of Death; but his Image was too well imprinted in *Adelayda's* Soul: Oh Gods! cry'd *she*; what is it I see? Then checking her first Transports, she order'd them to take the utmost care of him; and whether 'twas to conceal her Concern, or upon recollecting who she was, she would not any longer stay near his Body, which was almost naked, she retir'd into her Cabin, sending from time to time to see how he did.—Alas! said *she* to herself, what am I about? Shall I save a Villain, whom I ought rather to wish swallow'd up by the Sea? and shall I give *him* Life, who would in so cruel a manner have deprived me of *mine*?—Who can express the different Sentiments of her distracted Soul?—Revenge, and the Miseries she had undergone, fill'd her with nought but cruel and dreadful Resolutions—Love, and the wretched Condition in which she saw *Carloman*, with Tenderness and Compassion. Sometimes she could not think he had betray'd her; again, she made no doubt of it.—At length Pride, Jealousy, Revenge, and all other Passions, yielded to generous Love; I will save him, continued *she*, however.—If he has betray'd me, what greater Punish-

nishment can I inflict on him, than the Remorse he must feel at having thus barbarously treated one who so little deserv'd it?—She soon was inform'd by a French Surgeon, excellent in his Profession, whom she had employ'd to take care of him, that he was out of all Danger, and very inquisitive in whose hands he was; she order'd him to tell him, that their Captain was the *Barbary* Corsair that had taken her, and to take particular Care that he should not be disturb'd, yet strictly to observe his Behaviour and Words—For she immediately resolv'd to satisfy herself about the State of his Mind—~~But~~ Perhaps, says she, 'tis even to relieve me that he is in this Condition; and this Boar is the Remains of an Armament which he has made to rescue me! Pleas'd with this Thought, she began to be more easy, especially when she was told, that tho he was perfectly recover'd by a Night's Rest, yet he sigh'd perpetually, and was constantly employ'd in looking on a Picture, which he had, out of fear of losing, ty'd about his Neck—Uncertain whether this might not be somebody's else, as well as hers, she commanded, as soon as she heard his Health would allow of it, that he should be brought to her; the Windows which fac'd

her Bed, where she still was, were shut; and her Curtains but half open, so that she could see without being seen: she would not talk to him herself, lest he should know her Voice, but speaking softly in the *Moorish* Tongue to the Surgeon, who having, during his Slavery, learnt that Language, as well as her, interpreted aloud to *Carloman*.—The first thing she ask'd him, after he had made her his Compliments on her saving his Life, was, of what Country and Quality he was.—I am of *Provence*, reply'd he, and well able to pay you my Ransom, if you'll accept of it. The only one I require of you, said she, is to tell me sincerely how you came into the wretched Condition I found you; is it owing to your having been shipwreck'd?—No, reply'd he, Love alone has occasion'd it; if you ever were sensible of that Passion, you will doubtless pity me, when I shall have told you my Misfortunes.—Scarcely had *Adelayda* Strength to speak, so much did what he say affect her.—Tell on, said she to him, thro' her Interpreter; if having been in Love will make me pity you, be assur'd I shall, for 'tis owing to that Passion, that from being of a Temper rather timorous than bold, I am thus become a formidable Corsair. Say by what Caprice

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of the God of Love have you been thus thrown into the middle of the Sea? Was it to relieve your Mistress, taken from you by force, that you made use of that Boat?—My Mistress has indeed been ravish'd from me by force, *reply'd* Carleman; but 'twas not to rescue her that I enter'd that Boat you saw me in.—

Each word he spoke, pierced the very Soul of *Adelayda*—at first she thought it must be her he spoke of, but then she saw she was mistaken—however, she made him go on in this manner—I did love, *continued* he, but why do I say I did? Still do I love the most beautiful Creature that ever Nature form'd—yet out of Inconstancy she has married another—Her Husband is jealous, and will not suffer her to be seen; yet whether she has repented of her Infidelity to me, or whether, out of Compassion for my sufferings and Constancy, which I found a Method, notwithstanding her being so closely watch'd, to convince her own Eyes of, she contriv'd a Method for my seeing her: The House she lives in is wash'd by the Sea, and 'twas to come at a Ladder of Ropes, let me down from a Window of that part of the House, that I was forced to make use of a Boat; the old Woman, who brought me the Affig-

nation, receiv'd me at the Window, and from thence conducted me to the Bed-Chamber of the Person I adore; I fell on my Knees at her Bed-side, and after having kiss'd her Hand, was going to express my Sense of the Favour she had bestow'd on me, when her Husband knock'd at her Chamber-Door: I had not power to retire, till my Mistress begg'd me, and then 'twas in such a manner, that, scarce knowing what I did, before I got half way down the Ladder of Ropes, I fell into the Sea. Tho with the height of the Fall I sunk to the bottom, yet recovering myself, I got into a Boat, and thinking it the same that brought me, in which I had left the Oars, I push'd it from the Wall, in order to return to the other side; but being mistaken in the Boat, and that which I had got into having no Oars, the Wind, which unfortunately set that way, drove me into the open Sea, where I had been two Nights and a Day when you took me up.—This unfortunate Lover did, as most that are unhappy do, exaggerate the last Misfortune more than any other—*Adelayda* could not well refrain from loading him with Reproaches, at a Recital so different from what she expected; but resolving to see how far her Lover's Infidelity would go, she

she ask'd him if he had never lov'd any other Woman. He reply'd, no ; he had indeed, in his Youth, made his Addresses, by way of Amusement or Gallantry, to several, but this Lady had effaced all their Ideas, and was a Person of such Accomplishments and Perfections, that 'twas impossible to think on any thing else, or ever to forget her. *Adelayda* concluding herself to be of the Number of those he had lov'd in his youth in a slight manner, had need of all her Courage not to sink under the Weight of her Afflictions ; but making an Effort, Tell me, said she, what you desire of me. Only to be put on Shore the first Land you come to, (interrupted he) I question not but I shall soon regain sight of those happy Walls, the Abode of all my Felicity ; the Center of my Vows ; and only Object of my tenderest Wishes. No longer could *Adelayda* restrain her Grief, but forgetting her Interpreter, she herself cry'd, You shall have what you wish for, too happy Lover, be gone and leave me to my Rest ! —

Carloman was so transported with her Permission to land, that he little heeded the Voice that spoke it. His Soul being full of *Adelayda*, and *Adelayda* in *Calabria*, he was not surpriz'd at its having some Resemblance with hers. Every thing he heard,

heard, he thought of her; scarce did he see ought else. Full of Joy therefore he quitted the Cabin, and left the unhappy *Adelayda* in an Affliction not to be express'd. Had *Carloman* but observed the Tone of the Voice, he must have been sensible that there was too much Grief and Rage in it, to agree with the Manner in which a Favour is usually granted. Go, ungrateful Wretch, (cry'd she, when they had left her alone) enjoy the Fruit of your Crimes, without Remorse; find in another's Arms the Happiness you expect. As for you, wretched *Adelayda*, submit to the Misfortunes that o'erwhelm you, or rather accomplish in reality the Vow you feign'd, to extricate yourself out of the hands of your Enemies. In such a Retreat you'll find an end to your Misfortunes. Accuse not *Carloman* of Perfidiousness, she for whom I am now forsaken, will perhaps revenge me of him; since 'tis in his Temper to be inconstant, how happy am I to have discover'd it, at a time when I can despise it. Heaven perhaps, watchful o'er me, has sent this Tryal, in order to make me embrace a happier Life. Frail is the Happiness that depends on Man! Frail as the Foundation on which it is built! But these Resolutions were only momentary, Love still re-
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resum'd its Empire o'er her Soul ; and with Heart-breaking Anguish she bewail'd the Loss of the still too lovely *Carloman*. She had no Strength to rise, and refusing all Sustenance, gave herself up, the rest of the Day, entirely to the Horrour of her Thoughts : In the mean time *Carloman* was on deck, wishing for nothing but the Sight of *Italy*, and was the first that discover'd it : The Ambrosial Perfumes of the Orange-trees that bless that Earthly Paradise, soon convinc'd them that they approach'd it. Among the Captives that *Adelayda* had deliver'd from the Pyrates, were seven or eight *Italians*, who, with Acclamations of Joy, saluted their native Land, and, transported with being at length freed from Misery, begg'd they might immediately be put on Shore. *Carloman* laid hold of this Opportunity, and desir'd the *French* Surgeon to remind the Captain of his Promise. 'Twas with Difficulty that she refrain'd from retracting her Word, so much was she enraged at his Eagerness to be on shore : But the *Italians* entering at the same time, to desire her to lend them the Boat ; not being able positively to refuse 'em, she only told them, that it would not be convenient, as they were still a considerable Distance from Land, and Night approaching

ing, to leave the Ship till Morning, for fear of a thousand Inconveniencies; which she so well demonstrated to them, that they submitted, and *Carloman* was forced to pass another Night in impatient Longings. But *Adelayda*, on a much different Account, could not shut her Eyes, or compose herself to rest: As soon therefore as 'twas light, hearing them talk upon deck of putting out the Boat, she leap'd from her Bed, and running to the Window, found they were indeed so near Land, that she could not prevent their going ashore. She thought it would be beneath her to reproach *Carloman* with Breach of Faith, or to let him see her to whom he owed his Life. But yet resolving to let him know it when they should be parted, she sat down, and wrote the following Letter:

GO, happy Lover, go and seek her for whom *Adelayda* is despis'd. Boast to her of the betraying that unhappy Woman, who has not committed any Crime but in her loving you. Repeat to her how you deliver'd me into the hands of my Enemies. How you precipitated me into the Miseries of Slavery, and how at length you abandon'd me for her. But forget not to tell her, at the same time, and I must approach

that *Adelayda* was that *Corsair* who took you from the *Abyss* of the *Sea*, and gave you again to *Life* and *Liberty*. But what do I say—, tell her not of the *Obligations* you have received from me, for when she sees, that after them you have been capable of betraying me, she can never be assured of your *Fidelity* to her. Think only that I had it in my power to have reveng'd myself on you, and to have return'd to the *Sea* a *Monster*, it did not believe worthy of being swallowed up by its *Waves*. Think I could have done it—, and did not—. This is all the *Revenge* I wish; for the *Remorse* which must attend on owing your *Life* to the *Person* whose *Death* you sought, will ever rack your guilty *Soul*. If ever I shall think of you, 'twill only be with detestation of your *Falseness*.

She had scarce finish'd this *Letter*, when the *Italians* came to take their leave of her, and to return her *Thanks* for their *Liberty*; but 'twas in such moving *Terms*, that, comparing their *Gratitude* to the *Behaviour* of *Carloman*, it added to her *Grief* and *Resentment*. One of these she pitch'd on to deliver her *Letter*, charging him not to mention it till they were on shore: he having promis'd her punctually to perform her *Commands*, she dismiss'd him to aid his *Companions* in casting
out

out the Boat, and equipping it with Things necessary. She then return'd to Bed, and soon heard the Boat fall into the Water, and with it all her Hopes. At that instant word was brought her that the Person she had sav'd from drowning, desir'd to take his leave of her: At first she told them it was no matter, but repenting, she order'd him to be brought in. *Carloman* having been informed of the History of their Escape, intended to have let her known his Quality, and have offer'd her a suitable Reward; but *Adelayda's* Rage and Jealousy prevented him, calling to mind the Picture they had told her he was so careful of, I hope, said she, you will remember the Service I've done you; in the mean time, as I know you have about you her Picture, whom you say you so passionately adore, let me see whether her Beauty deserves so perfect a Love as you seem to have for her. Each word she spoke, went thrilling to his very Heart; but not being able to suspect the Person that spoke, to be *Adelayda*, she could not account for the effect the Tone of her Voice had upon him. Valiant Slave, *reply'd he*, for thus I understand you desire to be call'd, I've heard such relations of your Courage and Generosity, and have so many and so great Obligations

gations to you, that I can refuse you nothing: Know then, tho the Secret is dearer to me than Life, that the Person I adore is a Princess by birth, married to a Sovereign Prince of *Italy*, and tho the Picture falls far short of her Perfections, you will confess you never saw any thing so beautiful. As he spoke these Words, he presented her with her own Picture, How great was her Astonishment at so unlook'd for a Sight. And is the Person this is drawn for, (continued she,) in *Italy*? Yes, (reply'd he with a Sigh) and in the Arms of an old jealous Husband. (Immediately *Adelayda* found out the Mistake that had given her so much Uneasiness, and, that he supposing her to be the Dutcheß of *Calabria*, had been ever constant.) What will you say, (added she) throwing open the Curtains, if you see her here? If *Adelayda* was transported at finding *Carloman* still inviolably faithful, what was that happy Lover to meet his *Adelayda*, his long-lost *Adelayda*, in the Person of the Pyrate who had sav'd him from the devouring Waves! (For what more could recommend the Gift of Life, than to receive it from the Hands of her, for whose sake alone 'twas valuable!) To find her still true to him, not violated in another's Arms, but struggling with Courage,

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rage, thro' Dangers, dreadful even in thought, to any one of her Sex and tender Education, to preserve herself for him, and at a time when she might, with some Appearance of Reason, suspect him of having betray'd her. The Transports that attended such unexpected, such unhop'd for Happiness, rushing at once on his overpower'd Soul, not able to give Utterance to the crowding Dictates of his joyful Heart, he remain'd speechless and lost as it were in Raptures :

*Resistless Floods of sudden Pleasure roll
Along his Veins, and break in on his Soul;
He sinks beneath the pressure of his Joy.*

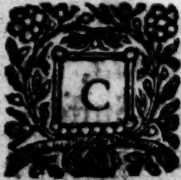
Till *Adelayda* catching him by the Hand, with these Words recall'd him to the Sense of Joy : My dearest *Carloman*, art thou still true ? have I been jealous of my own Hapyness ? How much o'er-paid are all my Sufferings ! Captivity itself seems now to have been a Blessing, since to that I owe my having sav'd my *Carloman*. Rouz'd from his extatick Trance, with the well-known Musick of her Tongue, and snatching her to his panting Bosom ; 'Tis *Adelayda*, cry'd he, 'tis her indeed. Oh ! how shall I repay the mighty Debt I owe you ! How
atone

atone for all the Miseries my unhappy Love has heap'd upon you ! I will not attempt to repeat all the tender Expressions that Gratitude and a mutual honourable Passion inspir'd 'em with ; the Imagination of those of my Readers, whose Constancy has met with the Success it merited, will easily supply the Defect.

After landing the *Italians*, from whom we may be sure *Adelayda* resum'd her Letter, they repair'd to *Provence*, where they found the Count lately dead ; *Bathilda* retir'd to *Languedoc* with her Daughter ; the old Duke of *Calabria* dying at the same time, *Lascaris* came to ask Pardon of these happy Lovers, for having undertook so disagreeable a Commission : they were too generous, not to forgive him. *Carloman* and *Adelayda*, as an ample Reward of all their past Sufferings, were united by Bonds indissoluble, and joining the County of *Roussillon* to *Provence*, reign'd with extreme Magnificence ; *Carloman* often laughing, with his *Adelayda*, at the Adventure of the Comedian, and the Ladder of Ropes, which had so fortunate a Conclusion.



EUGENIA:
OR, THE
Force of DESTINY.

OUNT *Aremberg*, a young German Nobleman, travelling to *Italy*, as he pass'd the Mountains, attended by two Servants and a Governour, was attack'd by seven or eight Banditti. Tho' he was extremely young, yet he defended himself with the greatest Bravery, killing one of them on the spot with the first Pistol he fir'd: and animating his People by his Example, he soon let the Robbers see that they would not so easily succeed in their Enterprize as they had ima-

imagin'd. Nevertheless, his Governour being kill'd, and one of his Valets disabled by his Wounds, he had inevitably been overpower'd by Number, and lost his Life by the hands of those merciless Villains, had it not been for the Arrival of a *French Gentleman*, with the same Number of Attendants: Count *Montalban*, for so he was call'd, moved by Self-Interest, and touch'd with the Youth and Courage of the Stranger, generously advanced, and with Vigour renew'd the Combat against the Banditti. *Aremberg*, encouraged by so timely an Assistance, redoubling his Efforts, and seconded by his unwounded Servant, soon made those of the Robbers, who were fortunate enough to escape the Fury of their Arms, seek their Safety by Flight: the Gentlemen, contented with having open'd themselves a Passage, pursued their Journey. *Aremberg*, indebted for his Life to Count *Montalban*, express'd his Gratitude in the liveliest Terms his generous Soul could inspire him with.——On the other side, *Montalban*, who had seen him perform the greatest Actions, assur'd him, that he thought himself happy in having had it in his power to venture his Life for the Preservation of so brave a Man. *Aremberg* had a vast deal of Wit and Vivacity, and

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spoke

spoke *French* so well, that he might pass for a Native of *France*, even to the nicest Judges. He discover'd such Graces in his Conversation, that charm'd his Deliverer—and convinc'd him of the Greatness of his Merit—From this moment began their Friendship, and perhaps the most perfect that ever was between two young People. *Montalban* was three or four Years older than *Arenberg*, but yet the latter's Mind was so very much improv'd, that in their Conversations or Diversions they perfectly agreed. They were both Men of Quality, and both travelling with the same Design to gratify their Curiosities, and improve their Minds by the Sight of *Italy*, that inexhaustible Source of Speculative History: Thus at *Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome*, and all over *Italy*, they continu'd together, very much to both their Satisfaction, and greatly to the Improvement of their Friendship; which, by a mutual Discovery of each other's Honour, Sincerity, and all other manly Virtues, increased every moment. In the mean time, *Arenberg's* Parents, inform'd of the Accident that had befallen him, and of the Loss of his Governour, in whom they had placed a great deal of Confidence, recall'd him sooner than otherwise they had intended,

not

not thinking it proper, at his Age, to leave him entirely Master of his own Conduct and Actions. At *Rome* he receiv'd Letters, which oblig'd him to return in haste; but he had so much Reluctance to leave his Friend, that had it not been for a positive Command from his Father, he would never have consented—When he was gone, *Montalban* thinking *Italy* no longer charming without the Company of his dear Friend, quitted *Rome*, and return'd to *Paris*. He was an only Son, and had buried both his Father and Mother; for which reason, before he had been return'd from his Travels a Year, all his Relations advised him to marry. He had some Reluctance on account of his Youth——But at length, finding that his Affairs required it, and not being prejudiced with any other Passion, but full of Respect and Esteem for the Person propos'd to him, he resolv'd to make his Addressee to her——'Twas one of the greatest Beauties about the Court, Heiress to a rich Family, and of his own Quality——so that there being no room for any Objection against him, and his Mistress being entirely at her Father's disposal, the Marriage was approv'd of by the Friends on both Sides, and a Day appointed for the concluding it.

In the mean time *Aremberg*, on his return home, being provided with another Tutor, was sent to *Sweden*, *Holland*, and *England*, according to the Custom of the Men of Quality of his *Nation*, who are always sent to travel. At *London* he receiv'd Orders from his Father to repair to *France*, where at *Paris* he should find Bills of Exchange, in order to appear at Court worthy of himself; where, to crown his Travels, and compleat the Perfections of his Education, he intended he should make a longer stay than he had done any where else. *Aremberg*, who had a great Inclination for our Language and Customs, receiv'd this Order with Joy. The hopes of again seeing his beloved *Montalban*, scarce suffer'd him to stay at *Dover* for a Wind—Wherever he had been, he had always wrote to him, and they had constantly kept up their Friendship by a frequent Correspondence.—As soon as he landed at *Calais*, he took Post for *Paris*, pleasing himself all the way with his approaching his Friend.—This Example is a great Proof how *Fate* interferes with the Affections of Men—*Aremberg* had nothing at his heart, at his Arrival at *Paris*, but his dear *Montalban*—His Tutor, who had been already in *France*, carry'd him to an Inn where he had lodged before. As soon

as he got off his Horse, whilst his Servants were taking care of his Baggage, he amus'd himself with asking his Landlord, What News? After such sort of Discourse, that is usual with Strangers—having, as he enter'd the Inn, taken notice of a great Crowd of Coaches and People at the Door of a Church in the same Street, he ask'd him what was the meaning of it? The Host reply'd, That one of the greatest Beauties in Town was going to be marry'd, and that he was come so *à propos*, that if he pleas'd, whilst his Chamber was preparing, he might go and see the Ceremony. The young Count, knowing the great Extent of *Paris*, judg'd it to be very possible that his Landlord might not be able to give him any Informations about his Friend; relying therefore on the Direction he had for writing to him, without asking any other Questions, he enter'd the Church—he there found a great number of beautiful Ladies, and in particular one, whose Charms seem'd to him so far to excel the rest, that from the moment he had once cast his Eyes on her, he had not Power to take them off—Tho so many agreeable Objects had drawn thither all the gay Youth of the Court, yet nothing appear'd to him worthy Attention,

tion, but her alone: the particular Magnificence of her Dress, and the Compliments that were paid her by the whole Company, made him conclude that she was the Bride, and gave him the greatest Uneasiness. Thus Love and Jealousy at once took possession of his Heart.

This beautiful Creature was indeed, as he imagin'd her, the Subject of the Festival: But if his Soul was tormented with the most violent Agitations already, what was it when the time for concluding the Ceremony being come, he saw her approach the Altar to give her Hand to the happy Man destin'd to be her Husband, and whom he had unknown conceived the greatest hatred for; when he saw, that he whose Felicity he had already so much envied, was his best beloved Friend, Count *Montalban*. He had been all the time in the Church, but *Aremberg's* Eyes were too much taken up with gazing on the dazzling Beauties of the Bride, to observe even his Friend, especially as he did not stand near her. Alas! how was now his Bosom torn with the different Strugglings of his Love and Friendship; sometimes he thought to make himself known, and congratulate his Friend's Felicity; again thinking how much he wrong'd him, he endeavour'd to tear himself from the Place,

Place, and follow the secret Bodings that advis'd him to be gone. — But this was his first Passion, and the Precipice was so slippery, that 'tis no wonder he could not avoid falling. He resolv'd to stay in the Church as long as the Company should, and observing all the Ceremony, he saw the Object of his Passion approach the Altar, with a Modesty, that, spreading itself in Blushes o'er her Cheeks, heighten'd the Charms of her Complexion, and added to the Wounds his Heart was already but too full of. Tho he could not conceive a Thought to the disadvantage of his Friend, yet advancing thro' the Crowd, he resolv'd particularly to observe in what manner she pronounced the fatal Yes. First, he wish'd it might be with a Cheerfulness that would destroy all his Hopes, stifle his *Love*, and assist his staggering *Friendship* : But then imputing her extraordinary Modesty to Grief, he flatter'd himself that it might possibly not be a Match of Inclination on her side. Looking on *Montalban*, he thought he was not so agreeable as he had been, and that the Countess his Wife (for she was now become so, and the Word pronounced) turning her Eyes towards a venerable old Gentleman that appeared to be her Father, seem'd to reproach him with her Obedience, by a Look full of Sorrow, when the

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Ceremony oblig'd her to ask his Consent, before she gave hers. After all was over, mixing with the Crowd, he followed her to her Coach, and had not Power to stir till that was out of sight: but then he return'd to his Lodgings, as much in love as it was possible for Man to be. Under pretence of being fatigued with his Journey, he went to bed, tho it was scarce Noon; but there in vain he sought repose: he had a great deal of Honour; his Friend was as dear to him as his own Life; but yet he had never seen any thing so charming as that Lady, and he found himself not able to overcome his Passion, still he endeavour'd not to give way to it, he suggested to his Heart all the Arguments that his Friendship and Honour could invent to stifle it.—Alas, said he, I now find that to be true, which I once thought fabulous. Man is not at liberty to love or hate!—Reason cannot regulate our Affections, when Destiny interposes!—Must I then be unjust?—Must I betray my Friend?—Will that be excuse sufficient to the World for my Ingratitude and Baseness, to say I had not Power to resist my Fate?—Ah *Montalban*, to you indeed I owe my Life; but as you deliver'd me from death, without knowing who I was, so you now, without being sensible of it, wound my
very

very Soul! How much happier had I been, had you let me perish in the Mountains! since now my Love is incompatible with my Duty to my Friend and my Deliverer! Thus did the unhappy young Count spend the Day, pretending Sleep, to prevent his being disturb'd. But when Night was come, his Thoughts, free from Interruption, afresh tormented him, incessantly representing to him the Felicity of his Friend, and his own Unhappiness.—At length, however, his Virtue triumph'd, and he resolved not to see *Montalban*, lest the Presence of his Countess might overthrow all his generous Designs; chusing rather to be wanting in Civility to his Friend, than to expose himself to the risque of forfeiting his Fidelity. At Break of Day, worn out with the Fatigue of his Mind and Body, he fell asleep. But it happening to be a Holiday, his Governour, who was very religious, waked him to go to Mass; it was so late, that their Landlord told them Divine Service would be over every where but at one Church, naming it to 'em, where Mass was permitted to be said later than any where else. Thither he went, but remark how cruelly Love pursued him; the young Countess not being more diligent, found herself at the same loss as the Stranger,

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ger, and repair'd to the same Church. This second sight had almost vanquished the Resolutions that his Friendship had inspir'd him with; however as yet he did not yield: but how can we avoid our Fate? To divert his Thoughts, he resolv'd the next Day to go to the Comedy; accordingly, accompanied by some Gentlemen of his own Country, who, knowing of his Arrival, came to wait on him, he went; where they were scarce placed in a Box, before he saw the next open'd, and a great number of Ladies enter, and place themselves. Tho' the Candles were not as yet lighted, yet *Aremberg* could distinguish, as he was placed foremost, that the Lady who sat next him was finely shaped and genteel; but on the drawing up of the Curtain, how was he astonish'd when he saw 'twas the Countess? During the Obscurity, she had unmask'd herself, and the Curtain was drawn up so suddenly, that before she could recover her Mask, *Aremberg* had time to see her. Now 'twas that Love compleated its Triumph. No longer will I resist my Fate, said he to himself, hitherto I've struggled, and perhaps overcome. If it be a Crime to adore the most amiable Object in the World, *Destiny* is more to blame than *Love*. He had little Attenti-

on for the Actors, only when the Judgment he heard pass'd on them in the neighbouring Box, made him take notice of them, and chiefly when the Countess of *Montalban* spoke; which he thought she did with so much Judgment and Wit, that he was as much transported with the Perfection of her Soul, as of her Person. The progress of a Passion which ow'd its Rise to such odd Accidents, was as extraordinary, and I believe no Youth of between 17 and 18 years of age, ever form'd so dangerous a design: finding that he could no longer live without discovering his Love to the Object that had so entirely made herself Mistress of his Affections; and having but two things to combat with in order to such a Rencontre, his Governour and his Friend, he resolv'd immediately to get rid of the first. Next Day, therefore, discovering his Design only to one of his Valets whom he most confided in, he withdrew from his Lodging, taking with him all the Money he could; and knowing where *Montalban* liv'd, he went and took a Lodging as near his House as possibly he could, concealing his Name and Quality. This was on the very Day that King *Lewis* the Fourteenth went from *Paris* to *St. Germain*, and that it was resolv'd

Council to besiege that great City. Scarce therefore was *Aremberg* in his new Lodgings, but he heard that *Montalban* had followed the Court: This piece of News rejoiced *Aremberg*, not but that he expected to encounter other Difficulties besides his Friendship; yet he could not help being pleas'd, that since he was to be introduced into his Friend's House, with a Design which he himself could not always approve of, at least he should not be guilty of the Barbarity of making him the Instrument of the ruin of his own Honour, by bringing him acquainted with his Wife, tho' it would have been the shortest Method, and what is but too often practis'd. This is the Invention *Love* put into his Head: he had chose his Lodging not only on account of its nearness, but because he was inform'd the Landlady, who was a Widow, had some Acquaintance at *Montalban's* House. This Woman he gains by his Liberality, and discovers to her his Design: She told him, 'twould be impossible to gain Admittance till *Montalban's* Return, for that the Countess had declar'd, during his Absence, she would not see any Company at all. Whilst they were consulting on some Method, the old Woman learn'd that the Countess wanted a Servant to wait immediately

diately on her own Person. Count *Aremberg* offer'd her every thing, if she could but procure the Place for him disguised in Women's Clothes, he convinced her of the Facility of it, because as yet he had no Beard, was of a slender Make, and had a great deal of Softness in his Looks. Prevail'd on by his Presents, she contriv'd to let the Countess know, that a Stranger, of a good Family, thro' Misfortunes reduc'd to some little Necessity, would be glad, during the Hardships of the approaching Siege, to serve a Person of her Quality, having recommended him by several People of Credit, who answer'd for his Honesty: the Countess accepted of him, and immediately hir'd him. Happy would it have been for *Eugenia* (which is the Name he assum'd) could he have changed his Sex as well as Habit. The Countess could not help taking notice of the Vigilance and Affiduity of her new Servant; she not only prais'd it, but began to reward it with her Confidence and Favour. But poor *Aremberg* could not forget what he was; he could not be contented with the Preference that *Eugenia* had over her Fellow-Servants, and the Distinction her Mistress made between them. Tho as he now had an Opportunity to see into the

Beauties of his Mistress's Mind, his Passion grew every moment stronger; yet, as at the same time, he was convinced of her great Modesty and Virtue, he despair'd of meeting with any Success, and dreaded the Return of *Montalban*, lest he should know him through his Disguise. Thus whilst every body was wishing for Peace, he was pouring forth Vows for the Continuance of the War. He often spoke to the Countess of her Husband, but tho he flatter'd himself that he could not discover in her any very great Affection for him, he could not find the least Grounds for suspecting her Honour. She saw no Company but very near Relations, and them mostly of her own Sex. He could not form a Thought of discovering himself, that he saw wou'd infallibly be attended by being banished from her Presence. Let me then, *said he to himself*, preserve as long as I can, this Blessing of feeding my Eyes with her Beauties, and listening to the Harmony of her Voice. One Day the pretended *Eugenia* and her Mistress being alone, presuming on the Freedom that her Lady allow'd her in; Shall I never see Count *Montalban*, Madam, *said she*, sure he has not the Affection for you, that he ought, and that you represent him to have; if he had, 't would be

be impossible for him to live so long from you ? but thus it is with the most passionate Lovers, when they become Husbands. These Words made the Countess thoughtful, and *Eugenia* thought she seem'd to stifle a Sigh. This flatter'd her, tho she could not tell why. But these pleasing Thoughts vanished, when she heard the Countess excuse her Husband on the Difficulty of going in and out of *Paris* ; and pulling a Letter out of her Pocket, she show'd her a Place where he mention'd how pleas'd he was that she had so assiduous a Servant about her, and one whom she so well liked.——

Unhappy *Eugenia* spent the next Night in the utmost Uneasiness, neither did the Day bring her any Relief. After Dinner, knowing her Lady to be in her Closet, she went thither ; the Posture she found her in, gave her a great deal of room for Thought : The Countess had in her hands several Letters open, which she had taken out of the Drawers of a Cabinet near which she sat. On *Eugenia's* coming in, she seem'd surpriz'd, and clapping the Letters into the Drawer, shut the Cabinet. *Eugenia* thought she saw some Tears which the Countess wiped away with her Handkerchief ; but seeing

that it was her, she recover'd from her Confusion.

Aremberg had hitherto in vain endeavour'd to penetrate into the Sentiments of the Countess, to discover if she had never been in love. She had always answer'd his insinuating Questions coolly, whether 'twas owing to the natural Reservedness of her Temper, or that she did not think it proper so soon to place a Confidence of that consequence in one almost a Stranger—But now wanting Assistance, she resolv'd to trust *Eugenia*, who seem'd so warmly to espouse her Interests; but what was that unhappy Lover's Condition, when, by the following Discourse, he found how disagreeable a Part he was to act? *Eugenia*, said the Countess, you think me the happiest of Women, and indeed I have just Reasons to be so—I have a Husband amiable in his Person and Understanding, who is passionately fond of me, for which I have the greatest Gratitude and Esteem—but alas! how are Parents deceiv'd, when they cruelly think our Affections are to be regulated by our Duty? I take Heaven to witness, that nothing can ever make me even in Thought violate the Faith I have given—I own 'twas with Reluctance I obey'd my Father's Commands

mands when I marry'd, for I scarce knew the Count; I since have had no reason to repent, but I have dearly bought the noble Treatment I have met with. Know then how great a Sacrifice I have made, listen to the Victory I have gain'd over myself, and lend me your friendly Assistance to recover the Tranquillity I aim at. What was the Astonishment of the wretched *Eugenia* at these Words, not knowing how they would end! but when the Countess, continuing her Discourse, explain'd herself, how did each Syllable, like Daggers, wound his bleeding Heart? She told him, That from her very Youth, she had been constantly lov'd by a young Gentleman, of a very noble Family, whose Name was *Florensal*, endowed with all the Perfections of *Art* and *Nature*, that are requisite towards forming a compleat Cavalier. *Aremberg* had much ado to preserve himself from dying away at hearing her mention his Rival's Name with so much Tenderness; and notwithstanding his utmost Efforts, he could not prevent the Countess from taking notice of the Concern that appear'd but too plainly in his Countenance, and asking him what he seem'd so much surpriz'd at, *Aremberg*, with great difficulty recovering himself, reply'd, That indeed he was amaz'd at what

what she told him, because, having often heard that Gentleman talk'd of, yet she never had heard the least Word of his being in love with her.——Alas! dear *Eugenia*, said the Countess, how should you ever hear that mention'd, which none ever knew? He is of a Family in nothing inferior to my Husband's or mine; but being a younger Son, and knowing my Father's Temper, he never so much as flatter'd himself with the hopes of obtaining me in Marriage, and he had too great an Esteem for me to conceive any hopes that might have been offensive to me; so that if ever Woman was obliged to a Man, for having an honourable, constant, disinterested Passion for her, I am to him. He has refus'd several very advantageous Matches that have been offer'd to him, contrary to my Commands; but yet his Behaviour has been so prudent, that no body ever knew the true reason of it but myself. But what more ought to surprize you, is, that he never received any assurance of his Passion being agreeable to me, for I sometimes repuls'd him so rudely, that I wonder at his Perseverance. At others, I threaten'd to expose him; and if I ever gave him leave to speak to me of it, it was to convince him that 'twas impossible for me to allow of it: But I will not now
dissemble

dissemble—his Addresses pleased me, and had I not been at my Father's disposal, I should have followed the Dictates of my Heart, and given my Hand to the Person with whom alone I could be happy. Hitherto she had not pronounced *Aremberg's* Sentence, but now she declar'd her Passion, he seem'd to be rather dead than living: But the Countess's Thoughts were too much taken up with the dear Idea of those Hours, which she now with pleasure look'd back on, to observe him; continuing therefore!—But alas there was no hopes of gaining my Father's Consent, —for what avails Merit where Fortune is wanting?—The reputation of his Wit, Courage and Gallantry have gain'd him every body's esteem, but were I to tell you his Behaviour during the Course of his Passion, you would acknowledge that in Love he even excels himself, and that, as I have often thought myself, I did not deserve the Heart of so compleat a Cavalier.—You yourself, *continued the Countess*, shall judge of his Wit and Skill in Poetry, for 'twas his Letters I was looking over when you came in. She then read some of his Billets and Copies of Verses which he had made on several little Accidents that had happen'd to her. But finding that *Eugenia*,

mia, when ask'd her Opinion, gave her
 Approbation in a very cool Manner, she
 concluded, that not being Mistress of the
 French Tongue, she could not enter into
 the beautiful Delicacies of them, I'm
 afraid, added she, 'twill be tiresome to
 you to read more, for they are all written
 much in the same Stile, and all so full
 of respect, that I own 'tis with pleasure I
 peruse them. Yet that Satisfaction, inno-
 cent as it is, I will deny myself, for it
 only preserves Thoughts in my Breast in-
 consistent with my Repose. I was going
 to read 'em over for the last time, and
 then burn 'em. For tho' they consist of
 only News of the Town when I was in
 the Country, or Compliments on those
 Occasions, where they are customary a-
 mong Friends, (for 'twas only upon that
 foot I ever admitted of his Acquaintance)
 yet if they are found, they may give the
 Count some Uneasiness; I sacrifice them
 therefore to him and my own Reputati-
 on. At these Words the Countess sigh'd
 and paus'd, which was very *à propos* for
 poor *Artemberg*, for it gave him an Op-
 portunity to vent the Sorrow that he had
 with the greatest Difficulty smother'd:
 For,

——— *The Grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it
break.*

Alas ! Madam, said he, mixing his Sighs with hers, how cruel is Fate ? how difficult it is to love without being wretched ? and how false are the Judgments that are built on the outward Appearances of Man's Happiness ? The Countess applying what he said, to herself, reply'd, My dear *Eugenia*, you are in the right ; none that sees me, thinks me the Wretch I am : but how could I deny my Heart to one, who not only lov'd me in the most respectful manner, but like a Brother made my Interests his ? — He has often expos'd his Life to revenge the Injuries my Family have receiv'd, but without making any noise, — and particularly, once he freed us from a very dangerous Enemy, who knowing my Father's Age, and that he had no Sons, was a perpetual Torment to us : he liv'd in our Neighbourhood in the Country, but unfortunately for him coming to Town, *Florensal*, who had often heard my Father complain of his Behaviour, pick'd a Quarrel with him, they fought ; he was kill'd upon the Spot, and *Florensal* dan-
H
gerously

gerously wounded. This Man had a great many Friends, and had not *Florentin* had a very powerful Interest, and the Action been perform'd with the greatest Honour and Gallantry, he had forfeited his Life for me, from whom he could not so much as hope a Return.—At the Battle of *Lens* he rescued my Cousin, (whom you know my Father loves as his Son) out of the hands of three *Germans*, who had taken him Prisoner; he has contracted a very strict Friendship with him, and, as he is very young, has introduc'd him into the best Companies, having once rescued him out of the hands of *Assassines*. I could tell you of a thousand essential Obligations that I have to him; but 'tis better to let you know the reason why I have thus far trusted you. You see I have not engag'd my self in such a manner with him, as to make me apprehend any thing he can say. I am therefore fully determin'd to break off all Commerce with him; why should I expose myself to any Risques, or why hinder him from making his Fortune elsewhere? Five or six days before that appointed for my Marriage, he went into the Country, on pretence of Business; but he's now returned, notwithstanding the great Danger and Difficulty of getting into this City when the
Gates

Gates are so strictly guarded ; he has used his utmost Endeavours to see me here at home, but I would not allow of it : on the contrary, two days ago, meeting him at a Lady's of my Acquaintance, where you saw I spoke to him, I let him know that I was resolv'd to receive no more of his Letters, but to put an end to our Friendship; which so provok'd him, that I could hardly prevent his committing some Extravagancies in his Rage : yesterday at Mass it was worse. In short, 'tis upon this account that the Countess of *Fronsack* has been with me so long this Morning : she is a Relation of his, and with me condemns his foolish Perseverance. But having told me the despairing condition he's in, she, who is so prudent and virtuous, has persuaded me to grant him this his last Request, which is, that he may, for one Hour, see me here, and take his leave of me, being resolv'd to go to *Sweden*, and seek a glorious Death in the Service of that Great and Illustrious Queen. I would not allow of it, and all that she could do, was to make me tell her I would consider of it. I have at last sent her Word, that if at Four o' clock he would be in the Garden of the Palace Royal, if I should take any Resolution in his favour, I would there send to him.

H. 2.

This

This was my Answer, for two Reasons, because I would not put myself in the power of that Lady ; and because I really could not conclude of admitting his Visit : neither should I, had it not been for a piece of News I have just now heard ; my Husband sends me word from *St. Germain's*, that a Conference is agreed upon, and that he shall be here to-morrow without fail. This has determined my Resolutions, for I dread the Effects of *Florensal's* Despair : here is therefore a Letter, with which I'll send you to the Palace Royal, I chuse rather to trust you than any body, and I make no question but you will serve me with Fidelity ; do all you can to dissuade him from seeing me : but if you find him insist upon it, give him this Letter, tell him that this Night the Garden-Door that opens into the little Street, shall be open ; but let him consider, *continued she*, how much I do for him. 'Twas some Comfort to *Aremberg*, to know he should be soon rid of his Rival ; acting therefore his part better than he had hitherto done, he made a thousand Vows of Fidelity to his Mistress, who, confiding in 'em, gave him the Letter, and order'd him to come and give her an account of the Success, at a Lady's where she was going to spend the Evening ;

ng; at the same time she approach'd the Fire, and throwing in all *Florensal's* Letters and Verses, stood by till they were quite consum'd, not being able to refrain from Tears at her so cruelly burning the marks of a Passion that was so dear to her. She then went to dress herself, and the enamour'd *Aremberg* taking a Chair, instead of going to the Palace Royal, went directly to his second Lodging; his Valet had continued there all this while, with his Clothes and Things; and had from time to time waited on him at the Countess's, to receive his Orders, under pretence of fetching away or bringing him Letters, as being his Countryman. As soon as he was in his Chamber, unable any longer to resist the violence of his Grief; throwing himself on his Bed, he gave a loose to the wild Transports of his despairing Heart: But at length, prompted by his Jealousy and Courage, he quits the Name and Habit of *Eugenia*, and assuming his own proper Character, resolves either to kill so dangerous a Rival, or else put an end to his Sorrows and his Life. Ordering therefore his Servant first to discharge the Chairmen, that they might not know him, he on foot quits his Lodging, in order to meet *Florensal* at the Palace Royal, and force him to

fight him. But before he had got half way thither, recovering his Reason, and coolly thinking on what he was about to do, he stops, asking himself, Whither am I going, to kill my Rival, or receive my Death at his hands? If I kill him, what advantages shall I reap by the Victory? How shall I ever again see the amiable Object of my Desires? Being thus irresolute, instead of going to the Palace Royal, where the Sight of his Rival would infallibly have exasperated him, being near the *Thuilleries*, he stept in there, that he might have time to deliberate on the Manner he should act in, at so nice a Conjunction. The Season prevented his finding any Company there, yet turning out of the great Walk, into the little one on the left hand, that he might still be more private there ;

*Floating in a Flood of Care,
This way and that he turns his anxious Mind,
Thinks and rejects the Counsel he design'd :
Explores himself in vain in every part,
And gives no rest to his distracted Heart.*

How have I, cry'd he to himself, broke through the sacred Ties of Friendship, demean'd my Quality, by a base Disguise,

to obtain a Heart already entirely disposed of; even Hope that flatters the most unhappy Wretch, has abandon'd me: Does not a Husband and a Lover, who pleads the Merits of a four Year's Constancy, and the greatest Obligations, stand between me and Happiness? But yet this Rival, whose Felicity I envy, is going an Exile to the remotest Corner of the Earth, —let him then live, —but live unblest. Then thinking that *Montalban* was to return next day, —How, *continues he*, can I who have acknowledged my Country, carry on my Disguise? How shall I, without blushing, hear the Count enquiring after his dear *Aremberg*? how can I betray so faithful a Friend? —Love, irresistible Love pleads my excuse. —But I shall be guilty of the greatest Infidelity to my self as well as Friend, if I make myself an Instrument of *Florensal's* Happiness, by carrying him this Assignation: Concluding therefore not to deliver the Letter, he open'd it, and after reflecting on the Terms in which his Rival's Happiness was there express'd, he tore it into pieces, and threw it into the Espalier that divided the Walk he was in from the Labyrinth; and then retired to his Lodging, resolving to supply the Place of his Rival in his own Shape, and spent the

the rest of the time in dressing himself as magnificently as he could, after having order'd his Valet to carry a Letter to the Place where the Countess was. Accordingly she receiv'd it, wherein the feign'd *Eugenia* desir'd her to pardon her for not coming herself in Person, and giving an account of her executing her Commission, for she was at a Friend's House, who was the next day to set out for *Germany*, and that she could not possibly let slip this Opportunity of writing to her Parents: but even in this Letter, *Eugenia* could not forget *Aremberg*, she had therefore added these Words:

I Have, Madam, as I ought, executed your Orders; and you will this Night see at your feet the most passionate of Lovers, but at the same time the most wretched of any that ever knew what it was truly to love.

The Countess of *Montalban* could not possibly penetrate into the equivocal Sense of these Lines——When it grew late, she return'd home, arming herself with all her Virtue, in order to banish the unhappy *Florensal*; but what an unhappy Consequence attended this innocent Design!——As soon as she was come to her Door, she was told that her Husband was

was return'd from *St. Germain's*, that having been some time in her Closet, and in *Eugenia's* Chamber, he was gone out seemingly very uneasy. As the Countess suspected nothing, this gave her no Disquiet; she thought that the Conference having been concluded sooner than was expected, he was perhaps return'd with the Deputies: but when she found that he had broke open her Cabinet, and *Eugenia's* Trunks, she began to be concern'd, and could not tell what to think. She did not in the least suspect that *Eugenia* had betray'd her to her Husband, whom she had never seen; besides, the Violence that was done to her Things, as well as the Cabinet, acquitted her of Falshood. Yet she was very much embarrass'd at her Absence, not knowing where to send for her; besides, she had an Affignation on her hands, which, innocent as it was, gave her great Alarms: all she could do, was to lock the Garden-Door, to prevent her Lover's Entrance, not being able to make good her Promise to him.——

'Twas true, *Montalban* had taken the Opportunity of returning with the Deputies of the Parliament, for the Safeguard of their Convoy; but not willing to pass quite thro' the City with them, he had quitted his Horse at that Entrance of
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the *Thuilleries*, which is near the Gate of *St. Honore* ; ordering his Servants to meet him with his Coach at the other Door, which is over against the great Stair-case of the *Louvre*. When he had taken a Turn in the great Walk, his Coach not being yet come, *Aremberg's*, his own and his Wife's evil Destiny led him, to vary his Walk, into the other Alley ; where, walking slowly, as it is usual when we are alone, the pieces of his Wife's Letters offer'd themselves to his view ; for some of them had been blown back again into the Walk, out of the Labyrinth where *Aremberg* had thrown 'em. *Montalban* immediately knew the Hand, and taking up a piece, found the Word *Love* written on it ; this was enough to stir up the Curiosity of a Husband who had married a beautiful Lady.—Going therefore round into the Labyrinth, he gather'd all the pieces he could find there, and even some that were among the Leaves of the *Espalier*, and putting them, with what he had before pick'd up in the Walk, into his Pocket, impatient for an Opportunity to gratify his unhappy Curiosity, he went to the Door, where, by this time, his Coach was come. As soon as he saw his Servants, he ask'd them if their Lady was at home ; being informed that she was
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not, he drives directly to his own House, and there shutting himself into his Cloſet, he ſet about joining the torn Pieces; tho there was a great many, yet at length, with incredible Pains, he ſucceeded, and placing them on a Table, he found the Letter was conceived in theſe Terms:

WHen did you ever know it allowable for thoſe who are infinitely guilty, to complain? what, becauſe I am more diſcreet than you, muſt I ſuffer for your Extravagance? What have I to do with your Tears? Or why do you deſire to ſee me? You perſecute me in ſuch a manner, that you will, by your Proceedings, make me find a Joy in being freed from you. Come then, I conſent; this Night at nine the Garden-Door ſhall be open: but come to receive the Chaiſement your Love deſerves, or rather your Importunity.

Tho, according to the Counteſs's Intentions, this Letter was not very criminal, yet we may eaſily imagine what effect it muſt neceſſarily have on a Husband, as it contain'd an Affignation at an indecent Hour, and when he was thought to be out of Town. Neither was Montalban a little uneaſy; the Reputation of his Wife, unſpotted as it was, could not calm the Storm that Jealouſy had rais'd
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in his Mind ; he had been absent from her almost two Months, and if he had any failing, 'twas being a little too much inclinable to an ill Opinion of all Women in general, as 'tis usual with those who have not much conversed with 'em : for *Montalban*, on coming out of the Academy, had been sent into *Italy*, and soon after his return married. Tho he had never heard the least Reflection cast upon the Countess, yet he concluded that this Affair was of a long standing, and that he should certainly find Proofs of it in her Cabinet : he open'd it therefore, but Heaven, watchful o'er the Innocence of the Countess, had made her foresee this Misfortune, and burn all *Florensal's* Letters, as I have mentioned before ; so the Count found nothing there, but Letters from her Relations and Friends. But this did not satisfy him ; remembring, that in the Letters his Wife had written to him at *St. Germain's*, she had express'd a great Affection for *Eugenia*, whom she had, during his absence, taken into her Service, he fancied, that if his Wife was guilty of any Weakness, she was infallibly her Confidant : causing therefore his Servants to show him her Apartment, he broke open what Boxes he was told belong'd to her. But how did this unhappy Gentleman's Curiosity

sity contrive more and more to embarrass him! On looking over her Things, he found several Letters which seem'd to him to be in his own Hand-writing; looking on them attentively, he finds them in reality to be his own, which he had from time to time, during his dear Friend *Aremberg's* Voyages to *Sweden, Holland, and England*, wrote to him. What could he think of this? or how indeed was it possible for any one to penetrate into the Truth of so odd and uncommon an Adventure. He stands astonished and confounded; at length he asks for *Eugenia*, to enquire how she came by those Letters, but was inform'd that she was gone out before her Lady, and not yet come home. Not knowing what to do or what to think, unwilling to see the Countess, who still was not return'd, till he should be better informed of what he suspected, and consequently able to justify his having broke open her Cabinet; he goes out to consult with his Friends: and meeting with an ancient Gentleman who had been always attach'd to his Family, he acquaints him with the Affair, and is by him convinced that he had acted very prudently, in not seeing the Countess, and giving way to his Passion, till he should better know what Provocations she had given him; demon-

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strating to him, by all the Arguments that Experience and his own natural good Sense could inspire him, with what Tenderness and Delicacy a Man ought to act in such an Affair, especially as he had been married but three Months. Count *Montalban* therefore resolv'd to watch the Garden-Door himself, at the Hour mention'd in the Letter ; for, by the newness of the Writing he did not know but the Assignment was for that very Night. He takes his leave of the old Gentleman, not suffering him to accompany him, and leaving his Coach and Servants in a neighbouring Street, that they might not guess at his Suspicions, arm'd with his Sword and innate Courage, he plants himself at the Corner of a little Lane, attentively waiting for the Event.

In the mean time *Aremberg* was preparing himself for so odd an Adventure, and revolving in his Mind the Expressions he should make use of at discovering himself, and the violence of his Passion. At length the fatal Hour being come, ordering his Valer de Chambre not to follow him, he quits his Lodging, and thinking to find the Garden-Door open, as the Countess had promised it should be for *Florensal*, he went directly up to it, and push'd at it : The Husband all this while observed him,

him, and perceiving that the Door did not open to him, he resolv'd to let him alone a little longer, to see how the Affair would end. *Aremberg* stood at the Door some time, but finding no body open it, for fear of giving Suspicion, he walk'd on; and passing and repassing before the Door, from time to time he push'd at it, to see if it was still shut. The Night was very obscure, but not so but that *Montalban* saw all *Aremberg's* Actions, tho he could not distinguish his Features; he fancied he knew him, but he did not in the least suspect it to be his Friend: At last, his stock of patience being quite exhausted, quitting his Ambush, he rush'd upon him Sword in hand, asking him what he wanted at that Door? *Aremberg*, as much surpriz'd as 'twas possible for Man to be, immediately knew his Voice, but was too vigorously attack'd to have it in his power to form a Reply. Besides, should he tell his Name, what could he alledge to justify his attempting to enter that Door? Without speaking a Word therefore, he retires; but found himself so closely followed, that he was forced to draw his Sword, tho with no other design, than by parrying *Montalban's* Thrusts to make good his Retreat to his Lodging; which, as I've said, was not

far off ; or in expectation some body might come by to part 'em. But being disappointed in both his Hopes, notwithstanding his utmost care to avoid hurting his Friend, he could not prevent his evil Destiny. Count *Montalban* was so blinded by his Rage, that pushing without any precaution, he threw himself on *Aremberg's* Sword, with such violence, that it pass'd quite thro' his Body ; which occasion'd such an effusion of blood, that his unhappy Friend perceiv'd the Disaster, and at the same time seeing him begin to stagger, and that he had no longer Strength to hold his Sword——Ah ! dear *Montalban*, cry'd he, catching him in his Arms and supporting him, what have you made me do ! This Voice struck the wounded Count's Memory ; but he only knew it confusedly, and tho' *Aremberg* continued his sorrowful Complaints, he heard nothing afterwards : he was so dangerously wounded that he was swooned away. *Aremberg* thought him dead, yet not regarding the Danger he ran, he could not so soon abandon him ; but, wild and frantick with the horror of having kill'd his dearest Friend, he incessantly, with the most peircing Groans, repeated the name of his much injur'd *Montalban* ; still embracing his Body, and endeavouring, if possible,

possible, to recall him to his Senses. The place this unfortunate Accident happen'd in, being entirely unfrequented, for nothing open'd into that Street but the Doors of Gardens, the Houses to which they belong'd being all at some distance, no body came by to interrupt the disconsolate *Aremberg*; who finding no Symptoms of Life in *Montalban*, and recollecting to what dangers he expos'd, not only his Life, (for in his present Circumstances he but little regarded that) but the Countess's and his own Honour, if he should be taken by the Body of his Friend, whom he had kill'd: he began to consider, as well as he could in the disorder he was then in, that should he discover the whole truth of the Affair, 'twas so very improbable that 'twould not be believ'd, but he should be look'd on as an Assassin; and when it should be known, as infallibly it must, who he was, he could produce but very weak Reasons in his own and the Countess's Defence. Hearing therefore the noise of People, he retir'd and recover'd his Lodgings, where he had dress'd himself, and certainly very à propos; for the People he had heard coming, were Count *Montalban*'s Footmen, who, weary of their Master's long Stay, were entering that Street, to see if he was

still there, and if he did not want the Coach: But how were they astonished at the Condition they found him in! at first they thought him dead, but having speedily brought the Coach to him, the motion of it, as they carried him home, made them perceive him breathe.

The Disorder and Grief of the Countess is not to be conceiv'd, when she saw her Husband brought in cover'd with Blood, and was informed by his Servants that they had found him in that condition near the Garden-Door: she made no doubt of its having been done by *Florensal*, detesting her Folly and Imprudence, she a thousand times attempted to put an end to her wretched Life, but being hindered by her Women, submitting her Innocence and Honour to the Almighty Searcher of Hearts, she resolv'd with patience to abide the Accusation that was preparing against her. In the mean time, the Count coming to himself, as soon as ever he saw her, he desir'd her to withdraw, and to send for her Father. These words were so many Daggers to her Heart, she read in her Husband's Looks that he suspected her to be the cause of his Death. She obey'd nevertheless, and sent for her Father. The Physicians telling her that 'twould be very dangerous to make the Count talk, she

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arm'd herself as well as she could, with Constancy and Courage against the cruellest Assaults of Fortune. The Surgeons having view'd the Wound, said they could not give their opinions till the first dressing should be taken off, and order'd him to repose: But the next day they all agreed that it was mortal, and recommended to him the taking care of his Soul, and settling his Affairs. His Father-in-Law being by this time come, he order'd every body out of the Room, excepting him, the Countess, and a Relation of his who was his Heir; and then, as well as his Weakness would permit, he told them his Adventure; the Suspicions he had conceiv'd on account of the Letter he had found in the *Thuilleries*, which was still in his Pocket, and which he gave them to read; how afterwards he was wounded, not disowning but that the Man, whom he could not find out, had shun'd hurting him as much as possible, and that he himself had run upon the Sword; that he knew his Voice, but could not recollect who it was. The unhappy Countess melted into Tears at this relation, finding that it could be none but *Florensal* who had kill'd her Husband, and particularly by his avoiding to hurt him; she imagin'd herself, innocent as she was, the cause of this Crime, yet know-
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ing how blameless her Intentions were, she bore with humility the Reproaches of her Father, who being very passionate, threaten'd himself to prosecute her with the utmost Severity; and falling on her Knees at the Count's Bed-side, she begg'd them to hear her Justification. She then ingenuously told the whole truth, represented to her Father the great Assiduity *Florensal* had always shew'd for his Interests, with what respect and discretion he had acted; how much he had done for her, and what little returns he had met with; that she had, without reluctance, obey'd his Commands, and never in the least transgressed against her Duty; particulariz'd this last Adventure, justified herself by the terms of this Letter; and appeal'd to, as Witnesses of her Innocence, *Eugenia* and *Florensal's* Relation, who had been with her the very day before: owning, that she could not imagine what prevented *Eugenia's* Return, or how *Florensal* lost the Letter in the *Tbuiilleries*, since 'twas at the Palace Royal he was to have receiv'd it. Count *Montalban* heard her with a great Disposition to believe, having indeed an Affection for her; he found so much Candour and Innocence in her Narration, that when he cast his Eyes on her, or thought of the Expressions in
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her Letter, he was convinced of her not being guilty. But when he recollected that it could not be *Florensal*, from the great difference between his size and height, and that of the Person with whom he fought, he could not tell what to judge; besides, his Relation and Heir insisted very much against her, perhaps thinking himself obliged in duty to pursue the Countess, who was apparently the cause of her Husband's Death, or perhaps to prevent his Cousin's Affection from returning to her, and leaving her a considerable part of his Estate: he said, That she wrongfully accused the Chevalier *Florensal*, for he was dangerously sick; that the very day on which the Count was wounded, he met him at the close of the Evening, at the Gate of the Palace Royal, and that he being prodigiously ill, had stop'd him, and desir'd him to lend him the Chair in which he was, and in exchange to take his Coach, because he was so very much disorder'd, that he could not bear the jolting of it; that being an intimate Friend, he had waited on him to his Lodging, and seen him put to bed violently ill of a Fever: that next Morning betimes visiting him, he had found him worse.—This was true in every Circumstance, for that unhappy Lover *Florensal* despairing at the

ill usage of the Countess, and thinking himself deceiv'd and impos'd on, when, after waiting a considerable time in the Garden of the Palace Royal, he could not see any body appear from her, he was so afflicted with Grief that he thought he should have dy'd. Thus it was a long time before the wretched Countess could justify herself. What she had said to *Florensal's* Relation was of little signification, and *Eugenia* could not be found; which extremely added to the appearance of her Crime, and the Suspicion that her Husband and Father had of her having some secret Gallant whom she would not accuse; for it was very natural to imagine, that she had convey'd *Eugenia* out of the way, lest, as she was an Accomplish'd, she might be obliged thro' fear to detect her. The Father the more readily believ'd this, because he had never thought there was any thing ill in her long Acquaintance with *Florensal*; but that she had now made him a pretence, because he might the readier give Credit to her Excuses. What the Count said of his being sure that it was not him, and his Kinsman's asserting that he was with him at another place, during the whole time of the Action, did not a little confirm him in his unjust Suspicions; joining there-

therefore with *Montalban's* Cousin, who was very brutal, there was no Reproaches nor Threats they did not load her with. Afflicted therefore as much as possible, and seeing that they had a great deal of reason not to give credit to her, she begg'd for death, tir'd with defending her Innocence against the cruel pursuit of ill Fortune, and condemn'd by so many false Appearances. She told them she submitted, that what she had said was really truth; but since she was so unhappy that she could not justify herself, and that she had indeed, innocent or guilty, been the cause of the Death of her Husband, she desir'd no Favour, for Life would no longer be agreeable to her; nevertheless in time the Truth would certainly be discovered.

But Heaven would no longer suffer the Innocent to go unpunished: at that Instant two religious Fathers knock'd at the Gate, and desir'd that if Count *Montalban* was not dead, they might be admitted to him, having something of the greatest consequence to impart to him and the Countess. The Count having order'd them to be admitted into his Chamber; one of them, caus'd the Countess, her Father, and the Count's Relation to draw near to the Bed-side, and told them, he was come to give them information about this
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unhappy Accident, That Count *Aremberg* had sent for him, and had confess'd his falling passionately in love with the Countess, the very day on which she was married. How, disguised like a Woman, he had introduced himself into her Service; the Confession the Countess had made to him, of her innocent Friendship for *Florensal*, repeating all Count *Aremberg* had said, very much to the advantage of the Countess: How having torn the Letter in the *Thuilleries*, he had resolv'd to supply his Rival's Place, and how notwithstanding his utmost Endeavours 'twas he that had kill'd him; that he begg'd his pardon, and was resolv'd not long to survive him. This account agreeing in every Circumstance with what the Countess had alledged, justified her entirely; her Husband made no doubt of the Truth, calling to mind the Shape of the Person with whom he had fought, and the Tone of his Voice.—But when the religious Father had added, that for a further Proof of what he had told them, they would, in the false *Eugenia's* Boxes find all the Letters that Count *Montalban* had wrote to *Aremberg* in *Germany*, *Sweden* and *England*, during the time of their Separation, and the Count recollected, that he had met with them, and been very much embarrassed

barass'd about them, he begg'd his Wife's Pardon, and desir'd his Father-in-Law to obtain it for him: The Religious Father seeing him in so good a Disposition, exhorted him at the same time to forgive *Aremberg* his Death. He answer'd him, that before he knew who it was, he had testified to every body that he himself had been the cause of his own death, having run upon the Sword of his Enemy: But that now knowing the whole Truth, he had no Resentment at all, but begg'd the Countess and his Cousin, not to prosecute his Friend.—Adding, that he found there was no avoiding one's Fate, for that he and *Aremberg* having separately consulted a famous Astrologer at *Rome*, after having studied on their Horoscopes, he told him that he should receive his death from the hands of a Person whose Life he had sav'd: And *Aremberg*, that he should have the greatest Misfortune befall him, for he should kill his dearest Friend. The religious Father reply'd to this, and very learnedly display'd to him the Vanity of that Science; and as much as the present Conjunction would permit him, he made a very fine Discourse on that Subject, and alledged very strong Arguments, to show that God often permits the foolish Curiosity of Men to meet with its Punishment

nishment through itself. The Count having nothing more on his Conscience to make him uneasy, perform'd all the Duties of his Religion, and prepared himself for death with great Courage and Resignation; he dispos'd of his Estate, as much as he could, in favour of his Wife. After which, recommending his Soul to God, he died in the Arms of that unhappy Lady, who was, thro' excess of Grief, for some time in the same State.

She thought herself in duty obliged to prosecute *Aremberg*, tho she had promised the contrary. One of his Footmen was taken, whose Deposition agreed with what the religious Father had said, which being further confirmed by the People of the two different Lodgings, and the rest of *Aremberg's* Servants, there was no room to question his being condemned: but neither the Widow nor the Relations of *Montalban* could ever discover him; for as soon as he was got into the House of her who introduc'd him into the Countess's Family, he shut himself into his Chamber, o'ercome with Grief and Despair: he inform'd his Valet of what had happen'd, and order'd him to go and enquire whether the Count was dead, vowing if he was, that he would go and deliver himself up into the hands of the Countess,

telf, and desire her to prosecute him. The Servant, when he went out, lock'd him into his Chamber; lest he should be guilty of the Extravagance of going to the Countess's, as he threaten'd; and thinking 'twould be the best Thing he could do, to go and see at their first Lodging whether the Tutor still continued there, tho it was late, and the Quarter of the Town they were then in, a great distance from the other, he soon got thither. By good luck he found the Governour, who had stay'd there in hopes of hearing of the Count, or else because he could not quit the Town during the Siege; and begging him to pardon him for having been so blindly devoted to his young Master's Will and Pleasure, tells him of his Misfortune and Despair. The Governour, who was a prudent Man, thought there was no time to be lost, he follows him therefore, and finds *Aremberg* in a much more deplorable condition than the Man could represent him; he was for killing himself, going to Prison, and, in short, doing all the desperate Actions that a Man, weary of his Life, and transported with rage, could think of. His Governour had great power over him on all other occasions, but in this he was forc'd to have recourse to all that his dexterity

could inspire him with, to bring him the least to his Reason. The first Thing he aim'd at, was to remove him from that Lodging; but almost the whole Night was spent before he could effect it: But at last, by his Address, and out of regard for his Parents, whose Fondness he reminded him of, and that he would inevitably be their death; and by the godly Advice of the religious Father, who was an acquaintance of the Tutor's, and whom he had sent for from his Monastery, which was hard by, he was prevail'd on to retire to that holy Man's Cell. There, in short, to omit a thousand Particulars, which are of no consequence, he concluded, that, for the honour of the Countess, and safety of the *Chevalier de Florensal*, or of some other innocent Person who might be accused of *Montalban's* Death, he ought to acquaint them with the Truth. Which Commission the religious Father undertook, and executed as I have before said.

Aremberg resuming his Reason, resolv'd to spend the remainder of his Life, in bewailing the Misfortunes Love and his unhappy Fate had drawn upon him; quitting therefore *Paris*, instead of returning to his native Country, he repair'd to *Italy*, and throwing himself into a Monastery

stery of the same Order with that of the religious Father, who had so much contributed to the restoring him to his lost Reason ; at the Year's end he profess'd himself, and now lives with the greatest Reputation of Sanctity, incessantly bewailing his Faults, detesting the Passion that had occasion'd them ; and endeavouring by his Tears, Prayers and great Mortification, to expiate the Crime of having kill'd his dearest Friend.

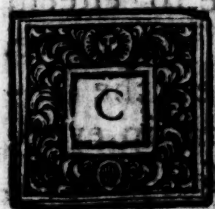
The Countess finding herself extremely rich with her own Fortune, and the Additions that her Husband had made to it, would never listen to any Match that her Father propos'd to her, who being covetous, as most old Men are, would not make any allowances for the Merit and Constancy of *Florensal* : the Countess, tho now at her own disposal, would not marry him without her Father's Consent. But at length he dying in a little time after her two Years of Mourning were expired, and she finding herself rich enough to make the Fortune of a Man of his Quality, after generously refusing the most considerable Offers, she espous'd the *Chevalier de Florensal*. 'Twas with difficulty she resolv'd on it, thinking her Friendship for him, had in some measure occasion'd her Husband's Death ; but all

her Friends and Relations joining to convince her how well *Florensal's* Innocence was confirm'd by his Sickness at that time, and *Aremberg's* being plainly prov'd the guilty Person; that Lover's long Perseverance, and a thousand Services he did her before, and during her Widowhood; but above all, the Authority of a Person, as eminent for her Virtue as high Birth, overcame her Scruples, and, joining with the natural Inclination she had for the Chevalier, she at last bestowed on him the Recompence he so well had merited. On his Marriage, tho' he was in a Condition to pretend to the highest Dignities at Court, or the greatest Posts in the Army, yet laying aside all Ambition, satisfied with the Love of his virtuous Wife, and she with him, they retir'd to a beautiful Country-Seat, in one of the most agreeable Provinces of *France*, where they now live, with a Felicity the Greatest might envy.





B A J A Z E T:
OR, THE
Imprudent Favourite.



Contrary to the cruel Custom of the *Ottomans*, who, when they ascend the Throne, cause all their Brothers to be murder'd, the Emperor *Amurath* preserv'd alive both his; he contented himself with closely confining *Ibrahim*, who was born of the same Mother, relying on that Prince's Stupidity; (which was so great, that after *Amurath's* Death, being Emperor, and to give audience to some foreign Ambassadors, the strangeness of their Dress so frighted him, that he endeavoured to jump out of the Window.) But *Ba-*

jazer

jazet, tho born of a different Sultaneſs, was belov'd by him with ſo ſtrict a Friendſhip, that he could not be a moment without him: 'Tis true, that if Beauty, Courage, and all other manly Virtues, could have any power over the Soul of a Barbarian, that young Prince, in whom all thoſe Perfections were united, deſerv'd a particular Treatment. Imagination could not form a Man with a finer Air; and Learning, to which he had apply'd himſelf, contrary to the cuſtom of the Princes of his Nation, had added to ſo many beautiful Qualities with which Nature had endowed him, an Underſtanding ſo agreeable, ſo prudent and complaiſant, that 'twas no wonder his Brother, who was very much inclinable to eſteem Virtue, had made him his Favourite. *Bajazet*, who perfectly well knew the Sultan's Inclinations, flatter'd him in every Thing: tho in thoſe Exercises wherein the *Turks* delight, as riding, ſhooting with the Bow, hurling the Gerit, &c. he excell'd every body: yet whenever he engaged in a Diſpute with his Brother, he managed with ſuch Addreſs, that he always gave him the Advantage; ſo that the Emperor flatter'd himſelf with the opinion of being the greateſt Man in his time, at all thoſe Exercises, ſince he could overcome

overcome *Bajazet*, who surpass'd every body else. By the same Artifices, he shew'd himself so little desirous of any Power; so free from all Ambition, and so fond of a private Life, that tho the Sultan was extremely jealous of every thing that touch'd his Authority, he never had the least Suspicion of him. But yet it is to be believ'd, that in a Government so severe and mistrustful in its Politicks, so many great Qualities, together with his Brother's Favour, acquiring him the Esteem of all the World; he would sooner than he did have felt the Punishment that Tyranny inflicts on too much Merit, had not Providence taken a particular care in the Preservation of so compleat a Master-piece of Nature. The Emperor's Mother had *Amurath* when she was between 13 and 14 years of age; so that tho her Son was four and twenty, she had taken such care to preserve her Beauty, that she was by much the finest Woman in the whole Empire: (This was that famous Sultaneß, who, with so much Reputation and Glory govern'd that large Empire during the Reign of four Sultans, viz. *Amurath*, *Ibrahim* and *Ibrahim's* two Sons, till she was depriv'd of the Government and her Life, by the Intrigues of the Grand Vizier.) Fortune order'd it, that this Woman

man, who had all her Life-time lov'd nothing but Power, and of which, thro' the Deference *Amurath* her Son paid her, she was in absolute Possession, had at last her Troubles; to show that in this Life there can be no perfect Felicity, and that they, who in all appearance have nothing to wish for, are often the most discontented. The Aversion which is so natural for Mothers-in-Law to have for their Husband's Children, and chiefly in that Country where the Greatness of one is the Ruin of the others, could not protect her from the Beauty of *Bajazet*. That Princess, so wise and prudent in all her other Actions, was transported even to Folly by her Passion for him; the happiness of her Life depending on his, it is not to be admir'd, that she, who governed her Son, persuaded him to permit that young Prince to live: but being very violent in all her Desires, she could not long continue satisfy'd with the bare Submissions of *Bajazet*, knowing by herself, that his obsequious Behaviour was only the effect of dissimulation; and taught by experience that his Life might one day or other endanger her own and that of her Son, she resolv'd he should live, but live for her alone. *Bajazet*, out of Policy, was obliged to insinuate himself into her good Graces: his

his Behaviour was therefore, full of the profoundest Respect and greatest Complaisance; but that was not enough, finding the great regard she always express'd for him, did not embolden him as much as she wish'd it should, she imputed his coldness to a timorousness that usually attends on young People, who never have felt the power of Love, and no ways distrusting her Charms, of which her Glaze, and the good Opinion which Self-love easily preserves in the Minds of those Women who have been extremely beautiful, convinced her she had an uncommon share, she ventur'd to exceed a little the Bounds which Modesty had prescrib'd to her Sex. She persuaded herself that at least *Bajazet's* Interest would make him embrace his Happiness; neither indeed could she possibly fear being despis'd by a Heart not yet engaged to another. One day therefore, as she came from Council, finding that Prince in a Gallery which led to the Sultan's Apartment, where usually the Council met, on pretence of diverting herself after the weighty Fatigue of State-Affairs, she stopt with all that attended her, because that place was very magnificent and agreeable. The Prince immediately approaching her, every body else, out of respect retir'd, and gave her the opportunity

nity she so long had wish'd for. It being Evening, the Gallery, which was very long, was illuminated with large Crystal Branches; being insensibly come to the end of it, she was not a little pleased to find that the Obscurity would at least hide her Blushes; and the Confusion she felt in her Countenance, at being forced to make Advances, and supplicate in her turn, who had been always accustom'd to Adorations. *Bajazet*, laying hold of all Occasions to flatter her, was praising the greatness of her Understanding, and saying what Obligations the Sultan had to her for charging herself with all the weight of Empire, and giving him leave to reign absolute and happy, without the least Trouble or Uneasiness. She, glad to enter into a Conversation with him, reply'd, That indeed if Princes did but know the Cares and Disquiet that inseparably attend on those who govern, they would show more Gratitude to their Ministers than they usually do; adding, that for her part she had only met with the bitter without any of the sweets of Power. Certainly, said *Bajazet*, tho' Heaven has always blest the justness of your Highness's Designs with a deserved Success, yet so many Roses must have had their Thorns; but, Madam, it would be strange if Happiness should be only

only for us, and if the Felicity of so many Nations should not revert to its Author; 'twould be highly unjust if you could with reason say, that you knew nobody unhappy in this vast Empire but yourself. These Words drew a deep Sigh from the Sultaneſs, ſhe had a great mind to have told him, that his being ſo perfectly happy and contented, was not the leaſt Cauſe of her Grief; but her Modeſty reſtrain'd her this time, and going on with the Diſcourſe, Is it not a great Unhappineſs, *Bajazet*, ſaid ſhe, that I, who have made the Fortune of ſuch Numbers; have lavish'd upon my Dependants ſo much Treafure, and reliev'd the Miſery of ſo many Wretches, ſhould not, in the whole Extent of theſe Dominions, ever have met with one in whom I could intirely conſide, ſince the Death of *Achmet* my Sovereign Lord? What you ſay, reply'd the Prince, is very injurious to an infinity of Perſons who are indebted to you for their Lives or Fortunes; as for me, who owe you both, I ſhould be more afflicted than any, if I thought you were perſuaded of the truth of what you ſay. Do you think yourſelf capable of concealing a Secret of the laſt Importance? answer'd the Sultaneſs; I'm afraid not, for,

L

Bajazet,

Bajazet, you are very young. I'm very sorry, *Madam*, reply'd he, to have any Faults that should deprive me of your Confidence, and that the Obligations I have to you should not convince you of my Fidelity; but let my Head answer for it. On this, thinking she had some great Enterprize to reveal to him, he made her a thousand Vows of inviolable Secrecy; but she, without explaining herself any further; You will be faithful to me, you say? Yes, *Madam*, said *Bajazet*, at the hazard of my Life. Well, said she, I'll try you. Immediately she retir'd, and the next Day, in the same Place, taking him to a Window that no body might see, she gave him a Paper, and said, *Bajazet*, my Secret is in your hands, in that Paper, retire to your Closet and read it; but if I am to repent of what I've done, never see me more, but send me back the Billet. She did not give him leave to reply, but to conceal her Blushes, immediately withdrew: the young Prince, eager to know what it was, went immediately to his Palace, and, shutting himself up in his Closet, open'd the Letter, and found these Words, without any Name or Seal.

I

Prince

PRince Bajazet is the most amiable of Men: this is the Secret I had to tell him; let him judge of the Consequence of it, since 'tis the Sultaneſs who ſays ſo.

These words fill'd Bajazet's Mind with a thousand Thoughts; as yet he had never lov'd; the Sultaneſs was too beautiful not to inſpire a Man of his Age with that Paſſion, and was better able to gratify his Ambition than *Amurath* himſelf; yet he could not help hesitating: what embaras'd him moſt, was, that he ſaw 'twould be very difficult to behave himſelf rightly; he knew that haughty Princeſs lov'd Adoration, and would doubtleſs expect that he ſhould atone, by the Ardour of his Addreſſes, for the Reproaches her Pride would make her, of having acted a part ſo unbecoming her Sex. Upon this he conſults an old Eunuch, who had waited upon the Sultaneſs his Mother, and after great proofs of his Fidelity been given by her to him; *Achomar*, for that was his name, aſſoon as he was informed of the Adventure, knowing by experience the Advantages that would acerne to his Maſter by the Sultaneſs's Affections, begg'd him earneſtly not to let ſlip ſo great a piece of good

Fortune; but above all, he advis'd him whether he design'd in reality to love her, or only to make her think so, to endeavour, the more to oblige her, to make her forget, as much as possible, the Advances she had made: In order to which, to answer her Letter, as if he did not perfectly understand it to be so much to his advantage, and from thence-forward to act the part of the Supplicant so well, as to give her room to assume the Behaviour that became her; which, according to his notions, was first to fly him, then to listen to him, to be angry, again appears'd; to allow of his Passion, and then reward it. After this Counsel, *Bajazet* wrote the following Letter.

Bajazet is nothing, Madam, but the unhappiest of Men, if your Highness has not compassion on him: To have rescued him from the Death with which the Misfortune of his Birth threaten'd him, only to deliver him up to one more cruel, is an Action unworthy your Generosity. The Passion which he has had presumption enough to conceive for you, is a Secret of much greater Importance than that which you disclos'd to him. Perhaps, Madam, you will be offended at the Liberty I take of telling you this; but after being honoured with your Confidence, ought I

not in Justice to repose mine in you? How happy am I, if my Sighs have had any effect on you, and if you in earnest vouchsafe to encourage them, otherwise too weak to accomplish the Enterprize my Heart and Affections have so long employed them about?

The Sultaneſs receiv'd this Letter the ſame Night, as ſhe was going to Bed, by the hands of *Aſhomet*; that Princeſs, who had a vaſt deal of Penetration, as ſoon as ſhe had read it, enter'd into *Bajazet's* Thoughts: but it being perfectly agreeable to her Humour, ſhe was infinitely pleas'd with it, and return'd the Eunuch back with this Answer.

B Luſh not, *Bajazet*, that your Sighs wanted aſſiſtance in coming to me; I will believe what you ſay, and confeſs that they are come to my Ears, but they have a great way ſtill to go, before they arrive at my Heart: Your Perſon is agreeable to me, but I like your Heart better; if you cannot find an Object more worthy of it than myſelf, I give you leave to pretend to me; but you muſt be faithful to the ſevereſt Trials, conſtant and diſcreet; if your Love is thus adorn'd, I may think you deſerve mine, not elſe.

Notwithstanding the Sultaneſs's Haughtineſs, *Bajazet's* Beauty ſoon diſpers'd theſe rigorous Reſolutions of obliging him to pay ſo dearly for his Conqueſt ; that long and tedious Journey with which he was threaten'd, grew every day ſhorter and ſhorter by the diligence of the Traveller ; but yet ſhe was too cunning, not to take all proper Meaſures. The firſt Thing ſhe exacted of him, was to live in the ſame manner with regard to her as he uſed to do ; that he ſhould never ſpeak to her in publick but aloud, and that they ſhould not have any other Conſidents than *Achomat*, and a young Slave whom ſhe was very fond of, call'd *Flaridon*.

Thus, without its ever being diſcovered, this Intrigue was begun and carried on very much to the Satisfaction of the Sultaneſs, who ſaw herſelf beloved by the moſt amiable Prince, perhaps, in the World, and vaſtly to the advantage of *Bajazet* ; who not being prejudiced with any other Paſſion, found himſelf in poſſeſſion of a Princeſs, not only adorned with the moſt exquisite Charms of Mind and Body, but who at the ſame time preſerv'd his Life, and might, if *Amurath*, who daily was in danger of the War, ſhould chance to die, prefer him to the Em-

Empire. This she promis'd him to do,
 to the prejudice of *Ibrahim* her own Son,
 because of his Stupidity : as for *Amurath*,
 they contented themselves with conceal-
 ing their Passion from him, for fear of irri-
 tating him, and being forced to deprive
 him of the Throne, which could not be
 effected without the loss of his Life ; and
 the Sultaneſs had too great a Tenderness
 for him, and *Bajazet* his Brother too sin-
 cere a Friendship, to conceive the least
 Thought tending that way. *Achomat*
 carried the Lettets to *Floridon*, and from
 time to time *Bajazet* was by her introdu-
 ced into the Sultaneſs's Apartment. She
 had ſo much Confidence in that young
 Slave, that as ſhe had always lain in her
 Chamber, ſhe would not ſuffer her to re-
 tire when ſhe receiv'd *Bajazet*, leſt ſuch
 a Change might give a ſuſpicion to her
 Domesticks, knowing that the Servants of
 the Great, are always aſſiduous to watch
 their Miſtreſſes Actions, in order to par-
 take of their Secrets, and to make them-
 ſelves neceſſary. She had ſo great an
 Affection for her, that from being a Slave,
 ſhe had rais'd her to that Splendor, which
 we may imagine attended the Favourite
 of a Princeſs, who govern'd the richeſt and
 moſt potent Empire in the World : ſhe
 had loaded her with Wealth ; Honours and
 Places

Places were only given thro' her, and on her Favour or Hatred depended the Happiness or Misery of almost all the Subjects of *Amurath*; and she certainly had for her Mistress, as much Duty, Honour, and Gratitude, as it is possible to have for the Friendship of one's Sovereign. But her Fidelity, as well as that of *Bajazet*, was now put to too severe a Trial: tho' she was not more beautiful than the Sultaneſs, she was much younger, being only twenty; besides, Constraint is oftentimes a great Incentive to the Passions of young People.

The Difficulties and Dangers which the Possession of *Floridon* might expose *Bajazet* to, made him ardently wish for it; and the impossibility there was of seeing any other Man, according to the custom of that Country, made her think him more agreeable and perfect than he was. In short, by Chance, Fate, or Love, or all three together, they could not avoid having a Passion for each other. This Affection, or at least the Declaration of it, was begun by *Bajazet*; but as it was reciprocal, tho' the Treaty had its Difficulties, yet it was at last concluded. They were too well instructed in the Art of Dissimulation by the Sultaneſs, not to conceal the Sentiments they had
for

for each other. *Bajazet* repaired to the Place of meeting before the customary Hour, lying concealed in some Place where *Floridon* used to go to him, and appearing to the Sultaneſs only at the appointed time.

Thus artfully did they contrive to deceive the cunning Sultaneſs at firſt, but 'twas impoſſible to do it long. *Bajazet* being much more charm'd with *Floridon*, than he had been with the Sultaneſs, to whom he had attach'd himſelf more through Intereſt, than any thing elſe, began to be tired of the Constraint he was forced to be under when with her, and could not ſo well diſſemble but that the Sultaneſs perceived his Uneaſineſs. She accus'd him of Coolneſs, but little Quarrels and Reconciliations are great Amuſements in Love, and often keep alive the Fire, that would otherwiſe languish. Her Complaints, and *Bajazet's* Addreſs in juſtifying himſelf, only ſerved to prevent that Languor, which a Calm in Love occaſions; for the moſt violent Paſſion often abates through a Satiety of their Wiſhes, and a not knowing what to talk of. Slight Jealouſies, after Enjoyment, ſupply the place of Hopes and Fears in the beginning of an Amour. But their Quarrels began to be

be too frequent, the Sultaneſs's Suſpicions increas'd, and *Bajazet's* Excuses began to fail him. Yet ſhe never in the leaſt ſuſpected *Floridon*, relying on the Obligations ſhe had to her, and the great Fidelity ſhe had always found in her; but yet convinced that ſhe had ſome Rival, ſhe did her utmoſt to find it out. One Night that ſhe was kept awake by the racking Tortures of her Jealouſy, ſeeing the Robe and Habit of *Bajazet* which the Moon ſhone on, ſhe fancied ſhe might find ſomething in them to confirm her Suſpicions: riſing therefore ſoftly, ſhe took them to the Window; and after diligently ſearching them, ſhe found hid and pin'd faſt into a Pleat of his Sleeve a Paper; which concluding to be what ſhe look'd for, ſhe hid in the Bed, and replacing the Habits where they had lain before, ſhe found her Mind a little more at eaſe; and knowing her Vengeance to be certain in her own Hands whenever ſhe pleaſed, ſhe fell aſleep. In the Morning *Bajazet* being retired, as ſhe had always entrusted *Floridon* with her Jealouſy, ſhe called her to her Bed-side, and at the ſame time pulled out the Paper: What a ſight was this for that unhappy Lover! for 'twas indeed a Letter of her's which ſhe had in that manner deſign'd to convey to
Ba-

Bajazet, not having had an opportunity to speak to him the day before. The Sultaneſs, on opening it, immediately knew the Hand, with an aſtoniſhment as great as *Floridon's*, and a Rage that tranſported her as much as Fear did that young Creature, who was more dead than alive; for ſhe well remembered the Contents of it, which were,

YOU have conquered, *Bajazet*, but dread leſt you repent of your Victory: you have triumphed over my Heart and my Fidelity: what I owe the Sultaneſs——what I owe myſelf——all has been ſacrificed to you; but ſure you cannot wiſh my Death——Conſider what Care we ought to take in our Behaviour, what Enemies we make ourſelves. You ſay you would ſooner die than ceaſe loving me. Life is not ſo dear to me as *Bajazet*; but yet what Uneaſineſs does not the gratifying our mutual Deſires give me? Alas! how can I think on Happineſs? being born a Slave, I was ſo to the Sultaneſs, and am ſo now to him who has captivated her——How rigorous is my Fate, that I muſt give myſelf entirely up without Reſerve, and venture all things for a Bleſſing which I am even forced to ſhare!

On reading this Letter, how did Love, Jealouſy, Hatred, and Friendſhip at once
tor-

torture her! Ah *Floridon*! cry'd she, ungrateful *Floridon*! have I lost the Affection of *Bajazet*! and is it you that have deprived me of it! how have you injured my Love, how betray'd my Friendship! Perfidious Slave, born for the Ruin of my Repose; have you so easily forgot what I have done for you? is this your Gratitude! But *Floridon* could not hear her Reproaches, she was fainted away, whether out of Grief and Shame for having wronged so generous a Mistress, or out of Fear of her own, or what was more dear to her, *Bajazet*'s Life. Fired with the first Transports of her Rage, the Sultaneſs thought to run and fetch a Dagger, and stab her treacherous Heart; but seeing her in that Condition, the Love she once had borne her, pleaded in her behalf. *Bajazet* then no longer loves me, cry'd she, but his Death shall prevent his loving any other, or rather let her die for whom he's false——But how can I kill her who has been so dear to me?——or how can I live without *Bajazet*?——But yet let me do nothing unworthy of myself——rather let me forget my much-wrong'd Love, my much-wrong'd Friendship, and in Oblivion bury the Persons of both the Traitors. At these Words summoning all her Prudence to

to her assistance, she arose and pass'd into her Closet. In the mean time, *Floridon* came to herself, and finding the Sultaneſs gone, began to hope, flatter'd by the Experience ſhe had of that great Princeſs's never giving way to the firſt Emotions of her Paſſions. She thought of all the Excuses ſhe could contrive, to ſoften her enraged Miſtreſs. *Amurath* was then in *Persia*, and had left his Mother at *Conſtantinople* inveſted with an abſolute Authority, ſo that her Life and *Bajazet's* were entirely at her diſpoſal ; yet knowing how fondly ſhe lov'd that Prince, ſhe expected ſome good from thence : but ſhe reſolved not to irritate her by the ſight of her. Making what haſte ſhe could, ſhe dress'd herſelf, and diſpatch'd an Eunuch, in whom ſhe confiſed, to deſire that Prince to come immediately to her. Soon after, the Sultaneſs, who was walking in her Closet, call'd her. The moment ſhe went in, ſhe fell on her Knees, and was going to endeavour to juſtify herſelf ; but that Princeſs interrupted her, by bidding her ſend for *Bajazet*. This frightened her ; but thinking ſhe ſaw leſs Paſſion in her Miſtreſs's Countenance, ſhe would not deny but that ſhe had already ſent for him. 'Tis well, continued the Princeſs, obſerve what I ſay to you ; I am now be-

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come

come your Enemy, because you have injured me in the tenderest Point; disloyal *Floridon*, have I for this taken you from the Misery of Slavery, and rendered you the Envy of the whole Court? had you not every thing at your disposal? Did I ever refuse you any Request you ever made either for yourself, or others? All my Treasures, all I had was your's, nothing was reserved for myself, but *Bajazet*. Him you have robb'd me of, and are concern'd that you must share him with me? Did I not discover to you my Heart? Did you not know the Prince, before I so entirely loved him? Why did you not then tell me you wish'd him your's; my Friendship for you was so great, that perhaps I might have yielded him up to you: but that was not enough to satisfy your Hatred and Ingratitude, to have him, without the loss of my Repose: the Conquest of him was not sufficient for your Ambition, unless adorn'd with the Heart of the Sultane's your Mistress. His Beauty is what least has pleas'd you: No, no perfidious Wretch, your Heart preferred the Sacrifice he has made to you of my Affections, which he has so ungratefully deceiv'd, and so cruelly betray'd.

Floridon

Floridon dreading lest these Upbraidings, which the Sultaneſs pronounced with great Violence, ſhould be attended by her Sentence before ſhe could have an opportunity to ſay any thing in her own Behalf, begg'd her with great Earneſtneſs to hear her : 'Tis true, Madam, ſaid ſhe, 'tis true I deſerve ten thouſand Deaths, only give me leave to ſpeak ; then pronounce what Punishment your Highneſs ſhall pleaſe to inflict on me. What is it, reply'd the Sultaneſs, thou canſt alledge in thy Excuse ? *Bajazet*, Madam, cry'd ſhe, *Bajazet* is my Excuse. You and he are the occaſion of my Crime ; you could not reſiſt him yourſelf, yet to what did you expoſe me ? If I have fail'd in aught elſe, or have not acted with the greateſt Gratitude and Duty, let me feel uncommon Tortures : but 'tis you that have led me to this Precipice.

Theſe Words, in which there was ſome Reaſon, touch'd the Sultaneſs ; but 'twas not to the Eloquence of *Floridon* ſhe would owe the Victory ſhe deſign'd to gain over her Reſentment. Ungrateful Slave, reply'd ſhe, did you at once fall into that Precipice ? was it not the leaſt you owed my Friendſhip, to make one Step backwards, ſince you were about to plunge me in with you ? — I could put

thee to death in the cruellest manner——
but confess your Crime, whilst the Friend-
ship I once honoured you with, pleads for
you.

At these Words poor *Floridon* falling at
her feet, told her she confess'd she me-
rited the cruellest Punishments ; that she
did not beg for Life, only that she would
consider her Treachery had been involun-
tary. She then repeated several signal
Instances of her Fidelity on all other
occasions ; and insensibly falling on *Ba-
jazet's* pursuit of her, she artfully made
her take notice, how at several times she
herself had contributed to her falling into
that Misfortune.

Whilst she was talking, the Sultaneſs
hearing somebody enter the Room, and
finding it was *Bajazet*, ordered *Floridon*
to stay in the Closet ; and shutting the
Door upon her, went to meet the Prince.
As he was alone, she was not long before
she discovered her Anger : the Indigna-
tion of her Friendship, which began to
be appeas'd by *Floridon's* Reasons, seem'd
to unite itself with the Fury of her Love
against him ; so much did she appear en-
raged at the sight of him. Now perjur'd
false Villain, now swear you love none
but me, (*said she to him, showing him Flori-
don's Letter, which she held open in her
Hand*)

Hand) make as many Oaths to justify my Enemy, as you have false ones to make me believe you loved me : Thou base Deceiver ! could it be imagined, that under such an Appearance of Innocence should be hid so treacherous a Soul ? through my Goodness only 'tis that you live ; is it not enough to be ungrateful, but must you kill me with Grief ?

These Words, the Anger that blazed in her Eyes, and *Floridon's* Writing, which he knew, over-whelmed *Bajazet* with Confusion : he could not conceive how that Letter fell into the Sultaness's hands ; and finding her so transported with Rage, he could not tell what to think of *Floridon's* not appearing : Enrag'd with himself, for his Imprudence in losing the Letter, as he thought he had done, uncertain where so unlucky an Accident would end, and trembling for *Floridon*, he could not tell where to begin to answer the Sultaness. He could not disown it, the Letter was too plain a Proof : he would have took all the fault upon himself, and have excused *Floridon* ; but knowing how great a Passion the Empress had for him, he foresaw that would but augment her furious Jealousy, and far from saving her, for whom alone he fear'd, hasten her Death, supposing she had hitherto escaped.

ped it. He continued therefore speechless. The Sultaneſs ſeeing his Confuſion, You are ſilent now, *continued ſhe*, and your Tongue ſo verſed in Falſhoods to ſeduce my Heart that adored you, has now no Answer ready, ſince you know I can no longer believe it.

Tho' *Bajazet* could not make a Reply to the Princeſs, the melancholy Looks he caſt upon her, were powerful Advocates for him: her Soul melted into Tenderneſs at an Object ſo dear to her; and her Love overcoming her Anger, vented itſelf in theſe tender Reproaches: You had rather die than not love another, (*continued ſhe, ſhewing him that place in Floridon's Letter*) go—I won't repeat what I have done for you, your Merit might perhaps have obtain'd the ſame from any other. I won't upbraid you with my having ſav'd your Life, contrary to the Intereſt of me and mine; your Beauty might have mov'd the moſt barbarous.—But have I not given you my Affections,—preferr'd you to the moſt Ambitious, who would have thought themſelves bleſs'd by ſuch a choice? Lavish'd my Heart on you, without the expence of a Sigh!—For that I lov'd you firſt, I think, adds to the Obligation, and that I freely gave what you could not dare to wiſh for. Unhap-

py that I am, to have placed my whole Felicity in one who hates me, who sees me with Reluctance, and wishes my Death, only because I love him more than Life! Hitherto *Bajazet* could not answer, but now seeing her Anger abated, and her Eyes drowned with tears; whether he was really touch'd with remorse at having wrong'd so much Beauty, so passionately fond of him, or whether, for his own Preservation he dissembled; he cry'd, Ah! Madam, I have been faulty, I confess, but not so much as you imagine; my Pen or my Mouth perhaps have fail'd in their Duty, but whatever the Caprice of my Youth may have made them commit, my Heart is innocent, and as free from Falshood, as when first you did me the Honour to accept of it: Yes, Madam, I have inviolably preserv'd my Passion and Respect for you. Let therefore *Floridon* live; whatever was our Crime, 'twas I alone committed it. Whilst he was saying this, sometimes he embraced her Knees, sometimes he kissed her Hands with the greatest demonstrations of Love; but the Sultanness repuls'd him, and bid him reserve his Caresses for his Slave: but when she heard his last Words, by which he endeavoured to justify *Floridon*, Ah, Ingrate, think not
I be-

I believe your false Protestations, cry'd she, the Dread you have of my destroying my Rival, occasions them, you think more of saving her than pacifying me. These Words seeming to redouble *Floridon's* Danger, increas'd *Bajazet's* Submissions and Vows; he spared for nothing to convince her that his Passion for her was real, and that what had pass'd between him and *Floridon* had not extended to any thing but a slight Gallantry. In the mean time she was in the Closet, waiting with all the dreadfullest Imaginations for the Issue of this Adventure, her Soul fluctuating between Hopes and Fears all the time of this Conversation, which was not short. The Sultaneſs sometimes transported with Rage, threaten'd the utmost Revenge: then again soft'ning into Tears, with Heart-breaking Sighs bewail'd her Injuries. *Bajazet* made use of all the Artifices Love and his *Floridon* could inspire him with: But sure he could not so much as flatter himself with the happy Conclusion to this perillous Affair he at last met with. The Sultaneſs, tho she show'd she did not entirely believe him, yet at last seem'd to be pacified. *Bajazet*, (reply'd she, after hearing all his Excuses) having so much reason to hate you, I don't know why I love you; my

my Resolution was form'd before you came; think not that I am to be impos'd upon by your false Oaths; I know you love her better than you do me—yet she shall live, because I once did love her, and because I still do love you more than myself;—foreseeing that the Death of my Rival may occasion yours, or at least give you extreme Affliction: To show you the most extraordinary proof of my Love that perhaps ever Woman did—she shall live, and you shall see her. She has render'd herself unworthy of my Favour, or of ever appearing before me, neither shall she, but pass over to *Pera*, where she shall be lodged in a *Seraglio*, and shall in nought feel the loss of my Favour, but in not approaching me. Chuse what Day of the Week you please to pass with her, it shall be granted you; but if, except that Day, you see her, tho but for a moment, nor my Friendship for her, nor my Love for you, shall prevent your immediate Deaths, tho' I myself die with Grief the moment after. *Bajazet* would have reply'd, but she would not permit him; she re-enter'd the Closet, and making her Resolution known to her Rival, she, the same Day, caus'd her to pass over to *Pera*. This is part of *Constantinople*, but as that proud City

City seems to be built to give Laws to the two most beautiful parts of the World, *Europe* and *Asia*, she stands, as it were, with one Foot on each, the *Bosphorus* running between them; that part which stands in *Europe*, is call'd *Constantinople*, and is much the most considerable; the other is called *Pera*, and is inhabited by Christians, who pay Tribute.

According to this Agreement, *Bajazet* visited *Floridon* one day in the Week, and her disgrace was variously talk'd of at the *Porte*, without the true Cause of it being known. These Lovers, who saw themselves extricated out of so manifest a Danger, at first thought themselves happy. When they reflected on the Sultaneſs's goodness, neither *Bajazet* nor *Floridon* durst murmur. As few Women in *Turkey* enjoy the entire Possession of the Man they love without Sharers, *Floridon* and the Sultaneſs were contented, especially the latter.

In the mean time, nothing was talk'd of at *Constantinople*, but the Conquests of *Amurath* in *Persia*, he had gain'd a great many Battles, several Provinces, and a vast number of Towns; and above all had taken *Babylon*, (now called *Bagdat*) which neither *Achmet* the Great, nor any of his Predecessors could ever perform, tho' they had often attempted it. This Prince,

Prince, inflamed with his Success, and animated by his Youth and Courage, would not content himself with this ; he found himself at the head of four hundred thousand Men, and tho' Winter approached, he resolv'd to push his Conquests into the very Heart of the Kingdom of *Persia*, in revenge for the War they had so often carried into his Dominions. Assembling therefore his numerous Troops on the Banks of the *Euphrates*, passing from Rank to Rank, he endeavoured to instil into them the Glory of his Design ; adding, that tho by his Authority he could lead them where his Fame and Interest call'd him, yet he would do nothing without the Consent of his meanest Soldier : he order'd therefore, that the whole Army, drawn up under their respective Colours, should give their Votes, and make their Report to him. This he thought would make his Forces the more willingly follow him in an Adventure, in which he foresaw a great many Difficulties.—But he was deceiv'd, 'twas three or four Years since he was at *Constantinople*, and consequently so long since the *Janizaries*, who were the Flower of his Army, had seen their Wives and Families : Winter drew near, which is terrible in the Mountains over which they were

were to pass; besides which, the Difficulties they were to meet with, were innumerable. The Soldiers therefore mutinied in great Numbers; some demanded Repose after their long Labours, some insisted on their returning home; and those that were least discontented, required that so dangerous and difficult an Enterprize should be deferr'd till Spring. This very much exasperated the Sultan; but finding that they clash'd their Arms together, and that those who wore Bucklers struck their Swords against 'em, which amongst them is a Signal of not being willing to obey: he was so transported with Rage, that drawing his Cymiter with a Look full of Fierceness, he vow'd he would with his own Hands kill the first that disobey'd.

On this, the Revolt grew hotter and hotter, and increas'd so unfortunately for poor *Bajazet*, that the Emperor hearing them say, since he threaten'd 'em so, and would not lead them back to *Constantinople*, they very well knew the way thither, and who there to apply to: These Words cost that young Prince his Life. The Emperor, as soon as he was return'd to his Tent, sent a Captain of his Guards to *Bajazet*, with orders to resign his Life. The cruel Maxims of
that

that Empire, are such, that the Royal Displeasure is reason enough to put the Greatest to death. 'Twas some time after what I mention'd between *Bajazet*, the Sultaneſs and *Floridon*, that this Man arriv'd; who, not having taken his meaſures right, and the Sultaneſs and *Bajazet* being apprish'd of his Deſign, that Prince caus'd him to be kill'd, and the Sultaneſs, pretending to look on him as an Impoſtor, conſented to his death, notwithstanding the riſque ſhe ran thereby. But who can avoid their Fate ! he himſelf labour'd at his own undoing ; all his Obligations to the Sultaneſs yielded to his Paſſion for *Floridon* ; his Love for her was uncapable of ſuch Reſtraint ; he ſaw her as often as poſſible, and without taking the neceſſary Precautions. The Envy of *Floridon*'s high Fortune, had, we may eaſily ſuppoſe, created her a great many Enemies ; what had paſt between her and the Sultaneſs could not be ſo well conceal'd, but that in time the Truth was ſuſpected : The frequent Viſits of *Bajazet* to *Pera*, being diſcovered, the Sultaneſs did not fail being inform'd of it, but ſhe was too prudent to take any notice of it on a bare Report ; what ſhe had juſt done for *Bajazet*, provok'd her to the higheſt Reſentment ;

N

how

however her Glass flatter'd her, she could not but perceive that her Beauty decayed daily, and consequently that she must expect more to be slighted for the Future, if she was so already: She resolv'd therefore to convince herself of the Truth of it; she sent for *Bajazet*, and having, before him, pretended to be very ill, in such a manner, that he could not but believe it, she fancied, that if what she had heard was true, he would certainly lay hold of that Opportunity, and go and see *Floridon*; as soon as ever he was out of her Apartment, she arose, and disguising herself in the Dress that the ordinary sort of Women go to the Baths in, she repair'd to the Sea-side, and took a Boat, ordering the Waterman to row up and down the Stream, as if she had no other design than to take the Air. *Bajazet* was so unhappy in the timing his Visit, that the Sultaness was no sooner in the middle of the Channel, than she saw behind her another Shallop, forced along by six Rowers with all their Strength: tho it was at some distance, she immediately knew the Person that was in it, to be *Bajazet*; he was seated on a Cushion of Crimson Velvet, placed on a rich *Persian* Carpet, that almost cover'd the whole Shallop; immediately

diately she order'd her Waterman to get out of the way, and let the Prince pass; he did, and *Bajazet's* Shallop almost touch'd hers. If she had not seen herself so cruelly despis'd, he was in a State capable of inspiring her with a stronger Passion than what she already felt; the Gracefulness of his Shape never appeared to a greater Advantage, nor did his Eyes ever sparkle with more Life and Vivacity; the beautiful Lustre of his Complexion was so heighten'd and animated by the Joy that had spread itself in Smiles over his Countenance, that any other than the Sultanness would have been touch'd: but her Indignation was too strong; the Pleasure that was so visible in the Prince's Soul, fill'd her with the extremest Anguish. Besides this, *Bajazet's* Dress added to his natural Charms, as much as 'twas possible for Art to do; his Robe was made of one of the richest Brocades the East could produce, exactly fitted to his Shape, which was fine even to Excellence. At a Belt embroider'd with Pearls hung his Cymiter, the Handle and Scabbard glittering with Diamonds. On one side of his Turban, which was of a middling Size, waved a Plume of white Heron's Feathers, fastned by a Buckle of large Rubies. All

this put on with extreme Gallantry. —
 What could be more exquisitely charming! but as those Ornaments were design'd by *Bajazet*, to make himself the more agreeable to his happy *Floridon*, they pierced the wretched Sultaneſs's Heart with extreme Anguiſh; ſhe commanded her Waterman to row as faſt as he could, following the Prince, as a Captive follows the Triumphal Chariot of his Conqueror. *Bajazet*'s Shallop kept in the middle of the Stream, not at all ſteering towards Shore, which gave her ſome Conſolation: but when they were come over againſt *Floridon*'s Palace, ſhe ſaw the Shallop ſtop, and at once turn and row to the Shore, with the greateſt Swiftneſs, and which ſeem'd to her to be more than it really was. She was ſo transported with Rage at this ſight, that ſhe was forced to ſummon all her Prudence and Reſolution to her Aid, to preſerve herſelf from fainting away; and had not her Face been covered, as is the Cuſtom when the Women in *Turkey* go to the Baths, the Waterman muſt have taken notice of her Concern.

As ſoon as the Prince landed, ſhe ſaw from a Balcony of *Floridon*'s Palace, which faced the Sea, ſuch an infinite Number of
 Flowers

Flowers shower'd upon him, that they perfumed the Air. Several Slaves richly habited stood in the Balcony with Baskets of Flowers in their Hands, which they continued to scatter, till he was at the Gate of the Seraglio; which was no sooner opened, than two beautiful Women appeared and threw over him a rich Robe. *Bajazet* was so transported with his Passion, and had so often visited *Floridon* in the same manner, without the Sultaneſs's knowing of it, that he hardly used any Precaution, eſpecially now he believ'd her Sick, he could have no Suspicion of her being ſo near him. She had conſtantly kept her Eyes fixed on *Bajazet*; but he being entered the Seraglio, ſhe began to reflect on her Rival's Happineſs, and her Jealouſy was ſo ſtrong, that ſhe was upon the point of diſcovering her Quality to the Waterman, and ordering him to carry her to that Place to interrupt thoſe Lovers Felicity, which coſt her ſo dear; but being wiſer than to truſt herſelf in the Power of her Rival, ſhe cauſ'd her Boat to return, and land her where it had taken her up; from whence, by a private Door of her Seraglio, where an Eunuch waited for her, ſhe gain'd her own Apartment: and throwing herſelf upon

her Bed, with Groans and Tears lamented her unhappy Fate. She resolv'd the Death of *Bajazet*; for this last Mark of his Ingratitude made her a thousand times more enraged with him, than her Rival. When you robb'd me of him before, said *she*, too happy *Floridon*, I ought to have revenged myself on you, but now I must only accuse my own Simplicity: how can I expect you should refuse him Admittance, after the hazard he has run for the Love of you? but how can I forgive his Ingratitude, for whom within these eight Days I have afresh expos'd my Life, my Family, and Authority?

Thus did this betray'd forsaken Lover pass a Sentence on the too lovely Offender; but when she thought of the Method of executing it, when she reflected that her longing Eyes must never more be bless'd by the dear Object of her fondest Wishes; her Resolution staggered, her Threatnings despis'd, her Love so often wrong'd, inspir'd her with the utmost Cruelty an injur'd Woman could be capable of: but the Charms of *Bajazet*, and the invincible Passion she had for him, pleaded so strongly in his Behalf, that if they had not at last conquered, the Victory would not soon have

have been determined. But that Prince was more unhappy on the Frontiers of *Persia*, by the Mutiny of Soldiers, than he was by his Inconstancy at *Constantinople* : his Brother's Friendship was by absence diminish'd, and by the Sedition of the Army, which still encreased, entirely vanquish'd : the Anger and jealous Apprehension of the Sultan did, what perhaps the Sultaneſs his Mother could never have perswaded herself to : though he made no doubt of his Commandments having been executed ; for 'twas impossible to suspect the Accident that had befall his first Courier, it being what had scarce ever happened before among the *Turks* : yet fearing the Delays and Accidents of his Journey, seven or eight days after, he dispatch'd a second Messenger, who arriv'd at this unlucky Conjunction.

This Man being inform'd of the Fate of the Messenger that had preceded him, resolv'd to take his Measures better than the other had done. He attended the Sultaneſs, and show'd her *Amurath's* Orders, (which was at the very instant I have just now mentioned :) We may suppose her Resentment of that Prince's ill Treatment prevented her opposing them ;
be-

Besides, this Courier inform'd her, that the Sultan had put off his Expedition into *Persia*, and intended to spend the Winter at *Constantinople*. Dreading therefore lest the Emperor, inform'd of her Treatment of his first Messenger, should suspect her Amour; she reply'd, that the Sultan was absolute, and that his Commands ought to be executed. So that very Night *Bajazet* being come back to *Constantinople*, this Man, who only was a Chiaous, or a Cabinet Messenger, taking with him a Cadi, and four Mutes, who are the Executioners of these severe Sentences, caus'd him to be strangled, without any opposition.

The Emperor did not long go unpunish'd for this Parricide; two or three Months after being return'd to *Constantinople*, he died of a Debauch. *Floridon*, informed of what had happen'd, avoided the Sultane's till her Anger was abated; but by degrees making her peace with her, she allowed her to continue at the Palace she had before allotted her, where she was brought to Bed of a Son by *Bajazet*, of whom the Sultane's was extremely fond; and 'twas this young Prince, who being sent by his Mother to *Mecca*, with a Friend of hers who was going thither.

thither out of Devotion, was taken by
the Knights of *Malta*, with all the rich
Presents his Mother had sent to the
Sepulchre of their Prophet.

FINIS;



(141)
thither out of Devotion, was taken by
the Knights of Malta, with all the rich
Furniture his Mother had sent to the
Sepulchre of their Prophet.

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TO HIS GRACE
THE
Duke of MONTROSE,
My LORD,



SEGRAIS, the Author of these Novels, which I have attempted to translate, has in 'em prescrib'd to himself this Rule, That where they are not strictly true, they shou'd have such an Air of Probability, that they might not be contradicted. In observance of this, he draws the Character of a Prince, from whom, he pretends, your Grace's Family derives its Origin; he makes him be of very great Quality, in the Reign of William the Conqueror, powerful in Birth and Possessions, at a time from whence the noblest Families in England are proud of dating their Beginnings; he adorns him with Virtue, Generosity and Truth, makes him incapable of grati-

gratifying the extremest Passion by a base Action, tho' tempted to it by a boundless Power: he gives him an untainted Honour and a dauntless Courage; (the inseparable Attributes of a Montrose:) Had he not thus form'd him completely a Hero, who cou'd have believ'd him the Founder of your Grace's Family? For what but the noblest Stock cou'd have produced those lofty Branches, which, in succeeding Ages, have adorn'd Scotland, and shelter'd and defended its injur'd Monarchs? And now, my Lord, that all those budding Virtues are in their full Bloom of Perfection in your Grace, were I to follow the Method of Dedications, I shou'd endeavour to display 'em; but that's a Task too arduous for me, and to be just to your Grace, requires an abler Pen than mine: 'Tis easy to describe the rising Sun, but when arriv'd at its meridional Glory, it then demands a more than Titian Art to paint its dazzling Lustre. I will not therefore attempt it, but only beg your Grace will be so good, as to accept of this Trifle, and give me leave to subscribe myself, with the utmost Humility,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most Devoted,

and most Obedient Servant.

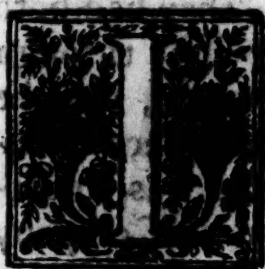
During the Wars that William Duke



MONTROSE.

OR, THE

Happy Discovery.



IN a Village three Leagues South of the pleasant City of *Caen* in *Normandy*, still are to be seen the Ruins of the antient Castle of *Montafilant*, which, according to the received Opinion of the neighbouring Inhabitants, was for several Ages the Residence of the Lords of that Name; this is confirm'd by the following remarkable History, which was, not long since, found among several antient Papers in the Archives of the aforesaid Village.

B

During

During the Wars that *William Duke of Normandy*, surnamed the Conqueror, waged with his rebellious Subjects, and afterwards, with the *English* when he subdued them; none serv'd him with more Fidelity, Courage and Affection, than this Family of *Montafilant*.

Roger of Montafilant, and *Orlando* his Father, had so signaliz'd themselves by their Zeal and Alacrity, in carrying over great numbers of their Vassals and Dependants, to assist their Sovereign in the Conquest of *England*; that they were propos'd as Examples to the rest of the Nobility of that Province. Yet, without having reap'd any other Advantage, than the Fame and Glory, they had, at the Expence of their Lives, so worthily merited, they had both quitted the Service; the first through the Weakness of his extreme Age, and the other on account of a great piece of Injustice that was done him: He was Under-Lieutenant of the Duke's own Company of Men of Arms; a Post very considerable at that time, because no one was admitted to serve in that Company but Gentlemen; and during the time he held that Commission, which was seven, or eight Years, there had past no Rencounter, Siege, or Combat of Importance, where he had not made his Valour and Intrepidity

city remarkable. Notwithstanding which, his Captain Lieutenant being kill'd by an Arrow, at the storming a City, and this Cavalier's Arm pierced thro' by the same Arrow, which made it the more remarkable; yet, he had the Misfortune, that the Duke, who never committed any Injustice, was so mis-led by the Counsel of the Count of *Bessin*, who was his chief Favourite, that he gave away the Commission to that Count's Son, contrary to the Rules of the *Gendarmery*. This Disgrace so provok'd that Gentleman, that thinking it inconsistent with his Honour any longer to serve in his Corps under a new Captain, he chose to retire; and repassing to *Normandy*, return'd to his Father, deserting the Service of the Great, and bewailing their Misfortune who are oblig'd to attach themselves to them. The Father, who had not been happier than him, either through the Caprice of his Masters, or the Malignity of their Ministers, comforted his Son with his Example; and they liv'd so happy, in their Solitude, enjoying the innocent Recreations of a Country Life, that they seem'd to regret their not having sooner made that Choice, and having suffer'd themselves so long to be misled by the Chimera's of Ambition, which corrupts the Candour and Sincerity of

Mens Minds, and so often occasions their Destruction. But Fortune, who had with so much inveteracy hitherto pursued him, resolv'd to attack him in this, as he thought, his secure Retreat, to show that no Place is an Azyle against her.

The King had three Sons, *Robert* to whom he had yielded up the Title of Duke of *Normandy*, on his assuming that of King of *England*; *William* Count of *Main*, and Prince *Henry*. *Robert* was in the Holy Land, being one of that Crusado, which was form'd under the Reign of *Philip* the first, King of *France*, and had perhaps been chosen King of *Jerusalem* in prejudice to *Godfry* of *Bouillon*, if he had not prefer'd his own Inheritance, and the Love of his Country, to those glorious Conquests, in which he had so great a Share: *William* who was his Father's Favourite, was with him in *England*: Prince *Henry* remaining in *Normandy* with the Queen his Mother, and conjointly with her governing that Province during the Absence of the King and his Brothers. They kept their Court mostly at *Caen*, as well because that City is near the Sea, and consequently more commodious for their oftner receiving News from *England*; as because, it being as it were in the Center of that State,

State, they might with greater ease, take care of all parts of it.

Montafiant cou'd not so near the Court remain conceal'd in his Castle, which was but three Leagues off; besides, not being well with the Father, is often a Recommendation to the good Graces of the Children. He cou'd not avoid going sometimes to pay his Respects to the young Prince, and tho' it was as seldom as possible, out of the fondness he had for his Solitude; yet, his Merit fail'd not to make an Impression on the Mind of young Henry. By degrees, that Prince conceiv'd so great a Friendship for him, that he placed his Affection entirely on him, and endeavour'd to repair the Fault of his Father, by treating that Cavalier better than he had done. The Favours of Persons of the Prince's Rank, are not to be refus'd; besides, the hopes that *Montafiant* might flatter himself with, of one day making his Fortune by that means, there was no sort of good Treatment that he did not receive from the Prince, he cou'd not live a Moment without him; that Cavalier was one in all his Parties of Pleasure, and as for the bestowing of Places, the Prince did not give him the trouble of naming whom he wou'd recommend, if he cou'd but guess at 'em. All this was enough to have

made *Montafiane* forget his past Disgrace; but whether Experience had render'd him more wise, or whether the first Blow he had receiv'd from Fortune, had made him apprehensive of her fickleness, or whether he had something upon his Spirits; he received all these subjects of Content, with such moderation, and so little emotion, that the equality of his Mind, very much resembling Melancholy, the Prince often ask'd him the Cause: He for a long time conceal'd his uneasiness from him, too well knowing, that a prudent Man ought never to make his Master his Confident: But at length, having a greater Opinion of him than any other, he cou'd no longer defend himself. "Twas above a Year after he had embraced the Prince's Service, and near two, since his leaving *England*; when one day returning from hunting, the Prince being alone with him, and finding him extremely thoughtful, he again ask'd him the Reason, tho' he had often made the same Question to no purpose; yet this time, it was with such professions of true Friendship, that 'twas impossible for any one not to be touch'd with them, unless they were entirely insensible to what Gratitude exacts from a Man of Honour. Shall I be so unhappy, said the Prince to him, that my having placed all my Affec-

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tion on a Man whom I have chose out of
 all Mankind to be my Friend, shou'd not
 be sufficient to content him? Shall I never
 know what makes you thus melancholy?
 The Wrongs the King my Father has done
 you, can they not be repair'd by me? And
 do you despair so much of my Fortune, that
 the many Promises I have made you, of
 sharing it with you, cannot comfort you
 for that Injury: If it be Ambition that
 enflames your tortur'd Breast, open your
 Heart to me: What can you wish for, that
 through me you may'nt obtain? If I saw
 you attach'd to any Mistress, I might be-
 lieve your uneasiness proceeded from Love;
 but on the contrary, I observe you shun
 the Sex: Have you a Passion for any I have
 lov'd, or for any whom I at present do
 love? Are you afraid of discovering to me?
 If you desire it, there's nothing that I will
 not sacrifice to my Friendship for you.
 Does your Heart aim at any one above you?
 I have no Sisters, but if I had, what might
 not you expect from the Desire I have to
 see you happy? None in this Province,
 who knows your Merit and my Friend-
 ship for you, will refuse your Addresses;
 but it cannot be Love that occasions your
 Grief, neither can I tell what to impute it
 to, unless it be contempt for my Favour,
 or to the constraint you are under of be-
 ing

ing of cheer with me than suits with your Inclination!! I will not suffer you to be under any Confinement, tho' it would be a great Affliction to me, to lose your Company; every thing in my power is at your disposal; the only return I require, is that you shou'd be pleas'd with me. But to show you how much I love you, I leave you at liberty, and to your ease, give up all that's dear to me.!! : *viu* I had not tho' *Monfieur* attentively listen'd to this Discourse, answering no otherwise than by profound Obeisances; but the Prince having done speaking, who is it that would not been overcome as he was? And what ever Misfortunes he saw himself expos'd to, by discovering his Secret, who can excuse him of Imprudence, or impute his Disgrace to any thing but his evil Destiny? My Lord, *reply'd he to the Prince*, Heaven is my Witness, that I receive the Marks of the Affection with which you honour me, with the utmost Gratitude; I'm sensibly afflicted at my not returning it as I ought; I'm so ashamed of the Terms, in which you express yourself; that if I have any Grief, it proceeds from the Confusion I am in, at my so little meriting I such exalted Favours; I have, with the rest of the World, my Unthankfulness, but they are, my Lord, of so little Consequence, that I do not think

think I ought to trouble your Highness with them, and this is the only Reason that has prevented me; not doubting, but that you wou'd be so good as to wish an end to 'em.

Upon this, the Prince redoubled his Caresses, and express'd so great a Desire to put an end to his Uneasinesses, that *Montafilant*, not knowing but that he might want his Authority in the Affair he had in hand, wou'd not any longer conceal it from him. 'Tis true, my Lord, *said he*, 'tis too true I love; and from thence proceeds my Affliction, if I have any that the honour of your Affection does not efface. Let not this Confession, so little expected, astonish your Highness, 'tis two Years since that Passion took entire Possession of my Soul; and yet besides the Object of my Wishes, and an Attendant of hers, no one in the least suspects it: You will not, I believe, be surpriz'd when I tell you who she is; for her Name, if not her Person, is known to you. This made the Prince renew his Sollicitations afresh, offering his Assistance in it, let it be what it wou'd; which oblig'd him to give him the following Account.

Your Highness must certainly have heard of the great Wealth of the Baron

of *Dover*, who has but one Daughter, who is oftner call'd by the Name of the beautiful *Mathilda*, than otherwise; if it were not for the Apprehensions her Father has about her, she being his only Child, which prevents him from letting her appear in the World; she wou'd without doubt be an Ornament to the Court: but he being so rich, dreads, and not without Reason, that if he shou'd let her be seen, he shou'd not have the Disposal of her himself. He had liv'd a considerable time without having any Children, and there was so little probability of his Wife's bringing him any, that the Count of *Bessin*, who was his Heir, and who had built great Hopes on the Succession, has, as your Highness knows, always been accused of carrying away a Brother of *Mathilda*. I was then very young, reply'd the Prince, and tho' I have often heard that remarkable Adventure talk'd of, it was always in a confus'd Manner; so that you'll do me a great Pleasure if you'll tell it me, for as you have it I suppose from *Mathilda*, you doubtless have been inform'd of the Truth, and the Particulars of it. My Lord, answered *Montafilant*, you know *Dover* is wash'd by the Sea; the Baron's House is not any ways fortify'd, but open

pen and defenceless on all Sides: The very Day on which his Lady was brought to bed, after having been so long without any Hopes of Children, twenty or thirty Pyrates, or People pretending to be so, landing upon that Coast, broke into the House, and carry'd off a Son that Lady was just deliver'd of, and all the Things of value they could meet with: whether they were really Robbers, or did it only to prevent all other Suspensions; the Count of Bessin, his Cousin German, has always been look'd on as the Author of it, because of his known Covetousness, and besides, there were good Grounds for such a Suspicion. The little Time the Pyrates staid to pillage the House, it being exactly at the Time of the Lying in, of which they might be inform'd, and the earnestness they express'd to seize immediately on the Infant, were great Proofs of it. The Baron and his Wife firmly believ'd it, but whether 'twas true or no, this has been the Reason for their taking the greatest care in preserving their Daughter; she seem'd to be given them as a Blessing from Heaven in the midst of their Affliction: For, admire how the Divine Providence punishes the Designs of the Wicked, and comforts the Just. That Lady was brought to Bed of a Son, the

the Moment the Pyrates forced into the House; having seen them carry him away, and being hardly recovered from her Labour-Pangs, the Affliction she was in at the Loss of him, render'd her for some time, rather dead than alive; her Husband was not then at home, being detain'd at Court under pretence of some honourable Employment, that the Count of *Bessin* had begg'd for him from the King, with whom he was then in great Favour, which did not a little aggravate the Suspicions they had of him. That unhappy Lady afflicting herself to the highest degree, and seeing the Robbers carry away her Soul, her Life and only Joy; she a long time made her House the most afflicting Spectacle that can be conceiv'd: Her Grief and the Lamentations of her affectionate Domesticks, can only be guess'd at, by the singularity of the Accident; when at last, Heaven touch'd with her Cries, seem'd to take pity of 'em, and permitted that, after a strong Convulsion, that Lady, who happily was big of Twins, was brought to bed of another Child, which, tho' a Daughter, was a great Consolation to her Mother and the whole afflicted Family. This Daughter is the beautiful *Mathilda*; but, if she occasion'd so much Joy then, judge how their Fondness increas'd,

increas'd, when with age she grew to be the most charming Creature in the World. Common Report must certainly have inform'd you of her Beauty, but I dare assure your Highness, that Fame can only have made you conceive a slender Idea of her Wit, and the Graces of her Person, in comparison to what they really are. 'Tis her, my Lord, who, born to make her Family happy, seems destin'd to make me wretched; not that I have any Reason to complain of the rigour of her Proceedings to me, but of my evil Destiny, which opposes my Pursuit of her, with so many almost unsurmountable Obstacles. Her Father, who dreads her being carried away as his Son was, and alarm'd at the Power of the Count of *Bessin*, his Kinsman; besides, apprehensive of every thing, that it is usual for them to fear, who have the Disposal of rich Heiresses; watches her as a Treasure, and conceals, with all imaginable Industry, the Place where she resides: As her Birth was miraculous, so was my coming acquainted with her. The wealthy *Tesson*, who lives within two or three Leagues of this Place, is her Uncle, being her Mother's Brother; his House is very strong, and situated in the midst of the Forest; you must certainly have seen it, having so many hundred times

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hunted thereabouts; there she has been
 these two Years, ever since, I have serv'd
 her with a Constancy answerable to her
 Beauty and Merit; 'twou'd be trouble-
 some to inform your Highness of all the
 Particulars of my Amour; you may
 judge of it, by its Birth. The very Day
 of my return from *England*, I found my
 Father embarras'd in a Quarrel with *Ma-
 thilda's* Uncle, about some Family Inte-
 rests: that Gentleman, tho' in other
 things a Man of Honour, had us'd my
 Father very ill, and treating him unhand-
 somely on account of his Age, oppos'd
 him on all Occasions very much to his
 detriment. I was no sooner arriv'd,
 than being inform'd of his Behaviour, I
 thought myself in Honour oblig'd to call
 him to an Account for it; I was sensible
 he did not know me, because I was very
 young when I left *Normandy* to go for *Eng-
 land*, and we never serv'd both in the
 same Place. On this Account, I made
 no difficulty of delivering my Challenge
 to him myself; I went therefore to his
 House, which is a Castle fortify'd by its
 natural Situation on a Rock, inaccessi-
 ble almost on all Sides, and defended with
 deep Ditches on that Part where it joins
 to the Forest. The Baron of *Dover*
 thought his Daughter wou'd be safe in
 being

so

so strong a Place, but yet he was so pre-cautious, that no one knows where she is, but her Mother and Nurse: at her Uncle's, she passes for a Relation they have in *Maine*, and her Father gives it out, that his Daughter is in a Monastery at *Rouen*. But to return to my Challenge, 'tis that has engag'd me in the cruellest War, I ever experienc'd; I ask'd for *Tesson*, he was not then at home, but taking the Air in the Forest: as they told me, they expected him back every Moment, to prevent any Suspensions of my Design, I thought my self oblig'd to ask for his Wife, and to pay my Respects to her, under the name of a Relation of theirs, much about my age, who came from *England* along with me, and who during our Voyage, told me they had never seen him. My Design succeeded according to my Hopes: I for some time entertain'd that Lady, and her Niece who came down with her, and whom she presented to me, under another Name; but I own, I never made a Visit with so much Distraction; perhaps, no body ever fell in love, and so passionately, in so extraordinary a manner. However, I executed my Design, which occasion'd me the honour of being known to your Highness: we were going to fight, this Ene-

my of my Father and myself, having for Seconds, one of his Gentlemen, and one of mine ; when you returning from hunting, with a great many Noblemen, came up to us in the Plain, just as we were drawing our Swords, you made us embrace, being inform'd of our Quarrel, by one in your Train, who knew us both. I believe, my Lord, you remember this Adventure, tho' it scarce merits it ; 'tis what I'm sure I shall never forget, since 'twas the beginning of the most glorious, and the most unhappy Life that can be imagin'd : but if the Friendship with which you honour me, owes its Rise to that Day ; as you have been so good, often to tell me it does, as that makes me the happiest Man of my Rank, I may say, my Love no ways resembles it : not that I'm ill treated by the lovely *Mathilda* ; no, my Lord, my Passion meets with a Return, she has even bound herself by the most sacred Oaths, never to marry any other than myself ; but yet I cannot prevail on her to marry me without her Parents Approbation. Laying aside the Difficulties I've met with in seeing her, 'tis impossible to express the Obstacles I have found, in making her approve of my Addresses ; I shou'd never have done, were I to repeat the different Parts I've been oblig'd to act :

I believe, from the Gypsy and Pilgrim, to the most exalted Disguise, there's nothing I have not put in practice. I have been a Pedlar, a Painter, a Musician, nay, I have not scrupled assuming a religious Dress to gain Admittance: Love is full of Ingenuity, 'tis impossible to be long an Apprentice to him, without being perfect in all subtle Contrivances. The Leisure I enjoy in my Solitude, has inspir'd me with the strangest Designs, which the violence of my Passion has made me put in practice; but what have they avail'd me? they have only embarras'd me the more: The Father of *Mathilda*, thinks her so considerable a Match, that I believe, he wou'd hardly give her to you, unless you were to be King of *England*. Tho' his Brother and I were made Friends, yet, after those sort of Reconciliations, there often remains a conceal'd Hatred, that differs from Quarrels, only in outward appearance; he esteems me, as *Mathilda* tells me, but she has always dissuaded me from breaking the Matter to him. My Condition is every way equal to theirs, my Hopes through your Highness's Favour are even greater; but yet 'tis impossible to prevail on *Mathilda*, to do any thing contrary to her Duty, as she calls it. On the other hand, the Count

of *Bessin* hates me, because he has injur'd me; for when an insolent Favourite wrongs a Man, he never forgives him: and as he thirsts for that Estate, which has already cost him a Crime, he wou'd with greediness lay hold on the least Pre-
tence to seize on it. Thus, my Lord, you see the situation of my Mind, whatever Melancholy you read in my Eyes and Heart, I beg you to believe, that I receive with all the Joy I ought, the honour of your Highness's Affection. Prince *Henry* listen'd with attention to his Discourse, surpriz'd at *Montafiant*'s Address, in so long concealing his Passion, that no body had ever so much as suspected it; he did not content himself with making him a thousand Offers of his Interest, with the Father and Relations of *Mathilda*, and with the King; but he even promis'd him to manage it so, that the Queen his Mother shou'd espouse his Interests, and take *Mathilda* to be near her Person. *Montafiant*, transported with these Professions of Friendship, cou'd not refrain from telling him, that at least, he had this Consolation in his Afflictions, that few Weeks past, in which he did not see *Mathilda* once or twice; because having gain'd her Nurse, in whom she very much confided, he had, through her Means,
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got the Keys of the Park, where *Mathilda* usually walk'd every Night, and that often shelter'd by obscurity, he was introduced into the Apartment of that Beauty, by means of a little Draw-bridge, which her Nurse, whose Name was *Clementia*, let down for him when the Family were asleep; and that sometimes, he even continu'd conceal'd in a Closet adjoining to her Chamber the whole Day, not going away till the next Night. Upon this, the Prince told him he wou'd be his Confidant, and that he was resolv'd in Person, to assure *Mathilda* of the Affection he had for him. Pleas'd with these Marks of the Prince's Favour, little did *Montafiant* think of the Storm, which was about to succeed this Calm: Notwithstanding his utmost Endeavours, to dissuade the Prince from giving himself that trouble, he cou'd not prevail; and having accidentally told him, that every thing was ready for his seeing her that very Night; the Prince interested himself so much in the Affair, that he wou'd accompany him, contrary to that unhappy Lover's Inclination, not out of any foresight of the Misfortune that afterwards besel him, but only, that he might have time to prepare *Mathilda* for a Visit of such Importance, and to let her know
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the Reasons that had induced him to discover it to the Prince, lest she might otherwise be offended at his imprudence. But the Prince wou'd not be put off, telling him, that such a Surprise cou'd not be ill taken, but wou'd rather convince her with what ardour he undertook the Affair: In short, Fortune that had hitherto persecuted *Montafiant*, did not let slip this Opportunity of ruining him. The Prince saw *Mathilda*; that unhappy Lover, who introduced him, unwittingly contributed to his own undoing, and his Misfortune was so much the greater, because it came from that Quarter whence he expected Felicity. The Prince did not return from the Visit as generous as he went; Friendship was too weak a Defence against her irresistible Charms: According to her Promise to *Montafiant*, *Mathilda* was part of the Night in the Park with him, and the Prince, attended by *Clementia*; at first she was surpris'd to see one with him, but being inform'd of his Confidant's quality, and finding by his first Discourse, the Desire he had to oblige his Favourite, she soon laid aside the Anger she had assum'd, on the thoughts of her Lover's having betray'd her Secret.

The Passion Prince *Henry* conceiv'd for her, became in a little time so violent,

lent, that it master'd all his Actions and Designs, and he resolv'd to sacrifice to it, all he ow'd his Friendship; yet at first, he was forc'd to dissemble with his Rival, because *Mathilda* cou'd not be seen but through him; he apprehended her being mov'd from where she was, by her Friends, if he shou'd make his Passion publick; for tho' he did not value his Rival's losing her, he was unwilling to be priv'd of her himself. He continu'd therefore his Caresses to *Montafiant* as usual, and was as inquisitive to know how his Affairs went on; but he had no Regard to any of his Promises, but only that, of getting her to be with the Queen, because he cou'd not be so solicitous to accompany his Rival always in his Assignations for any time, without his Designs being discover'd. Nothing is so clear-sighted as a Lover, in what regards his Heart; the Prince cou'd not so well dissemble, but that *Montafiant* must have thought ill of his always insisting on going with him: for whatever Glory it might be to him, to have a third Person of that Quality with him, yet to be sure, he wou'd much rather entertain his Mistress alone, for 'twas impossible to confine the Prince to the Conversation of *Clementia*. For this Reason, the new Lover, conscious of his
 own

own Guilt, and dreading the penetration of his Favourite, did not express too great Eagerness to see *Mathilda*, but managed with so much Artifice, that without its being discover'd, why he undertook the Affair, the Queen sent for *Mathilda's* Mother, and knew so well how to flatter her, that she receiv'd with Joy the Proposal she made her, of taking her Daughter to be with her, only, on the bare Report she had heard of her Virtue, Wit and Beauty. How cou'd her Parents possibly refuse such an Offer? For besides the Security she was in, when with that Princess, 'twas a School of Honour and Piety, where their Daughter wou'd always meet with good Examples; besides which, ever since the Conqueror's going to *England*, the Queen had resided in the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, which she herself had founded, where that rich Heiress wou'd be perfectly safe. Her Mother immediately brought her to the Queen, who receiv'd her with a great many Carresses, promising to look upon her as her own Daughter, and to have the greatest Care of her: The Prince had hitherto dissembled so well, that *Montafiant* thinking all this had been done for his Advantage, thank'd the Prince every day, with so much Respect and Gratitude,

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that he having, as I have already said, some Sentiments of Honour, cou'd not help feeling remorse, at so unworthily betraying a Gentleman, for whom he had profess'd so much Friendship; but at length, this unhappy Lover grew sensible of the Wrong that was done him, for the Face of Things began to alter, and he soon found himself in his Rival's power. Whilst *Mathilda* was at her Uncle's, the Prince cou'd not see her without *Montafiant*'s assistance; but now *Montafiant* cou'd not see her but through his Master, for the Queen of *England*, as it is customary in Abbeyes, did not admit of any Gentlemen's entring the Convent, but when they came with the Prince: on other days she gave Audience at the Grate, but that was only seldom, and 'twas still more rare, to see any of the Ladies that attended her. The Prince exerted his Authority a little tyrannically, for not having any longer occasion for his Rival's Company, he hid himself from him when he went to the Abbey, or when the violence of his Passion forced that Cavalier to implore his Assistance. The Prince express'd so much uneasiness to him, at going to wait on the Queen his Mother, that he did not dare take the liberty to press him to it often; and when he begg'd him

him to use his Interest with the Queen, to allow of his making his Addresses to *Mathilda*, he either put him off from day to day, or else disappointed him; but what still comforted him, was, that *Clementia* being with *Mathilda*, and going in and out of the Abbey according as her Mistress's or her own Affairs requir'd it; there seldom pass'd a Day, that he did not write or receive Letters. The Prince had declared himself to *Mathilda*, tho' not to *Montafilant*; she flatter'd herself, that the Prince wou'd see the Injustice of his Behaviour, and was not so little ignorant of the Effects of Jealousy, but that she concluded, if her Lover shou'd know of it, he wou'd infallibly complain of it to his Master, which in all appearance wou'd be his ruin. But the God of Love is not to be deceiv'd; *Montafilant* had already some Suspicions of the Prince's Passion, and suspecting every thing, watch'd with the greatest Affiduity all his Actions. Whatever care his Master took in concealing his Visits, he cou'd not prevent his attending him thither, oftner than was agreeable to him; which occasion'd a Coldness in his Behaviour to him, that *Montafilant* was very sensible of: but tho' it increas'd his Suspicions, yet following his Master's Example,

Example, he dissembled it; and the Prince not thinking it proper, to come to an open Rupture with him as yet, or else the better to deceive his Rival, did sometimes carry him along with him to the Abbey, contriving as often as he cou'd, to time his Visit when the Queen was at her Devotion, and consequently all her Ladies about her; so that *Montafilant* cou'd not discourse his Mistress any more than himself, and was forc'd to be contented with seeing her in the Church and in Publick. It happen'd one day, that the Prince attended thither by *Montafilant*, had a mind to view the Monastery, a Privilege which his Birth gave him; leaving therefore the Ladies at Church, he took that Gentleman, and two or three others with him, went all over it, passing by *Mathilda's* Chamber, and finding there a young Gentlewoman who waited on her, they went in, and came out again immediately; but *Montafilant* stay'd to make an Acquaintance with her, she being entirely a Stranger to him. As he was talking to her near the Table, *Mathilda's* Cabinet offer'd itself to his view open: there were in it, several Letters which he knew to be written in her Mother's and Aunt's Hand; but amongst them, two little Papers, folded without any Di-

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rections,

rections, and in a different manner from what his own used to be, very much tempted his Curiosity, especially, as he had so much Reason to be mistrustful: but being unwilling to discover any thing before *Mathilda's* Attendant, to get rid of her, he begg'd of her to see how far the Prince was off, and made a Motion as tho' he wou'd look himself, which made her go to do him that piece of Service, being unwilling that he shou'd give himself that trouble. In the mean time, taking up one of the Papers, and opening it a little, he saw 'twas the Prince's Hand; fearing her coming back, he put them both into his Pocket, and went after her, which was all done in so little time, that she had scarce got three Steps out of the Room, so that she cou'd not suspect him of the Theft he had committed. He was in the utmost impatience to get home, where he was no sooner arriv'd, than opening one of the Papers, he found it contain'd as follows.

I Am not at all surpriz'd at your first Rigour, my Enterprize is of such a nature as to expect Difficulties; but at the same time, my Passion is not to be repuls'd by them. I love you, beautiful Mathilda, 'tis no longer in my power to conceal it; your Disdain may
render

render me the most unhappy of Men, but it cannot alter the Resolution I have taken; 'twould be in vain therefore for me to make any effort towards it: as your Beauty was what gave birth to my Passion, blame that also for the Continuance of it, and think not, that Heaven has left that in my power, which is not even in yours.

These were the Contents of the second Letter.

'TIS Love alone that I consult, for what can be alledg'd by that Friendship, whose Counsel you in vain advise me to follow? I have list'ned to it, and its Reasons are too weak to resist your all-powerful Charms; I wou'd not willingly displease you, but silence that troublesome Friendship, lest my Love justly provok'd, shou'd be transported beyond all Bounds: hitherto, I have only told you half what it has to say, my Respect for you has prevented me, but that will not always be Master; guess therefore at that, which I dare not tell you, and think that a Passion, like that I feel for you, cannot easily suffer itself to be sacrificed to a Rival.

How unhappy did these Letters render Montafilant! The least Injuries re-

ceiv'd from Persons, whose Friendship we flatter ourselves with, or who are dear to us, are the cruellest of Outrages. This Gentleman had serv'd the Prince with the greatest Zeal and Affection, and now finding himself so basely betray'd, he was pierced with the most poinant Grief that ever Man felt; but when he thought of *Mathilda*, his Sorrow flam'd up even to rage: These Letters had nothing in 'em cou'd convince him of her being false to him; but when his Diffidence represented to him, that she had never in the least discover'd to him, that the Prince was in love with her, considering upon what Terms he was with her; his Jealousy had room enough to believe she list'ned to him. Love is naturally Suspicious and Apprehensive; he thought, that charm'd with the Prince's Quality, she only affected Cruelty to inflame him the more, and oblige him to marry her. Fill'd with these thoughts, being alone, his Love as he imagin'd betray'd, and his injur'd Friendship inspir'd him with Despair; which he gave vent to, in the most melancholy Complains; but not knowing what to resolve on, he spent the rest of the Day, and the succeeding Night, in the greatest agitation that was possible for a Mind to be

be tormented with. Sometimes he resolv'd to go and reproach the Prince with his Infidelity, and make him blush at the Injustice he was guilty of; then he thought of scaling the Walls, that depriv'd him of the Sight of *Mathilda*, to upbraid her with his Jealousy; then again, depress'd with the Severity of his Fate, he endeavour'd to forget both, with this thought. As soon as day appear'd, being sensible, that 'twou'd be impossible for him not to discover his Grief; he took horse, and being very prudent, for fear of doing something he might afterwards repent of, he chose to retire from the Town. He had a Relation, to whom belong'd all that beautiful Track of Land, which lies Westward of the Mouth of the River *Orne*. This Gentleman was an intimate Friend of his, whom he often visited, as well on account of the Friendship he had for him, as because the Situation of his House, was one of the finest in the World: To him therefore *Montafilant* went, to indulge his Melancholy, and gain time, to form some prudent Resolution. The Prince was accusom'd to see him retire in this manner, without any uneasiness; for whether *Montafilant* went to see his Father or his Friend, he often did it, without in-

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forming

forming any body of it before hand, and so, in the same manner, wou'd return as unsuspected. After having spent four or five Days there, he desir'd his Friend to write word to somebody in the Prince's Court, that he was sick, that his Retreat might occasion no uneasiness: Under this Pretence, he continued several days in that Solitude, abandoning himself to his Grief, chiefly spending his time in walking alone by the Sea-side, comparing the Inconstancy of that Element, to his false Fair-one. Before he had set out, he had wrote a Letter to *Mathilda*, and had sent it to a Brother *Clementia* had in the Town, where they were accusom'd to send their Letters: *Clementia* bringing *Mathilda's*, and taking away *Montafilant's*; a Valet de Chambre doing the same for him; unless, when *Clementia* had some Message to deliver to him from her Mistress, for then being appriz'd of it a day before-hand, he either met her at that House, at a Church, or somewhere else; varying the Place as often as possible, for fear of their Intelligence being discover'd. He had inclos'd the Prince's two Letters in his own to *Mathilda*, which was conceiv'd in the following Terms.

SINCE

SINCE I have not been able to deserve the entire possession of your Heart, in return for my having wholly devoted mine to you, take not so much pains to deceive me: The Prince, on whose account, perhaps, you repent your ever having so much as allow'd of my Passion, is certainly much more worthy the honour of serving you; it's better for me, out of Generosity, and for promoting your Interests, to give up that Place, which my Misfortune will otherwise, soon deprive me of. You need not longer conceal the Mystery; it's enough, I know your Thoughts. — In the same day to lose a Master, I thought my best Friend, and her Heart whose Fidelity I believ'd myself assur'd of, is certainly the cruellest Misfortune Man can be expos'd to; but even that, great as it is, has its Remedy, when one knows how to die.

This Letter, and those of the Prince that attended it, very much afflicted *Mathilda*; her Conscience telling her how little she deserv'd such Treatment, made her at first very much resent it: but Love, who always takes the part of his faithful Votaries, soon made her alter her Sentiments, whether 'twas owing to the Truth of that saying, That all Crimes appear slight, when the Author of 'em is belov'd;

lov'd ; or, to the Report of *Montafilant's* being Sick ; she wou'd not any longer suffer him to condemn her unheard. As for the Prince, whether he suspected the Feint, or whether he thought him really ill, ungenerously stifling the Remains of Friendship ; he cou'd not refrain from rejoicing at his Absence, and willing to make use of it, immediately press'd *Mathilda* with Warmth to receive his Passion ; this he did in Terms that surpriz'd her : He threatned her with his Power, and with revenging himself on his Rival. This made her change her Design, of punishing, by a long Silence, her Loyer, by whom she thought herself injur'd. At the end of seven or eight Days, she cou'd not refrain from informing him of the truth of every thing, and how unjustly he had suspected her of Infidelity. She sent for her faithful *Clementia's* Brother, whose Zeal for her Service, she had on several Occasions been convinced of ; and giving him a Letter, order'd him to carry it to the Gentleman's where *Montafilant* was retir'd to : he did so, and he receiving it, open'd it, and read the following Lines.

THE

THE Death with which you threaten me, is what you deserve, and what I shou'd wish you, if I had not still more Friendship for you, than you have Justice for me; I never heard it was thought doing our Friends an Injury, the not telling them ill News. Have therefore a better Opinion of my Constancy, since that's my only Crime; I will alter my Behaviour, but it shall be to punish you: At present, I can say no more to you; if you will come back with the Bearer of this, he'll tell you the Method I've contriv'd, to acquaint you with the Truth of this Affair myself. Adieu, you rather deserve to be forgot, than to receive this Favour, but after your Example, I resolve to be unjust; yet with this Difference, that I have been wrong'd by you, instead of thank'd as I deserv'd, and that I reward you when you merit to be punish'd.

Montafiant, upon the Reception of so engaging a Summons, cou'd not any longer continue in his Solitude; Clemencia being appriz'd of the Commission Mathilda had given her Brother, had inform'd him very exactly of every thing, and he did not fail to acquit himself of it, as he ought. Montafiant learnt from him, the Extremity to which Mathilda was

was reduc'd, by the Impatience of the Prince's Passion, and 'twas that induc'd him to set out immediately.

Belonging to the Abbey, is a Garden, furrounded with very high Walls: *Mathilda* had found out a Place, where, by means of a Stone, which might be taken out and replaced again, 'twas easy, thro' the Wall, to converse with any one in the Street. The City of *Caen* was not so large then as it is at present, and consequently that Place much more unfrequented than it is now. *Clementia's* Brother set out first, to give *Mathilda* notice to be at the Place, and that when it shou'd be late, and every body retir'd, *Montafilant* wou'd not fail being there: On the other hand, that Cavalier contriv'd it so, that it was Night before he came to Town, where he conceal'd himself at a Friend's, till the appointed Hour. 'Twou'd signify nothing to repeat all these Lovers Conversation: those sort of *Eclaircissemens* are seldom done in few Words; 'tis enough to say, that *Mathilda* justified herself to *Montafilant*, for not having acquainted him with the Prince's Passion for her; and that *Montafilant* ask'd her pardon a thousand times, for his having question'd her Fidelity. After which, few
Nights

Nights pass'd, that they did not by this means converse together; and now *Montafilant* began to press her more earnestly, to consent to his carrying her away having lost the Support of his Master's Friendship; he saw plainly that without making use of extraordinary Methods, he shou'd never accomplish his Designs, and the Prince's Passion grew to such a height, that there was nothing but what was to be fear'd from it: but yet *Mathilda* cou'd not be perswaded to do a thing so contrary to her Duty; she advis'd him first to endeavour to prevail with the Prince, and to make use of his Credit with the Queen: That Princess had a great deal of esteem for him; *Mathilda* had often heard her express a Regard for him, and that she saw with pleasure her Son make choice of so worthy a Favourite; since which, having taken notice of his Disgrace, she had often ask'd him the Reason of it, but he wou'd never confess the Truth. At length, that Cavalier relying on her goodness, resolv'd to have Recourse to it. One day therefore, having found an Opportunity to discourse her, he inform'd her succinctly of his Adventure, the Birth of his Passion, and of the Prince's Favour to him; and how at present

present he was become his Rival. The Queen, who was generous, and who besides began to have some Suspicions of her Son's Passion, which she thought neither just, nor suitable; resolv'd in every thing she cou'd, to favour *Montafiant*: she promis'd him to speak to *Mathilda's* Parents, and to her Son. As for the latter part of her Promise, having easily Opportunities, she immediately acquitted herself of it: That very day, she remonstrated to him the Injustice that every way attended his Passion; but having so much reason, she cou'd not help mixing Sharpness with her tender Counsels. The Prince did but ill receive these Reprimands, and so far from submitting, without so much as hearing *Montafiant*, suspecting him to be the Cause of 'em, he commanded him instantly to retire to his Father's House, and not to approach the City upon pain of Death. That Cavalier, accusom'd to Disgraces at Court, was but little touch'd in regard to his Fortune, but he cou'd not think without Despair, on the Injustice that was done his Love; his Father attempted in vain to console him, Death was a thousand times more preferable, than the least Idea of yielding up *Mathilda*: for this reason

Reason, as their Interviews had never been discover'd, he renew'd them as often as possible, which was not a little Consolation to him in his Afflictions ; as Love, in generous Souls is augmented by Difficulties, his Mistress shew'd so much Constancy, that he had all the Reason in the World to be satisfy'd with it. Heaven, who takes a pleasure in deceiving our Hopes and Fears, and who derides the Prudence of Men in their wisest Resolutions ; order'd it so, that as his Unhappiness came from that Quarter where he least expected it, so shou'd his Felicity : as yet, his utmost Efforts had not made the least Impression on *Mathilda's* Resolution, not to consent to his taking her away ; the very Instant he least expected it, Fortune forced her, to throw herself into his Arms. Ever since *Montafiant's* Banishment, the Queen who guess'd at the Oecasion of it, did what she cou'd, to make Prince *Henry* sensible of the Injustice of his Behaviour ; but he made slight of her Reproofs and Threats : on the contrary, as he saw his Father at a distance, transported by the violence of his natural Temper and his Love, he was resolv'd to gratify it at any rate. After having in vain try'd all other Methods, without considering the Consequences of such an

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Attempt; he resolv'd to take her by force from the Monastery, but with this Precaution, of effecting it with as little Noise and Scandal as possible, and to manage it so, that *Montafiant* might be accus'd with doing it, and of consequence, for fear of the Law, be oblig'd to fly for it. For this purpose, he made choice of three Men only, the most resolute and faithful in his whole Court. At the bottom of the Garden a great Distance from the Abbey, was a Summer-House; whether he had false Keys, or was let in by some body that belong'd to the Abbey, there he got in, from whence, conveying himself to *Mathilda's* Apartment, after having left two of his People at the Door, to make the less Noise, he enter'd her Chamber attended by the third; and forcibly seizing her, notwithstanding her Resistance, took her away. She wou'd have cry'd out, but he stopping her Mouth with a Handkerchief, hinder'd it. *Clementia* being up and in the same Room, wou'd have prevented them by her Cries, but the Man that was with the Prince, clapping a Ponyard to her Breast, threatened to kill her if she made the least Noise; nevertheless, unwilling to forsake her Mistress, she follow'd her, and the Prince finding that she knew him, thought it was

was proper to carry her off too, and therefore did not hinder her. Being come to the Back-door, one of the Men that guarded it, join'd with him, that had threaten'd to ponyard her, and gagg'd her, so that she cou'd not cry out : as for *Mathilda*, the Prince used her with a little more Respect, but notwithstanding her Tears and Supplications, she cou'd not have avoided her evil Destiny, had it not been for the lucky arrival of her Lover. She was not gone to Bed, but waiting for the Clock striking Twelve, which was the Hour appointed for seeing him : it was then but Eleven, and notwithstanding her struggling as they dragg'd her along to gain Time, 'twou'd have been in vain : But *Montafilant*, impatient as all passionate Lovers are, chose to come too soon, rather than make her wait . Passing therefore by the Summer-House, because the Place where he used to converse with *Mathilda*, was near it, and hearing the Door open, his Curiosity was rais'd to see what it cou'd be : it was light enough to discern Objects within ten or twelve Paces ; as soon therefore as he came near it, he saw two Women bringing out by force, which was plain by their efforts to escape out of the hands of their Ravishers. His Love presently inspir'd him

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with the Truth of it, and distinguishing immediately who the Men were, he was transported with the utmost Rage: he foresaw it wou'd be his ruin, yet without hesitating, making at the Man that was nearest him, he ran him through the Body with his Sword, and kill'd him on the Spot: he had but one Servant on horseback with him, whom he took rather to hold his Horse, than with any thought of wanting his Assistance, for he rely'd on the secrecy of his Journey. This Man had a great deal of Courage, which on this Occasion he exerted; for valiantly seconding his Master, he vigorously attack'd another of the Ravishers. The Prince presently knew *Montafiant*, and thinking he wou'd respect his Quality, went up to him, but that Cavalier having since his Exile lost all Hopes of prevailing on him to quit *Mathilda*, answer'd him fiercely, that on any other Occasion, he wou'd die a thousand times to serve him, and that he shou'd always have the greatest Respect for him; but that it was impossible for him to consent to the carrying away of his Mistress, and that the only way to effect it, was, to kill him first. Well then, cry'd the Prince, thou shalt die. Force, me not my Lord, reply'd he, to fail in my Duty to you; but set at liberty

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Mathilda, and the Moment she's enter'd in-
to the Monastery, I'll deliver you up my
Sword, but otherwise, expect to see the
first that offers her the least Violence, die by
my Hands before your Eyes. The Prince
said, that then he shou'd begin with him,
and at the same time mounting his Horse,
and causing *Mathilda* to be given him by
the other Man that had held *Clarence*, and
who, having shut the Door of the Sum-
mer-House, had let her go, he endea-
vour'd to take her up into his Arms, *Mon-
tafiant* seeing the Fellow lift *Mathilda* up,
flew to him, and wou'd have ran him
through with his Sword, but fearing to
wound his Mistress, he cou'd not tell
where to strike; for the Man knowing
him, oppos'd *Mathilda* to his Blows, mak-
ing use of her Body as a Shield. The
Prince being wholly intent on accom-
plishing his Design, and on taking *Mathil-
da* up before him from the Man who was
endeavouring to give her to him, gave
Montafiant an Opportunity to seize on
his Sword and disarm him; for that Gen-
tleman fearing nothing, laid hold on his
Arm which he held out to receive *Ma-
thilda*, and turning the Sword back in his
Hand, wrench'd it from him. The
Prince finding himself thus incapacitated
from resisting, lost all Courage, and judg-
ing

of his Rival's Love by his own, dreaded provoking his Rage, if he shou'd any longer oppose him; and seeing the Man who was engag'd with *Montafiant's* Servant, had his Horse kill'd under him, he resolv'd immediately to gain the Town, and return with fresh Forces, believing that *Montafiant*, embarrass'd with his Mistress, cou'd not get so far, but that he might overtake him, or at least in revenge accuse him of the Rape, which the death of his Attendant wou'd easily prove. Thus *Montafiant* saw himself without Enemies; the Abbey-Door had been shut by the Prince's People; there was therefore no possibility of *Mathilda's* getting in again: in short, that Lover so well improv'd the Opportunity, that he prevail'd on her, to put herself into his hands. It signifies little, to repeat the Arguments *Montafiant* made use of in the little Leisure they had; they may be guess'd at, by the rage of the Prince, into whose hands, she fear'd falling, and against whose Power there cou'd be no Security, by the Difficulties they wou'd have to see each other again, and by all the Incidents of so unlucky a Conjunction. As *Mathilda* plainly saw she must either lose her Lover, or expose him to the greatest Dangers in the World; terrify'd by those they had already gone through,

through, she resolv'd to accompany him in his Flight, but upon condition, that he shou'd make no Attempt on her Honour, nor press her to marry, till she cou'd prevail on her Parents to consent. At the same time, they consulted on the Place of their Retreat, and weigh'd every thing as well as the little time they had wou'd admit of. The Governor of *Honfleur* was an intimate Friend of *Montafiant's*, and thither they resolv'd to fly; not that he design'd to expose his Friend to such apparent Danger, or draw upon him the Anger of the enrag'd Prince, whose Power, during the Absence of his Father, was Absolute; but he hoped as *Honfleur* was a Sea-port Town, he might from thence get to some foreign Country, before the Prince's Orders cou'd arrive; and in the mean time, make himself known to no body, but his Friend. This Design was no sooner propos'd, than accepted of by the resolute *Mathilda*; immediately therefore they took the Road to *Honfleur*: tho' it is but ten or twelve Leagues off *Caen*, there are three different Passes to it, the first is the River *Orne*, which is pass'd by a Bridge of Boats; the other, the *Divre*, where there is a Ferry-Boats; and the third, a small River a little higher, which swells so when the Sea comes

comes in, that there is no fording it, but at low Water: *Montaslan* was so lucky, that all these three Passes were favourable to him. The Prince follow'd him close, but finding the Cords that held the Bridge of Boats out, where *Montaslan* had cross'd, he was forc'd to go a great way about, for as the Ome is broad and deep in that Place, he was oblig'd to go back again to the Bridge in the Town. In the meantime, these Lovers gain'd a great deal of Ground, and were so happy in their Misfortunes, as at their arrival at the Mouth of the River *Sene*, to find a *Flemish* Vessel ready to set sail to some Port in *Flanders*. Recollecting that he had heard his Father *Othard* mention his being known to *Baldwin* Count of that Province, he resolv'd, therefore, to take shelter in that Prince's Court, still preserving so great a Respect for his Master, as not to go to the King of *France*, because, the Prince and that King, having had some difference at an Interview, they had been from that time Enemies. *Montaslan* embark'd with his Mistress and *Clementia*, but first he thought it proper, to give his Father notice of what had happen'd, and their Design, that he might supply them in their Flight: for this Reason, he sent back the Man who had

so courageously assisted him, and inform'd him of every thing; *Osmond*, (for that was his Name) being prudent, took a great Compass in going back, and by that means avoided the People the Prince had dispatch'd on all sides, to seize on him and his Master; the next day he arriv'd at the Castle of *Montafilant*, where he found the good *Orlando*, who fondly lov'd his Son, and had heard of the taking away of *Mathilda*, in very great uneasiness: being appriz'd of his Design and Health by *Osmond*, whether he foresaw that the Tempest wou'd fall on him, or that he cou'd not live without his beloved Son, he resolv'd immediately to follow him; because the Count of *Flanders* did indeed very much esteem him, and wou'd for his sake, better receive his Son and *Mathilda*. The Conqueror's Wife, was that Count's Daughter, and old *Montafilant* had been sent Ambassador to him by the King of *England*, when as yet, he was only Duke of *Normandy*, to treat of his Marriage with that Princess: 'twas by this means, that *Montafilant's* Father was known to that Count, and saw himself very much belov'd by him, as well on account of the excellent Qualities he was master of, as because having a great deal of Address, without prejudicing his Master's Interests,

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he found several Opportunities during his negotiating that Affair, to oblige the Queen and her Father. Abandoning therefore all his Estate, and charging himself with all the Diamonds and Money he cou'd, he made to the nearest Port, from whence he past into *Flanders* with so much Diligence, that *Montafilant* and *Mathilda* were got to *Ghent*, the Place they had appointed *Osmund* to come to 'em at, but two Days before the good old Man and that faithful Servant arriv'd there: but they were no sooner there, than they were inform'd, that the Count was dangerously ill, and they were so unhappy, that that Prince, from whom they expected so much Protection, died three Days afterwards. This was a terrible Addition to the rest of their Misfortunes; the Courage of that unhappy Lover, was stagger'd at this Conjunction; he was almost distracted, not on his own account, but on theirs, whom he so passionately lov'd, and whom he saw plung'd into these Difficulties on his account: and notwithstanding all that they cou'd do, his Father, to shew his Courage, and *Mathilda* to convince him, that the Passion she had for him was proof against the worst that cou'd befall her, he cou'd not be comforted; neither is it possible to

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conceive, what Complaints his afflicted Love inspir'd him with; but Fortune was not satisfy'd, with having thrown him in- to this Distress. Apprehending that he shou'd not be able now to find any Sup- port in that Court against Prince *Henry*, and the King his Father, who in all pro- bability wou'd interest himself in the Quarrel, on the account of Count *Bessin*, who as his Enemy and *Mathilda's* Heir, wou'd not fail to join in persecuting 'em; they thought it proper in time, to look out for another Azyle. *Montafiant's* and *Ma- thilda's* Ancestors were come from *Den- mark* with *Rollo* the first Duke of *Norman- dy*, which was still fresh in every body's Memory; for the greatest Part of the No- ble Families of that time, still kept up a Correspondence with the Places from whence they had their Origin. Old *Mon- tafiant* knew he had some Relations there; tho' in Misfortunes, they are not always assur'd Friends, yet he resolv'd, that they wou'd go and take Refuge with them: but they were no sooner embark'd, than they were attack'd by a furious Tempest, by which, they were a thousand times reduc'd to the last Extremity; their Ship had lost its Masts and Rudder, and after having been tofs'd about by the Waves in this wretched Condition, for the space of

of two Days, as if Fortune had been afraid they shou'd not sufficiently feel the Effects of her Anger; she no sooner saw 'em out of this Danger, but she plung'd 'em into a greater: all that the Sea has, that's terrible, seem'd to combine against 'em. As soon as these unhappy Lovers thought they had escap'd the Storm, they saw the Vessel attack'd by a *Corfsair*, who had all the Advantages, that was possible for a large Man of War to have over a small Merchant Ship: *Montafilant*, wou'd have gladly laid hold of this Opportunity to put an end to his unhappy Life; but his Regard for *Mathilda*, moderated his Despair; on the other hand, he saw his Father and her so indifferent about Life, and Death so much to be desir'd by them, that he knew not what to say to 'em, or what to resolve on: but the *Corfsairs* did not allow him much leisure to think, whatever efforts he made to encourage the few Men in his Ship: they were so terrify'd with the Strength of their Enemies, and so fatigu'd with the Tempest, that he cou'd not inspire 'em with his generous Resolution. The *Corfsairs* in a moment made themselves Masters of his Ship, and carry'd every thing that was valuable out of it, into their own: What had hitherto happen'd to these unfortunate Lo-

vers, was nothing, in comparison to the Extremity they were now reduc'd to. The *Corfsair* who had taken them, was a *Scotchman*, very much dreaded at Sea, and in great favour with the King of *Scotland* his Master. The Ship these Lovers were in, was *Dutch*, and at that time, the Count, who was Sovereign of *Holland*, was at War with the King of *Scotland*; so notwithstanding all that *Montafilant* cou'd alledge of their being Subjects of *France*, they were declared lawful Prize, and a very great Ransom set upon them, as they were in all appearance, Persons of Quality. They had agreed among themselves, to profess themselves *French*, knowing the Friendship that subsisted between those two Crowns, and fearing if they had declared their true Country and Names, the News of their ill Fortune might reach *England*, where the Count of *Bessin* might imploy the Interest of the King his Master, with the King of *Scotland*, between whom there was Peace, and so they should fall into the hands of their Enemies; but this Artifice did not succeed: The King of *Scotland* willing to favour that Captain, order'd them, till they paid their Ransom, to be imprison'd in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, of which that Officer was Governour. All that they

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cou'd do, was to write to their Relations,
 and get *Osmond* to be allow'd to go and
 see if they wou'd not assist 'em; but he soon
 return'd with the worst of News: he
 brought them back Advice, that all their
 Estates had been confiscated and given to
 the Count of *Bessin*, and that *Montafilant*
 was out-law'd, that he had found such
 Coolness among their Friends and Rela-
 tions, that of 'em all together, he cou'd
 only get so inconsiderable a Sum, that
 'twas not sufficient to pay half their Ran-
 som. How was *Montafilant* transported
 with Grief, at seeing his Mistress in so
 great a Misfortune on his account, and
 his Father at his age reduc'd to the Mi-
 sery of a Prison, purely for his Tendernefs
 for him; he express'd so piercing a Sor-
 row, that to prevent its turning to de-
 spair, *Mathilda* and his fond Father en-
 deavour'd to forget their own Afflictions
 to comfort him; his Mistress shew'd him
 so much Constancy, and his Father so
 much Affection, that they seem'd to re-
 joice in their Unhappiness, since at least
 they were not in the power of their Ene-
 mies: Love and Friendship made them
 only sensible of each other's Sorrow, and
 even in this Extremity they had the Sa-
 tisfaction of being together: the Pleasure
 of seeing each other daily, was some Al-
 leviation

leviation of their Misfortunes; but the inveterate Malice of Fortune wou'd not long allow them that Comfort.

The Captain, whose Prisoners they were; savage and brutal as Men of his Profession generally are, was no ways touch'd with *Mathilda's* Charms, her Beauty and Merit made no Impression on him: yet being very much self-interested, he bethought himself, that if the King's Favourite, who was young and amorous, and a most accomplish'd Courtier, were to fall in love with that beautiful Lady, who was at his Disposal, 'twou'd, in all Probability, be the means of making his Fortune. *Montrose*, that was the Favourite's Name, was endow'd with the finest Qualities; but what chiefly induced the *Corfsair* to endeavour to ingratiate himself with him, was, that he govern'd the King so absolutely, that to please him, was the most certain Method to gain Preferment at Court: he began by often talking to him of the Beauty of his Prisoner, and after having several times laid Snares for his Liberty, by the Reports he made to him of that fair Creature's Charms, he took his Opportunity one day, when the King and *Montrose* were in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, to prevail on him to go and visit her. Till then, that Fa-

vourite had truly lov'd nothing but his Fortune and Pleasures; but he was so livelily touch'd with the Beauty of *Mathilda*, that if he did not immediately conceive the most violent Passion for her, the sight of her had such an Effect on him, that thenceforward he cou'd talk of nothing else. The Captain no sooner saw him captivated, than he began to set a greater Value on his Prize; at the same time giving him to understand, that he wish'd for nothing so much as an Opportunity, to shew the Zeal he had for his Service.

On the other hand, the King lov'd his Favourite so blindly, that the greatest Pleasure he cou'd have, was to make him Master of every thing he wish'd for; so that as soon as he knew of his Passion for the fair Stranger, he advis'd him to gratify it at any rate: but yet it so happen'd, that the Favourite had as much Generosity and Honour, as the King had Violence and Inconsiderateness; so that *Mathilda's* Virtue actuating on so noble a Subject, soon had an Effect, worthy of her and it. Tho' *Montrose* did not at first assume the Resolution of marrying her, yet he resolv'd not to gain her by any ungenerous Method; his first thoughts were to set at Liberty her, and the two *Mont-*
tafilants,

tafilants, who pass'd for her Father and Brother; (for as soon as they began to suspect any thing of *Montrose's* Passion, they agreed upon that, apprehending with Reason, that the first thing that Favourite wou'd do, wou'd be to remove his Rival, if he shou'd know him to be so, tho' perhaps, as the Event shew'd, he wou'd have been generous enough to have acted otherwise.) If his Love had follow'd the Dictates of his Generosity only, this was what he wou'd have done, and have heap'd up Riches on those Prisoners; but a Confidant of his, to whom he always discover'd his thoughts, hinder'd him, by the following Reasons. What are you going to do? *said he to him*: You see with what coldness that Prisoner receives the Tender of your Services; if you give her her Liberty, perhaps she'll make use of it to escape from you: How do you know but she has, in her own Country, a Lover for whom she wou'd contemn your Fortune? No, my Lord, a gentle Constraint has a greater Effect on the Minds of most Women, than all the Obligations that can possibly be laid on them: you must soften the rigour of her's, her Father's and Brother's Captivity by all imaginable good Usage; let her know that every thing is at her disposal, ex-

cept her own Person, but you expect that to be given to you, in return for all the Favours you shall bestow on her; let her be serv'd with the greatest State and Magnificence; endeavour in every thing to please her Vanity; in short, gild her Chains and her Prison, but let her still remain there till she's yours. By these Words, or the like, *Gilthon* (for that was the Confidant's Name) stifled the generous Sentiments of his Master: that Man had a great Power over him, and as he had a great deal of Address, and that *Montrose* had always found his Counsel succeed, he very much relyed on him; besides, consulting the Interest of his Love, notwithstanding his Generosity, he enter'd into the force of his Arguments, and thought 'twou'd be better, to be a little less praised, and more happy: so that whatever Civility and Complaisance accompany'd the Proceedings of this new Lover, *Mathilda* cou'd not help being alarm'd at it; and notwithstanding the Confidence that *Montasiant* had in his Mistress's Fidelity, he cou'd not be without his Fears; for Love's a timorous and suspicious Deity.

Montrose was somewhat younger than him, perfectly agreeable both in Mind and Person, held in great veneration for his Cou-
rage

rage and Probity; he seem'd to be more King than the King himself, so that *Montafiant* in the wretched Circumstances he was in had great reason to be uneasy at his having a Rival of so much Merit, besides his Memory supply'd him with several Examples of the Instability of Man's Happiness. His Master had broke his Faith with him, and violated the Friendship he had promised him, after so many Assurances of the contrary; but certainly *Mathilda's* Soul was very different from that of the Prince; from the very first Moment she was acquainted with this new Passion, that she might not give her Lover the least reason to be uneasy, she did nothing without his and his Father's Advice. So that in this unlucky Conjunction they all three shar'd each other's disquiets, which is certainly not a little consolation to the Afflicted, such is the efficacy of true Friendship. All that *Montrose* said or did to express his Passion, was told to *Montafiant*. In short, if there's any Pleasure in seeing a Rival more Powerful and Fortunate than ourselves sacrificed to us, *Montafiant* enjoy'd it. As they had agreed in their little Council, that if that Passion which was so full of Respect was rightly managed, it might be a Means of delivering them from their

their Captivity, they had resolv'd not to provoke it by ill Treatment.

Whatever Letters *Mathilda* receiv'd from *Montrose*, 'twas his Rival that answer'd 'em; so that 'twas always in his power to render him unhappier than himself: but if he gave him any Pain, he himself had his share of it. We may easily believe that *Mathilda's* Answers were not the most favourable, whether in their Conversations, where they were premeditated, or in her Letters that *Montasiant* dictated. Under whatsoever Words it was disguiz'd, 'twas still Rigour: but yet this Commerce so well concerted had so much Wit in it, which, added to the modest Reservedness of *Mathilda*, still more and more inflam'd *Montrose's* Heart, *Montasiant* saw, notwithstanding all his Arts, nothing but wretchedness to him could be the Consequence of the Passion of so powerful a Rival; for what Lover, who had every thing entirely at his own disposal, could preserve his Patience unprovok'd for ever? *Montrose* might boast of having done every thing to deserve her Love, we cannot therefore be surpriz'd if he did not always overcome the greatness of his Passion which he plainly perceiv'd to be despis'd: he intreated, sigh'd and supplicated, but he sometimes proceeded even to Threats, when he took the King's Advice;
but

but then coming to himself again, and rather chusing her Rigour than her Anger, he return'd to Intreaties and Repentance; so that desperate with Love, yet restrain'd by *Mathilda's* Modesty, he found himself cruelly tortur'd by an invincible Passion. The Policy of his Confidant, who remonstrated to him that the Prisoners abus'd his Good-nature, the Humour of the King, who still counsel'd him to make use of Violence, made him sometimes take strange Resolutions; but his Generosity continually combated them, so that at last he fell dangerously ill: in the Transports of his Fever, he had nothing in his mouth but the Name of the Beautiful Captive, for so she was call'd at Court; full of despair, his Answers to the Physicians Questions were only such as Love generally dictates to unhappy Lovers. So that if the King had not before known of his Passion, the Report the Physicians made to him of his Illness must have inform'd him of it; besides, being almost all day long in his Chamber himself, he was an Eye-Witness of his Despair, 'Tis scarce to be conceiv'd to what a degree his Brutality transported the King, when the Physicians told him of the Danger his Favourite was in. Without having any Consideration for *Mathilda's* Honour and Virtue, which was the innocent Cause of the Death he so much dreaded, he immediately

immediately order'd them to be more closely confin'd ; for since *Montrose's* Passion, they were upon their Parole, and had the whole Castle of *Edinburgh* for their Prison : yet not contenting himself with this severe and unjust Treatment, he order'd them to be told, that if his Favourite died, they were to expect no Mercy. By chance *Montrose's* Illness at the end of seven or eight Days abating, he learnt with a great deal of Grief what the King's Friendship for him had made him do to the two Strangers and his Mistress ; he sent to make his excuses to them, and to beg the King to revoke so unjust a Sentence ; but all he could alledge, gain'd no other Answer from him, than that he expected *Mathilda* should restore to him his Favourite, whom she was on the point of depriving him of, and that he would not only give her her Liberty, but there was nothing he would not do for her. This Answer, so contrary to his Sentiments, had like to have redoubled his Sickness, and had not *Gilthon's* Advice moderated his concern, this interval of his Fever would not have lasted long ; but he by his cunning Management did not a little contribute to calm his Soul : he remonstrated to him, that he ought to be satisfied with having had no hand in so severe a Proceeding, that he had long enough used gentle Methods, and that

that he had now an opportunity to try whether the King's harsh Proceeding would not be of greater Service to him. By degrees he made him relish his Counsel, and so reviving his half-dead Hopes, he seem'd to inspire his Body, as well as Love, with new Life. By his Advice he sent for *Montafiant*, whom he took for his Mistress's Brother, not his Rival ; and as he had not Strength enough to speak to him himself, he order'd that his Confidant should entertain him in the manner they had before agreed on, which was in these Terms: Stranger (*said Gilthon to him*) you see to what a deplorable Condition this too faithful Lover is reduced, 'tis this makes us have recourse to you: tho' your Sister is innocently so, yet still she is the cause of this Misfortune with which we're threatned ; through her the King and all *Scotland* are in danger of losing all that's dear to 'em: if you do not dissuade her from the Resolution she seems to have taken, I will not mention the good or ill that will befall you ; you can't but be sensible of the one, by the hitherto obliging and generous Proceeding of the enamoured *Montrose* : and if the Condition you are in, and the Power of the King cannot make you apprehend the other, you may easily foresee what it will be when the Cruelty of your Sister and your Imprudence
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will not avert the Storm that hangs over your heads. *Montrose*, incapable of Speech, keeping his Eyes fix'd on him whom he thought *Mathilda's* Brother, accompanied this Discourse with such melancholy Looks that must have touch'd any other than *Montafilant*; but he was so surpriz'd at this unlook'd for Adventure, that all his thoughts were taken up in considering how to form an answer; the Death which he saw written on the Face of that unhappy sick Man, putting him in mind of the danger his Mistress Father and Self were expos'd to through the King's Cruelty, (which he had already experienced) strangely alarm'd him. But yet even at that instant his Love and Jealousy did not forsake him; sensible of what he really was, he could not but blush at the Proposition he foresaw would be made him, but yet he did not dare to make himself known, or to answer as became his Birth and Quality; that would have been at once undoing all that their Policy had advis'd 'em to, in order to lessen their Ransom and keep them together. In this disorder summoning all his Reason to his aid, he endeavour'd to interrupt *Gilthon*, and prevent the so much dreaded Proposal. Hold Sir, cry'd he, make not an ill use of our Captivity, and do not talk to me in a manner unworthy of me: were the Beauty of my Sister capable of

of reducing your Master to the Condition I see him in, is it not enough that I do not interfere with her Behaviour? ——— My Lord (said he, addressing himself to *Montrose*.) the noble Treatment we have receiv'd from your Generosity, has so powerfully bound us to you, that I would with pleasure die to testify my Gratitude. Let the same Generosity still prevail: through our Misfortunes, our Lives and Persons are at your disposal, but you have too much Honour to make any attempt on my Sister's Virtue, or to wound me in so sensible a part. The Tone with which *Montafilant* pronounced these few Words, gave *Gilthon* sufficiently to understand, that his expedient would not have the desired effect, yet he would not so soon give it over. He reminded *Montafilant* of the Regard he ought to have for his Father and Sister, and of the Peril they would be expos'd to; but finding that had no effect, he proceeded to Threats, to try if Rigour would not meet with better Success. If hitherto *Montafilant* had restrain'd his Resentment, the thoughts of his being in Captivity could now no longer bridle his Passion; seeing himself thus insulted, he could not help telling him, that tho' he was a Prisoner, he should feel his resentment, were it not for the Respect he ow'd to the Condition his Master was in: at the same time

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turning to him, Send me, my Lord, *said* he, back to my Prison, rather than let me hear this Man talk to me in a manner unworthy of you and me: which was immediately done. From that time the Favourite's Illness increas'd, and the King being appriz'd of *Montafiant's* Answer and *Mathilda's* Resolution, order'd them be treated with the worst of usage. This Cruelty making them apprehend still greater, drove *Montafiant* to despair; for the Age of his Father not being able to support so many shocking Afflictions, he every moment dreaded his Death. In the mean time, *Montrose* grew so bad, that every body thought him at the point of Death: The Prisoners learn'd this News with the utmost Grief, if the Threats of the King had not given them the greatest uneasiness imaginable; that Lover and Enemy together, was Master of so many fine Qualities, and had shew'd so much Respect in his proceedings, that 'twas impossible for Persons of their Generosity not to be touch'd with his Death, tho' he was the occasion of their being so wretched; but what had still a greater Effect on 'em, was, that at the same time that one of their Guards told them that piece of bad News, a Page of *Montrose's* came with a Letter for *Mathilda*, and told her that his Master being given over by the Physicians, had call'd for Paper, and

and after having with a great deal of Difficulty writ that Letter, had commanded him to bring it to her. *Mathilda* calling the old *Montafilant*, her pretended Father, to be present when she open'd it, read as follows.

BEautiful Stranger, I'm very sensible that I must die, not because the Physicians forsake me, but because I'm abandon'd by you. Fortune and Fate seem'd to have promis'd me more Happiness, but that was not in their power without your Assistance: 'twas only you that cou'd have made me live happy, yet 'tis you alone, that have occasion'd my dying wretched ! 'Tis therefore to obey you that I lay down Life ; happy, if by so doing I can arrive at the Felicity I have always thought consisted in the pleasing you, and wretched that I cou'd not effect it, by the most violent Passion that ever Man felt.

Montafilant approaching, whilst *Mathilda* was reading, they were all three extremely affected with it, particularly he and his Father ; insomuch, that out of pure Generosity, not from any fear of the Misfortunes his Death wou'd draw upon them, they perswaded *Mathilda* to treat him with less Rigour ; and having put

a Pen into her Hand, oblig'd her to return this Answer.

SO far from being the Cause of your Death, I shou'd with the greatest Regret bear the Loss of the most generous of Men.——Wou'd to Heaven, my Lord, 'twere in my power, to avert so dreadful an Accident; tho' at the expence of my Life, you shou'd not see me hesitate a Moment, I have so lively a Sense of your Goodness, and esteem you so much. But, my Lord, judge better of yourself, and do not believe that the most miserable Person in the World, can any ways contribute to the Felicity of one, who in all appearance is the happiest.——Live to experience it, and if I have any Power over you, to oblige me, resume your Health, for you may assure yourself, 'tis what I ardently wish for.

Tho' one wou'd have thought, this Letter shou'd not have been sufficient to have cured Montrose, yet he had no sooner receiv'd it, than he felt some Relief; and continued mending the three or four following days: but if the Prisoners began to rejoice, they did not long do so, when they saw that Fortune had taken them out of that Strait, only to throw them into one more dangerous, and such a one that their inveterate Enemy, who had always

ways pursu'd them, with such implacable Rage, seem'd now to have vented the very utmost of her industrious Malice. Whether *Montrose's* Recovery, was owing to the Hopes he conceiv'd from the Design, which perhaps he had projected during his Illness, or whether that Design ow'd its birth to his Despair; but he no sooner found himself able to talk, than he sent for *Montafilant*, who being come, he order'd every body to retire out of his Chamber, and address'd himself to him in this manner: Whatever Inducement I have to flatter myself, that I am not entirely abandon'd by my good Fortune, yet the only Reason I had for begging the Favour of this Visit, was, to tell you, that I expect my Health from you only.

— From me, my Lord, *cry'd out Montafilant interrupting him*, alas! how can I possibly be happy enough to effect that? Yes, from you, *reply'd Montrose*; but give me leave to explain myself without interruption, while my Illness permits: I own I was to blame, to let *Gilthon* talk to you as he did, but I beg you to impute it to the Zeal of an affectionate Friend, and the Despair I was then in. I assure you, that your Misfortunes and Captivity, have not hinder'd me from having the Regard that yours and your Sif-

ter's Merit wou'd exact even from the most barbarous. I have discover'd something in her and you, that tells me your Quality is superior to what you own; and I believe that neither she, your Father, or self, can accuse me of any ungenerous Usage. *Montafiant* answer'd this Discourse by profound Submissions, and cou'd not refrain sometimes, from interrupting him by Words, which shew'd, that he desir'd he wou'd put an end to this long Preface, and coming to the Point, let him know what it was he exacted of him. Upon which, *Montrose* pausing a little to recover his Breath, as one who spoke with a great deal of Difficulty, at length continu'd thus: What I require of you, generous Stranger, is not any Action unworthy of you, neither indeed is it any thing that I might not myself propose to your Sister, were I able to wait on her; 'tis yours and your Father's Liberty I offer you, and to share my Fortune; in short, 'tis to desire you to prevail on her, to accept of me as a Husband: I have always met with so much Indifference in her, that I expect from your Counsel, and the Consideration she has for her Father, that which my Services cou'd never obtain: I believe you are sensible that the greatest in this Kingdom, wou'd seek for what I myself propose

to you ; but I won't endeavour to magnify your Sister's Conquest;—go and consult with her, tho', to confess the Truth, I expect most from you : yet as I am not oblig'd to have so much Consideration for you, as the Passion with which she has inspir'd me, has given me for her ; be not offended if I tell you, that this is the only means by which you and your Father can ever recover your Liberties ; my Fate is at your disposal, if you give me her on whom alone my Life depends, what may you not expect from my Gratitude ? But if you and your Sister are inexorable, you well know you can't so much as hope for any Mercy from the King.

Montaslam was so astonish'd at this Proposal, that he was unable to make any reply ; he was distracted with too many different Passions, to be capable of coming to any Resolution ; *Montrose* easily perceiv'd the trouble he was in, but was far from guessing at the true Cause, and attributing it only to his Surprise, at so unexpected a piece of good Fortune for him and his Sister ; Go, repeated he, finding he did not answer, go and consider of this at your Leisure, and tell your Sister that she may be assur'd from her own Merit and Beauty, of my inviolably keeping my Word ; and that from the Misery of a
Prison,

Prison, you and she may become the most considerable Persons in this Nation? Having spoke these Words, he left him. I leave you to judge, if there ever was a Man so cruelly tormented as that unhappy Lover; 'twas very well that his Rival bade him examine his Proposal at leisure; for he wanted a great deal of Time to think on what he was to do, or how behave himself towards *Mathilda*: he resolv'd not to go directly to her, but shutting himself up in his Chamber, staid there till Evening, when he sent her word, that *Montrose* having desir'd it, he had been with him: but the Moment he arriv'd, his Fever had increas'd so very much, that he had not been able to speak to him. In this wretched Condition, abandoning himself to his Grievs, he vented them in the most melancholy Expressions. O cruel Fortune! *said he*, how ingenious are you in persecuting me? — Oh *Mathilda*! — Oh my Father! — Ah cruel Rival! thou art happier, tho' in the Arms of Death, than I am. — What Recompence can you make me, for what you are about to deprive me of? How shou'd I scorn your Favours, and despise your Threats, if *Mathilda* and my Father were not in your power? But oh my Father! who hast too tenderly lov'd me; and

and oh *Mathilda*! whom I too fondly love! Was I born only for your Ruin? Or, were you given to me, only to add Weight to my Afflictions? Thus did he pass the Evening; and Night being come, feigning to be out of order, and to want Rest, he went to Bed; but being alone in his Chamber, he got up again; and walking about in the most violent Agonies, sometimes furious; then again, sunk with excess of Grief; sometimes, invoking all the Heavenly Powers to his Assistance, and then accusing them of Injustice; he cou'd not tell who to blame for his Misfortunes, they seem'd to be so dependant on each other. Whether he shou'd impute them to the unjust Partiality of the King of *England*, or to the Faithlessness of his Master; for if he traced Things back a great way, they both seem'd to be the Causes of the Extremity he was then reduc'd to. But amongst all his different Thoughts, Love still prevail- ing; Ah too amiable *Mathilda*, wou'd he cry, alas! how cou'd I have thought, I ever shou'd have been afflicted at knowing you? Yet it's but too true, that in my present unhappy Condition, I ought to wish I had never known you; since now, I must either lose you, or make you most wretched, and be guilt yof my Father's
Death!

Death!——Ah! no, first let the whole World perish, rather than I will abandon you, or give you any Counsel that way tending.——Love, charming *Mathilda*, love my happy Rival; if Interest has power enough over your Mind, to make you guilty of the greatest Infidelity that ever was committed, or if the being weary of a Prison can induce you to disengage yourself from the Vows you have so solemnly given me; of inviolable Truth: but let me first become the Horror of Mankind, and be pointed at as a most consummate Wretch, rather than be myself the Instrument of my own Ruin!——Already have you too much suffer'd, O Divine *Mathilda*, and too well known the greatest Difficulties, now poorly to submit to the Apprehensions of the severest Fate: as I judge of the firmness of your Love by mine, I rely upon your Constancy and Courage; nor do I think you will be offended at what I do, when you see me share your Misery.——Forgive me therefore, O my venerable Father, for giveme, if But what am I saying! cry'd he, (interrupting himself, and thinking on the Resolution his Passion inspir'd him with.) Hold, impious and sacrilegious Tongue; pronounce not, while I am still uncertain, and blacken not yourself with

with a Crime my Heart has not yet committed. — At the same time, an Infinity of Thoughts tormented him, and made him change his Mind: they represented to him the weak Condition to which the Prison and extreme old Age, had already reduced his Father; the hazard he ran of seeing his *Mathilda* and him perish in a Captivity, that wou'd be certainly render'd insupportable; and on the other hand, the Prosperity they wou'd enjoy, if he cou'd but prevail on himself to consent to the Marriage of *Mathilda*, with one who so intirely engross'd the King's Favour: and as he was by Nature generous, and truly sensible of the Tenderness his Father had always shown him; taking advice of his Reason, which in its turn assum'd the Empire of his Soul and silenc'd his Passion: How dreadful is the Choice I have, *continu'd he*, to see my Father and *Mathilda* perish, or plung'd into the extremest Misery, and myself render'd the most unfortunate of Men! — How can I see you, beautiful *Mathilda*, in the Possession of another? Or, how bear your's and my Father's eternal Captivity, and at the same time, think it was once in my power to break your Chains, but had not Courage enough to do it? No, no, sooner will I tear my Passion from my Heart,

Heart, than let a Father perish, who had liv'd happy, had he not lov'd me too well! Rather die, wretched *Montasiant*, than any longer suffer the Divine *Mathilda* to languish! What success can my Passion expect, but to make us all three miserable? Or why, if I consult my Reason, shou'd I dread Death? Can it be disagreeable to me, when by it I have preserv'd my Father's Life, and made *Mathilda* happy? Through me you shall reign, since I can no otherwise occasion your Felicity.—— It shall not be, that your Faith, which you once gave me, perhaps imprudently, shall make me tyrannize over you, I will be more just; and since I have a thousand times sworn to die, to render your Life happy, can I refuse this Opportunity? I shall then be at liberty to seek Death, and revenge myself on my Enemies; and when I have no one's Misery but my own to dread, I shall have more Courage than to bear it: thus at least I shall set you free, and not be guilty of my Father's Death. But, (continu'd he, thinking on his Passion which he had almost stifled) thus shall I make myself completely wretched, thus shall I lose, for ever lose you, beautiful *Mathilda*!——but otherwise you must die.——Oh cruel Love!

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notwithstanding my Misfortunes, in you still consists all my Felicity.

This Reflection excited great Tumults in his Breast; but being already inclining to the other side, the remembrance of so long a Series of Misfortunes and Disgraces, which seem'd to be link'd to each other, and his natural Piety renewing as it were the attack, prevail'd over his Resolution, and entirely conquer'd him. It must be so, cry'd he, Death is my choice; and tho' I may not put an end to my Misery by my own Hands, yet my cruel Master will easily grant me that Favour of not letting the Ravisher of *Mathilda* linger out his Life. — In the mean time, O Father, worthy of a happier Son! *Mathilda* will not abandon you; but when possess'd of the Fortune she so well merits, will perhaps bestow one thought on him, who since he could not live to serve her, at least knew how to die to make her reign. When Day appear'd, it found him in this Resolution; and as soon as he thought his Mistress was awake, he enter'd her Chamber, and seating himself near her Bed; Ah! my dear Sister, said he, (for now that Name which we made use of to deceive the World, becomes me better than those my Love has so often dictated to me, and which still are so agreeable to my Heart.)

— Dearest Sister, since I no longer must
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call you my Divine Mistress; I must — resign you to the Rigour of my Fate, I must — lose you. — This Discourse, so little expected from *Montafilant*, pronounced with such agonizing Distraction, gave *Mathilda* the utmost uneasiness, not being able to guess at his meaning; but when he had inform'd her of the Resolution he had taken, and of the Reasons that had induced him to it, who can conceive how much the unhappy *Mathilda* was shock'd! What—cry'd she to him, (equally transported with Grief and Resentment) is this the *Montafilant* for whom I despis'd the Passion of Prince *Henry*? — Is this the Man whom I have follow'd from Province to Province? — for whose sake I've brav'd the Dangers of the Sea, when each tempestuous Billow threatned to o'erwhelm us? — for whose sake even Captivity has seem'd light? — And does he at last advise me to espouse another? — Yes, Beautiful *Mathilda*, reply'd he, I am still the same, I die for Love of you, — with greater Passion doat on you, and cannot bear that you should for ever be miserable on my account. — My Love is pure and disinterested, as I have a thousand times assur'd you; neither will I ever be reproach'd, that when nothing but my Death was wanting to make you happy, and free you and my Father from an
endless

endless Slavery, I preferr'd living and making you wretched with me. Ah! Cruel, *cry'd she*, did you ever hear me complain of my Captivity, or did I ever reproach you with my Sufferings? I am as sensible as you of the languishing Condition to which old Age and this Prison have reduc'd your Father, tho' after having forgot and forsaken mine, my Mother and every thing that was dear to me to follow you, 'tis with the greatest regret I see any thing in your Heart stand in competition with me : — But seek no pretext for your Ingratitude and Infidelity, you are weary of dragging about with you one so unhappy as I am, and now would cover your Crime with this false show of Generosity! — Oh! too obliging Reproaches, *cry'd Montafilant*. Oh! agreeable Cruelty : seek not to shake my Duty, too, too willing to listen to the charming Tempter ; look into my Heart, amiable *Mathilda*, look there, and oblige me not to lay aside the generous Design I've form'd; suffer me to be miserable, but let the regard I have for you, my Honour and my Father, triumph. And can'st thou think, *reply'd Mathilda*, (more exasperated than ever) that I shall run after you when you abandon me? — I see but too much of your Heart, perjur'd and unfaithful; go, and since Liberty is even this way acceptable to you, you shall

shall be free, I'll deliver you from your Chains, and give you back your promis'd Faith, since 'tis not proof against the worst Events. Your Father may enjoy this high Fortune you've procur'd for me, you yourself may also reap the Advantages of it, since the Charms of Greatness have such Power over your weak and fickle Soul; but cruel, remember what I now tell you, henceforth expect from me naught but Scorn and Hate.

These Expressions, tho' harsh, show'd too much Love not to pierce the unhappy *Montafant* to the heart; and whatever effort his Generosity might have made, doubtless he would not have been able to have withstood such Charms: already he repented, and charm'd with *Mathilda's* Courage, was going to thank her for her Constancy, and to make a thousand Protestations of inviolable Love, but the first Words he spoke, *Mathilda* interrupted him in this manner. Seek not to move my Pity or Compassion, my Resolution is taken as well as yours: I'll marry your Rival, since you have given me so much reason to forget you; the greatest difficulty is over, for I still confess the assuming my Heart from you requir'd a greater effort than the bestowing it on him: but since you have effected that, and have obliged me to cease loving you, which I once thought impossible, I shall easily prevail

vail on myself to love another, who has too many fine Qualities not to be amiable to whomever loves not you. Go, and carry the answer you have promis'd, and become in earnest my Brother, since you have forgot you was my Lover. *Montafilant* would have interrupted her here, but *Mathilda's* Passion would not give him leave; and all he could do, could not prevail on her to alter her Design: so that partly by force, partly by reason of the Motives of his first Resolution, he found himself oblig'd to yield up his Mistress; but yet unable to carry the News to his happy Rival, feigning Sickness, he sent for *Montrose's* Confidant, and telling him somewhat of *Mathilda's* Resolution, desir'd him to wait on her to be more particularly inform'd of her Sentiments. She being still enrag'd with the thoughts of *Montafilant's* abandoning her, told *Githon* that *Montrose* did her too much Honour, and that she would receive his Addresses. Thus in a moment that Favourite recover'd his Strength, and the wretched *Montafilant* fell into a much more dangerous Condition; he again went to *Mathilda*, but she repuls'd him: Can you think, said she to him, that I will marry another, and consent to your seeing me? No, no, find your advantage in the splendour

of my Fortune; but don't any more pretend to my receiving your Visits or listning to you. Nothing that *Montafilant* could alledge, could shake her Resolution; so that the time requisite for *Montrose's* recovering his Health, and making the necessary preparations for his Marriage, being expir'd, the appointed Day came which in all appearance was to be that wretched Lover's last. *Mathilda* had receiv'd the Visits of the King and all his Court; the transporting Joy that *Montrose* felt, had restor'd him to his good Mien; but certainly if his Love for *Mathilda* could have been any ways affected by an alteration in her Beauty, it would; for notwithstanding her utmost efforts, and resolution, she could not see this last Day approach, without feeling the most poignant Grief. The Prisoners had already receiv'd their Liberty, and *Mathilda* was lodged in an Apartment of the Palace with the King's Daughter, 'till she should be carry'd to the magnificent House of *Montrose*. That Favourite, who entirely possess'd his Master's Heart, might have married that Princess, had he not found more Charms in the Beautiful Stranger; 'twas therefore with extreme uneasiness that she saw this Marriage approach, for the Person of that Favourite was such, and Fortune so exalted,

alted, that Queens must with regret have
 seen another prefer'd to them. Thus
 this Wedding made a great many un-
 happy, and only one pleas'd. *Montafilant*
 entirely abandon'd himself to his Despair,
 fortifying himself in his first Resolution
 of returning and exposing himself to his
 Master's Indignation, as soon as he had
 taken his last leave of *Mathilda*; but she
 would not admit of it, and that wretched
 Lover was forced to wait, rack'd with
 the Pangs of Death, for the Day that
 was to make his Rival so happy, not da-
 ring to approach his Mistress, who as the
 time grew near, was more and more ex-
 asperated; but yet whatever Severity she
 affected to punish her Lover, she could
 not but feel a great share of the Grief
 she gave. The Evening before that Day
 which was to be so fatal, throwing her-
 self on her Bed, and having no body in
 her Chamber but *Clemence*; after having
 shed a torrent of Tears, which the
 presence of those who had all that
 day visited her, had till then restrain'd;
 Ah! my dear *Clemence*, cry'd she, how
 wretched am I, that I cannot die with
 Grief, since I very much fear I shall not
 be Mistress of my Despair. — Oh! ye
 almighty Powers, who thus cruelly per-
 secute me, enable me to bear the weight
 of

of my Afflictions, and suffer me not to give way to the Transports of my Rage, by laying violent hands on myself. *Clemence*, who perhaps was wearied out with these Calamities, and could not help being flatter'd with the advantages she should reap from her Mistress's great Fortune, endeavour'd to comfort her as much as possible, not but that she pity'd poor *Montafiant*; but whether 'twas for the reason I now mention'd, or that she stifled her Compassion the better to persuade her Mistress to a Marriage she could not possibly avoid, she strove, by reminding her Mistress of her past Misfortunes, to exaggerate the Joy she ought now to have in getting into a safe Harbour, after having been tost about in so many Storms: but whatever she could alledge, *Mathilda* continued inconsolable. At length the Day came, and *Mathilda* was forc'd to suffer herself to be dress'd for so solemn a Festival. *Montrose* employ'd upon that occasion all that could be expected from his Master's and his own Riches, she was adorn'd with all the Jewels of the Crown, and the richest Robes that Magnificence could invent; but she suffer'd all these to be put on her as a Victim that is dress'd out for the Sacrifice; this was her own Thoughts: but her first Lover, who was
obliged

obliged to be witness of this Pomp, on account of the part he acted, look'd on himself as the miserable Victim. He followed *Mathilda* to the Temple, but with such visible Uneasiness, that if he had not disguiz'd his Concern under the pretence of being sick, or if his Rival had not been so entirely taken up with his approaching Happiness, that he had not room to make any reflexions, he would doubtless have perceiv'd that the Prisoner did but little relish his Liberty, and that the Brother interest'd himself but strangely in his Sister's good Fortune. On the other side, *Mathilda* very much repented of what she had done, when she saw the sorrow and grief that was written in *Montafant's* Countenance : As for him, he would have thrown himself at his Rival's Feet, and have told him the truth of his Condition, and have begg'd Death at his hands, rather than to let the Ceremony proceed. Could they have been able to have consulted together what was to be done at this terrible Conjuncture, doubtless they would not thus have consented to their own Misery. — At last the Hour came, *Montrose* giving his Hand to *Mathilda*, in presence of all the Court, led her to the Altar, where the Bishop of *Edinburgh* wait-
ed,

ed, who was appointed to marry them. — But I will no longer keep the Reader in uncertainty, and the unhappy *Montafant* in his extreme uneasiness : As soon as the Ceremonies were begun, at the instant that *Montrose* gave the Ring and his Hand to his Mistress, two things happened which interrupted the Festival ; *Mathilda* swooned away, and at the same time *Clemence* who had her Eyes fix'd on *Montrose's* Hand, cry'd out that they should not proceed any farther 'till they had heard her. She had observ'd, that that Lover had the mark of a perfect red Rose upon his Hand, and recollecting that *Mathilda's* Brother, who had been carried away as soon as he was born, was exactly mark'd in that manner, she thought herself oblig'd to declare it. She had heard that *Montrose* was a Stranger, and that it was not known of whom or where he was born ; tho she could not tell whether this report was true, or whether 'twas rais'd by those who envied his great Fortune ; yet she could not but have some suspicions, especially on account of the great resemblance there was between him and her Mistress, which they had often took notice of. This and her swooning away, which continued so long that she was forc'd to be carried away, and laid upon

a Bed, interrupted the Ceremony; besides, as they open'd her Robe to give her Air, a Poinard which they found hid in it, gave great occasions to Conjectures on so odd an Accident: in short, *Clemence's* suspicion was found to be true, the Mark on *Montrose's* Hand was so very singular, that it alone was sufficient Evidence of the truth of her discovery. But a Merchant who had brought him up from his Childhood, confessing that he had him from the Hands of Pyrates, who had taken him on the Coasts of *Normandy*, near Mount St. *Michael*, from which Mount and the Rose that was upon his Hand, he had given him the Name of *Montrose*, very much strengthen'd what *Clemence* said. By good luck there was in the Castle of *Edinburgh* an old Soldier, who being inform'd of this Adventure, and having been an Accomplice in the carrying him away, thought he now had an opportunity to advance his Fortune; going therefore to *Montrose*, and first begging his Pardon, he told him that the Captain under whom he then serv'd, was bribed by the Count of *Bessin* whilst he was in some Port in *England*, and sending a Man along with them to conduct them, the Business was done, as *Montafant* told Prince *Henry* the first time he spoke to him about *Mathilda*. But what
put

put this thing out of all doubt, was the Soldier's adding, that upon his Comrades dividing the Spoil and Pillage of the Baron of *Dover's* House, among several other things that fell to his share, was a Coral made use of by Children when they cut their Teeth, which he still had kept: upon fetching it, it was found to be set in Gold, and a Coat of Arms engrav'd on it, which *Mathilda* knew to be that of her Family; and *Clemence* added, that it was design'd for the Child that was taken away, as it is customary before the lyings-in of Persons of Quality, to provide every thing for the Child that is to be born.

Montrose thus assur'd of his Extraction, and appriz'd by the Ponyard that *Mathilda* had conceal'd in her Bosom, how much Force she put upon her Inclinations, when she consented to marry him, and afterwards inform'd of hers and her Lover's History; he had too much Generosity any longer to prevent their Happiness. Soon after, *Montafilant* and *Mathilda* were married with as great excess of Joy, as they had before felt of Afflictions. *Montrose* married the King's Daughter, and making his Brother and Sister-in-Law partake of his good Fortune, enabled 'em to settle in that Country, and heap'd

Wealth

Wealth upon them sufficient to atone for the Loss of their Estates.

This is the Original of the Family of *Montrose*, and the means that brought the Lords of *Montafilant* out of *Normandy*. The King of *Scotland* having written the King of *England* an account of the Villany of the Count of *Bessin*, and given him so many convincing Proofs of it; that prudent and just Prince began to be sensible of his Wickedness: and Fortune, who had hitherto been so averse to those Lovers, became so favourable to 'em, in even their warmest Wishes, that in a small time they recover'd the Possession of their Estates, and saw their old Enemy the Count of *Bessin* disgrac'd; who being convicted of several enormous Crimes, perish'd according to his deserts; all his Wealth being confiscated to the Church, as may still be seen in the Donations made to them by *William* the Conqueror, or by the Queen his Wife.





MISTAKEN JEALOUSY:

OR, THE

Disguis'd Lovers.



IS well known what Misery was brought upon *France*, by the Quarrels between the House of *Burgundy*, and that of *Orleans*; and what Difficulties each Party suffer'd, according as their Adversaries prevail'd, through the inconstant Humour of the *Parisians*.

Tho' the City of *Paris* oftner declar'd itself in favour of the House of *Burgundy*, than of that of *Orleans*; yet it once happen'd, that the Heads of the *Burgundian* Faction

Faction were forced to fly out of that great City with the utmost Speed, out of fear of the incens'd Populace; the Duke (who was *John*, surnamed the *Hardy*, Son of *Philip* Duke of *Burgundy*) was then at *Dijon*, and his Enemies laying hold of his Absence, so well manag'd the Minds of the People, that the Princess *Agnes* his Daughter was forc'd in the greatest disorder to betake herself to flight; tho' she inherited so much of the Courage of her Father, that she was look'd upon as a Person of very extraordinary Resolution, and very much above the Timorousness so common in her Sex. Quitting therefore that City, she disguiz'd herself, and for fear of a Surprise she resolv'd to return to *Dijon*, without letting it be known on the Road who she was: she had with her only two or three Domesticks, and a Lady of Fashion, whose name was *Jolante*, in whom she very much confided. According to the Custom of those times, she travell'd on horse-back: after two days Journey, tir'd with the Fatigue of travelling, she resolv'd to rest herself at an Inn, where at the same time chanc'd to arrive a young Prince of the House of *Bourbon*. He was returning from *Hungary*, where the War against the *Turks* had been carried on with great Vigour, and where he had acquir'd

mortal Glory. The Princess of *Burgundy* and he were not at all known to each other, for he had left the Court of *France* before she came to it, and they had been brought up always in different Places; she in *Flanders* or at *Dijon*, where the Duke her Father usually kept his Court; and he near the Court of *France*, where the Duke of *Bourbon* his Father had made him spend the first part of his Youth, till he sent him to *Hungary* with a great many of the Nobility of *France*: for several detesting the Civil Wars, which at that time distracted the Kingdom, chose rather to signalize their Courage and Address against the Enemies of Christianity, who took the advantage of our Divisions, and daily extended the Bounds of their Empire, to the great Scandal of the Christians. This young Prince not as yet knowing of what Party he shou'd be obliged to declare himself, and fearing to fall into the hands of his Enemies, kept himself conceal'd as well as the Princess; having left the greatest Part of his Equipage and People behind him for that Reason, or for the greater Conveniency in travelling, he pass'd only for a Gentleman of Quality, being attended by no more than three Persons. He arriv'd betimes at the same Inn where the Princess already was: she was of a
 very

very gay Humour, and chancing to see a Citizen of *Paris* come in, who had set out from thence after her, she call'd him to her, and took great pleasure in talking to him ; because that Man not knowing her, told her ingenuously the true Sentiments the People had of all the great Men of those times ; a thing that Princes are seldom inform'd of by those who approach 'em : but this Man did not so much as spare the Queen, who was *Isabella* of *Bavaria*, a most unnatural Mother, who, to gratify her Revenge, unjustly disinherited her own Son ; neither did he spare the King (*Charles* the Sixth) a Prince unfortunately fal'n into a Frenzy ; nor the Ambition of those great Men, who, actuated by different Motives, play'd their Parts in the bloody Tragedies, which render'd that Age so black in History ; nor the Avarice and Insolence of the Ministers of State, who only consulted their own Interests in what they made their Masters do. She was upon the Chapter of her Father the Duke of *Burgundy*, when the Count of *Clermont* (for so that young Prince of the House of *Bourbon* was call'd) after having saluted her with great Civility, join'd in the Conversation. He was naturally complaisant, well bred, and fond of Womens Conversation. The

Princess was mask'd, but beautifully shaped; her Eyes, Mouth, and Hair, fine even to excellence; so that tho' she conceal'd a great many Charms, she discover'd enough to engage any one less gallant than he was; besides, the Citizen's Answers and the Questions she ask'd him, were capable of raising the Curiosity of the most Indifferent. The Prince hearing him talk of so many Persons for whom he was interested, made one in the Conversation for his own Satisfaction, and endeavour'd by his Questions to add to the Pleasantry of it; but it had not lasted long, before the mask'd Lady shew'd so much Wit in that Grotesque Conversation, that he was prodigiously taken with her. She was discoursing with the Citizen of *Paris* in a low Hall, and as the Chamber where her dinner was serv'd was above stairs, the Prince gave her his Hand to lead her to it, purely out of the Civility which he thought was due to her as a Lady, who, tho' in an Equipage little agreeable to her Quality, yet commanded Respect. When she was in the Room, she pull'd off her Mask, and the Prince confess'd within himself that he had never seen any thing so beautiful; he did not long dissemble his Passion, treating the Affair as one who thought himself the only

ly disguiz'd Person in the Company, who, was in his nature very gallant, and who acted with the freedom that birth gives to Persons of his Rank; tho' he was oblig'd to take his leave of the Lady, because he saw she was going to dinner, he cou'd not do it without first letting her know, that 'twas impossible for him to see so many Charms without being touch'd with them. The Princess, who was of a very pleasant and amiable Temper, presently look'd upon this Adventure as an Incident very proper to embellish the Romance of her Disguise : The Prince's Person was extremely agreeable, but she judging him to be only what he appear'd, and thinking it very pleasant that a Man of his Rank shou'd have so freely declar'd his Passion to her, not to lose the Opportunity she had of diverting herself, she wou'd not startle him by shewing too much Severity. As soon as she had dined, the Prince return'd to her Chamber, where he was not long before he recommenced his Gallantry : the Princess smiling upon the Lady who was with her at the Part she was acting, receiv'd him with Civility, and answering the Prince's Discourse according to the Design she had taken of diverting herself, with a modest Refusal and inviting Coyness, she caus'd him

him to fall very much in love with her : in short, as soon as he learnt from her that she shou'd not continue her Journey that day, tho' his first Design was not to make any stay upon the Road, yet he soon found Reasons for his not proceeding on his Journey. Tho' the Princess was very much diverted with the Conquest she had made, the Prince join'd to the Freeness of his Declaration of Love, so much Respect in his Behaviour, and display'd so much Wit and good Sense in his Discourse, that insensibly the Ridicule vanish'd : on the other side, the Haughtiness that sat triumphant among the Charms of her Person and the Graces of her Wit, insensibly blew the sudden Sparks into a beautiful Flame : yet at first they only thought of informing themselves of each other, but they had both taken care mutually to deceive. The Count of *Clermont's* People, after a diligent Enquiry among the Princess's Servants, told their Master that she was a Lady of *Normandy*, who was going to *Dijon* to take possession of the Effects of a Brother of hers lately dead in the Service of the Duke of *Burgundy*, under whom he had acquir'd immense Riches. The Princess had feign'd this death of her Brother, because she really was then in mourning for the *Dauphin of France*, elder
 Brother

Brother to *Charles* the Seventh. By the same Method she was inform'd that he was of *Berry*, and Son of the Lord of *A-rondes*, which Name he bore: as for his Affairs and Travels he disguis'd nothing, for his Servants told hers, that he came from *Hungary* along with the Count of *Clermont*, and that he was going to *Paris*, having left that Prince behind him about six or seven days Journey off, coming on in the same Road. The House of *Bourbon* and that of *Burgundy* were then in different Interests; for *Burgundy* being nearer to the Crown than *Bourbon*, endeavour'd to exclude them as well as those of *Orleans* and *Anjou*, and, in short, all others from any Power and Authority. Nevertheless, the Princess having heard a great deal said in commendation of the Count of *Clermont*, enquir'd after him in a manner that the Lady she represented might probably have done. The Prince answer'd with modesty, as being asham'd to commend himself; insomuch that what he said, not coming up to the Reputation that Prince had acquir'd, the Princess ask'd him if he had been any ways disobligh'd by him, or if that Prince was not very much alter'd of late; if he had fallen from the the great Hopes that had been conceiv'd of his Courage; if he had not been the means

means of gaining two or three Victories, as had been publish'd in *France*; and, in short, if by any ill Conduct he had forfeited those Heroick Virtues which had render'd him so famous and renown'd? These Questions very agreeably flatter'd him, and doubtless wou'd have much more done so, had he known from whose Mouth they came; in short, to omit a thousand Circumstances of little Consequence, having spent the rest of the Day with that Lady, he was so charm'd with her, that he resolv'd to push his Fortune with her: Love easily prevails on the Fire of a Youth of eighteen or twenty, (for that was his Age) to attempt things seemingly more impracticable than this; he sets out therefore towards *Burgundy* along with her. The Princess's Beauty far surpass'd all that he had hitherto ever seen at Court or elsewhere, and the Hopes he conceived from her obliging and civil Behaviour, and from the Sweetness of her Humour, very much inflam'd him; the Merits he discover'd in that Lady daily increas'd his Passion: but his Love, which had so agreeable a Beginning, soon gave him uneasiness; for as the Princess drew nearer to her Father's State, her Haughtiness increas'd, and the Prince's Hopes diminished, but not his Passion; for he resolv'd,

solv'd, as at play, to venture still on, rather than sit down contented with what he had already lost, and she was still intent on prolonging her diversion: she had endeavour'd to hinder him from following her, but in such a manner that left him room to believe she wou'd not be disobligh'd with his Attendance. Thus did this Prince fall into the Share, out of which, he never afterwards cou'd free himself: The Princess, whom he had daily Opportunities of entertaining upon the Road, charm'd him more and more; insomuch, that tho' his Hopes lessen'd, his Respect increased: sometimes recollecting who he was, he wou'd ask himself what was his Design, and his Reason wou'd wage War in his Mind with his Passion; but his Love was now too violent to be resisted. He oftener complain'd of the rigour of his Fate, which made him find so many Beauties in a Person whom he judg'd too much beneath him ever to think of marrying her, and who, on the other side, shew'd so much Virtue, that he cou'd not propose to gratify his Passion on any other Condition. The Princess perceiv'd the Transports of his Mind, but judging by outward Appearances as well as he, she did not much concern herself about the Uneasiness of *Aronides*; but yet she resolv'd

soly'd to see what wou'd be his Sentiments
 when he shou'd discover who she was. At
 their arrival at *Dijon*, judge of the young
 Prince's Thoughts, when he found her to be
 the Duke of *Burgundy's* Daughter, and that
 his Heart truly inflam'd was not mistaken
 in its Choice. The Princess was very
 much pleased with the Deceit she had put
 on him, and diverted herself with the La-
 dy, her Companion in the Adventure, at
 the Astonishment she suppos'd him to be
 in. The Prince might have let her know
 that he was even with her, but finding
 himself truly in love, he wou'd not follow
 the first Dictates of his Passion at this
 Conjunction so unforeseen and so agreeable
 to his Love: tho' the Princess as a *Nor-*
man Lady, had not given him great En-
 couragement, yet she had ingaged him,
 and, as Lovers generally do, he certainly
 hoped for Success. As he knew the Duke
 of *Burgundy* and his Father were at that
 time Enemies, finding himself in his pow-
 er, he wou'd not discover his Quality, but
 resolv'd to try if he cou'd not make his
 Person amiable without the assistance of
 his Birth. The Princess, acquainted with
 his Wit and Discretion, and judging fa-
 vourably of his Valour and Courage by
 the other good Qualities she had seen
 in him, thought she shou'd serve her
 Father

Father, if she obliged such a Cavalier to engage in the Interests of her Family, by her giving him a favourable Reception: she contented herself therefore with obliging him to alter his Behaviour towards her; besides, 'tis no ways derogatory from the Virtue and Honour of the most discreet, to confess that they do not hate a Man, purely on account of his loving them, when he has no other Fault but that. The Princess having receiv'd all those Honours which Ceremony pays to Persons of her Condition, retir'd to her own Apartment: the Count of *Clermont* not being willing to be seen in the Crowd, waited for her there. The Princess, to carry on the diversion of the Comedy she had acted upon the Road, no sooner saw him, than calling to her *Jolanta*, for whom, as I have already said, she had a great Friendship, and still taking the Prince for the Lord *Arondes*, I believe, *said she to him*, you did not think you had so well placed your Affections, *rallying him as she used to do*. Divine Princess, *reply'd he*, my Heart always told me it had made a Choice very much to its own glory: 'tis true, had I not been extremely blind, I must have known that so much Beauty and Merit cou'd not have been found in a common Person. I am sorry,

K

said

Said the Princess, that the *Norman Lady* is not here to answer you, you saw she did not use you with a great deal of rigour when she was with you, but you are an unlucky Lover, to be a Widower without your Mistress's dying. Beautiful Princess, *reply'd he,* if it must be so, as you do me the honour to tell me, I'll shew that there are *Artemisa's* of both Sexes; and if ours hitherto has not much signaliz'd itself for being inconsolable, I will be a notable Example of it: but I will bear my Misfortune, great as it is, with Patience, if you will but vouchsafe to have a little Compassion for me; nobody deserves it more than I do, I have lost the most amiable Mistress in the World, my Hopes cannot survive her, all my Desires must be interr'd with her: and of all this, I must have the boldness to tell you, you alone are the Cause; sure therefore you ought to pity me. *Arondes, said the Princess,* I have a great deal of Compassion for you; and not only so, but I will alleviate your Afflictions. The Prince cou'd not tell how to contain his Joy, at these words; but when he heard the rest of 'em tho' they were extremely obliging, he was not very well satisfy'd. For to shew you, *continu'd she,* that I am concern'd for you, instead of the Mistress you.

you have lost, I will give you a Master who will never fail you, and of whom no such Accident can deprive you; the Duke my Father merits your Services as much as the *Norman Lady*, and at least they shall be as well rewarded by him, as you cou'd expect them to be by her, for which, I'll be responsible. Generous Princess, *reply'd the Prince, still behaving himself as the feign'd Arondes*, I never did any thing with a view of Interest, and if you will give me leave to continue in your own Service, I shall think myself much happier; for indeed, if I may be allow'd to speak the truth, let it be ever so rigorous, I shall scarce ever be able to quit it. *Arondes, said the Princess, rising from her Seat*, I do not consult your Advice in this; what was a few days ago agreeable to me, may not perhaps be so always, but you have so much good Sense, that I believe, I need not tell you what your Behaviour to me ought to be now. As she spoke these words, she went up to a great number of Ladies and Gentlemen, who were waiting at the other end of the Room, and the Prince who cou'd not support this thunder-stroke, which at once destroy'd all his Joy and Resolution, found himself so oppress'd with Grief, that fearing to discover in his Countenance what he felt in his Soul, he re-

tir'd immediately to the Place where his People had taken him a Lodging. A thousand different thoughts warr'd in his Breast, but at last, he continu'd in his Resolution of not declaring himself, and he still discover'd so many new Charms, and so much Merit in the Princess, that 'twas no longer in his power to absent himself from her: had he been only what he seem'd to be, he must have thought himself the happiest Man in the World, for the Princess kept her word with him. The very next day she presented him to the Duke her Father, who received him in the handsomest manner, and loaded him with Places and Pensions, which he cou'd not possibly refuse, for fear of discovering himself; tho' he was greatly alter'd in the three Years that he had left *France*, yet he seldom shew'd himself at any great Assemblies, he was oft'nest at the Princess's, whose Court was not so numerous as her Father's; besides, he always contriv'd to be there, when there was least Company.

At the Duke of *Burgundy's* Court, was a Prince of the Blood Royal of *England*. That Kingdom is very subject to great Revolutions, and at that time, there was one of the most remarkable, that perhaps
ever

ever any Nation knew. * A King indulging himself in a slothful Idolence, and reigning in the greatest Tranquility that a Prince cou'd wish for, at once saw his whole Kingdom revolt against him. A Prince of the House of *Lancaster*, who pretended, that he or his Father had usurp'd the Crown, which of right was his, laid hold of the Opportunity, and made so good use of the rage of the Rebels, that he obliged the King, with his own Hand to sign the Act of Renunciation, and to condemn himself to a perpetual and cruel Imprisonment. A Prince who was nearly related to him, having escap'd from the Storm that had wreck'd his Family, had took shelter with the Duke of *Burgundy*, after having in vain attempted by his Courage to re-instate that wretched King in the Throne, his ill-fortune had depriv'd him of; the Duke supported him, but as the Prince who had possess'd himself of the Kingdom of *England*, became very formidable through the Divisions that desolated *France*, the Duke of *Burgundy*, who had more Ambition than Generosity,

* This was Richard the Second, who after reigning two and twenty Years, was forced to resign his Crown to Henry the Fourth, solemnly in Parliament signing the Act of Renunciation, Sept. 29. 1399.

took care not to draw upon himself so powerful an Enemy : he contented himself with letting the Duke of *Clarence* (for so he was call'd) live in safety in his Dominions, and in not refusing him those Rights of Hospitality, which Princes owe each other. He was perfectly well made in his Person, had a great deal of Cunning, and was one who wou'd spare for nothing to gain his Ends, and had certainly met with Success, if Fortune had not visibly declar'd itself against all his Designs; in which he was true Heir to the King, whose Title he endeavour'd to support. Finding, that he in vain sought Succours from the Duke of *Burgundy*, he thought he might obtain them, if he cou'd but gain his Alliance. The Duke had two Daughters, the first had been married to the *Dauphin* of *France*, the other was the Princess, whose History I write; to this therefore he paid his Addresses, and either out of Policy, or because he really was enamour'd with her, he endeavour'd by all means possible to render himself acceptable to her ; yet he was so unfortunate, as not to be able to make the Princess believe the truth of his Passion, which is no small Unhappiness; for there can be but little hopes of Success, when we can't so much as persuade our Mistress that

we

we love her. His Courtship had been of a long standing, but the Princess imputed it more to the Necessity of his Affairs, than to his Inclinations: nevertheless, without being discouraged, he pursu'd it with Constancy. On the other hand, the Princess's Behaviour was not such as to change his Passion into Rage and Hatred; she told him, she entirely depended upon her Father; in the mean time, as his Misfortunes and Quality deserv'd great Respect from every body of Birth and Generosity, she behav'd herself towards him with great Civility. This Amour was so publick, that the Count of *Clermont* was soon appriz'd of it; besides, as he was very assiduous about the Princess, he cou'd not but take notice of his Rival's Attachment: tho' he was in a Condition not at all to be envied, yet his good Mien gave him some Uneasiness, and the Possibility there was of a Revolution happening in his favour in a Country so subject to Changes; besides, the Princess was so generous, that the Duke of *Clarence's* ill Fortune was not a sufficient Security for his Rival. *Arondes* diligently observ'd every thing, and was as vigilant as Rivals generally are, when they are not belov'd. He regulated his Actions in such a manner, and shew'd so much Respect in his
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stant Attendance on the Princess, that she could not condemn his Behaviour; but this was not enough for one who lov'd so passionately. The Princess's Court was the Rendezvous of all that was Gay and Polite of her Father's Party. Comedies, Balls, Feasts, Parties of Hunting, Fishing, and Walking, and all other agreeable Diversions were not wanting, according to the Season of the Year; but in particular, during a whole Carnival, five or six Ladies her particular Favourites met in her Apartment every Evening, where they entertain'd themselves by playing at a thousand different Plays, which they often invented, with which the Princess was extremely taken. The Duke of *Clarence* always made one at 'em, as well because the Princess seem'd to be pleas'd with 'em, as because the Company sometimes dividing according to the Laws of those little Games, he was always the Princess's Partner, on account of the Agreeableness of their Qualities: so that he had oftener Opportunities of entertaining her with his Passion at these Diversions than at any other time, which was by no means pleasing to the young disguiz'd Prince; who tho' he was always, thro' the Princess's Favour, present at these Entertainments, yet in order to keep him-

himself conceal'd, he was forc'd to give place to his Rival: but to make him amends, as he sought for nothing so much as an Opportunity to speak to the Princess of the Affairs of his Heart, without offending her, the Duke of *Clarence* in a few days gave him a very good one. I have already said, how by the Princess's favour *Arondes* had succeeded at Court; his noble Mien, Wit, and the Graces of Novelty, which is so powerful at all Courts, and especially where the *French* Humour prevails, soon made him very considerable: As the Princess publickly profess'd a Friendship for him, the Duke of *Clarence* thought nobody so proper as him to assist him in his Affair, not imagining that one of the Condition he seem'd to be of, could have any other Views at Court than that of making his Fortune, the Princess herself had presented him to him; after which time, perswaded that he might be of use to him, he very much caress'd him. One day as they were riding out together, being at a distance from the rest of the Company, he began to renew his Professions of Friendship for him, and to redouble his Caressees, assuring him that he would make good his Promises of giving him better proofs than Words, of the Regard he had for him, if
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ever Fortune should be favourable to him. He then told him what hopes he had, and communicating to him all his Designs for his Re-establishment, show'd him how intirely he confided in him. *A-rondes* reply'd with a great deal of Submission, but discovering what View he had in these Caresses, and that 'twas only to oblige him to speak to the Princess in his favour, he could not help rejoicing within himself at so odd an Adventure. He told him, that indeed he had but little Interest with her; 'twas true, that her Generosity thinking it had an opportunity to display itself in providing for one of so little Merit, she had shown him a great deal of Favour, but that he could not be vain enough to believe she would at all listen to the Counsel of one so young as himself: nevertheless, he thank'd the Prince for the Honour he did him, in judging him capable of serving him in a matter of that moment, and assured him that he would let slip no opportunity of putting the Princess in mind of his Merit and Passion.

That very day he had as good an Opportunity as the Duke of *Clarence* could have wish'd him; for he found the Princess very much dispos'd to listen to him. She had been alone all day, and as soon

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as she saw him, call'd him to her, to ask him what he had met with in his riding out with the Duke of *Clarence*; for she knew of their being together, because she saw them pass by her Windows on horse-back. Madam, *said he*, we have had a very pleasant Ride, as you may imagine by the Beauty of the Day; but you may be sure I have been extremely happy, in the Conversation of the Duke of *Clarence*, and in having continually talk'd of nothing but the Merits and Charms of the most divine Princess in the world. You have been but indifferently entertain'd, *reply'd she*, if the Eloquence of the Prince, and the Fineness of the Day, afforded you no other Subject. I do assure you, Madam, *answer'd the Prince*, I was so well pleas'd, that I shall never forget it: for judge, Madam, of the good fortune I met with, since I believe I've found an opportunity of telling you without offending you, that you little think what Torments you are the Cause of, that it's impossible to see you without dying for Love of you; and that there is an unhappy Wretch, who expects no other End to his Misfortunes but Death, ever since he has had the presumption to expose himself to your irresistible Charms. I know not, *reply'd the Princess*, (*who understood but half*
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the Sense of his Words, and attributed the Meaning of them intirely to the Passion of the young Arondes) what extraordinary Adventure can have given you room to believe I shall permit these Extravagancies more at one time than another. Beautiful Princess, *answer'd he*, I very well know, tho' your Charms conquer all alike, yet all alike must not have leave to declare the Sense they have of 'em. How comes it then, *interrupted she*, that you think yourself allow'd to talk in this manner? Judge more favourably of the Respect I have for you, *reply'd he*; I too well know *Arondes* must be silent for himself, but may not *Arondes* be permitted to speak for the Duke of *Clarence*? The Princess not understanding him, bade him explain himself. Whereupon the Prince told her, how the Duke of *Clarence* had desired him to speak to her about his Passion; and told it her with so much Address and Gallantry, that the Princess could not well interrupt him, tho he remark'd to her how unhappy that Duke was in every thing, that even in his Amours he should pitch upon his Rival for his Confidant: But, *added he rallying*, since the Duke of *Clarence* wanted a Person to tell you that he loved you, whom, adorable Princess, could he have found out
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more proper for such an Employment, on account of the resemblance there is between you and the *Norman* Lady, whom I so passionately lov'd during our Journey? who, better than I can tell the power of your Charms, or who, make known the Difficulty there is of defending one's self against them; and how impossible it is to overcome a Passion conceiv'd for any one like her? But to return to what I made bold to say, I hope, Madam, you can't blame me for rejoicing at this extraordinary Adventure, since it gives me leave to tell you, that the Duke of *Clarence* orders me to say these Words to you, *I die for Love of you*. I do assure you nothing more true was ever spoke.

The Princess, with all her haughty Pride, cou'd not but admire the Wit and Cunning of the feign'd *Arondes*, but full of the Grandeur of her high Quality, tho' she was pleas'd with his Merit, it had no effect on her Inclinations. Sometimes, that she might not be obliged to be angry with him, she pretended not to understand the Discourses he address'd to her of this nature, and sometimes rally'd him on his Adventure, but in such a manner, that let him see she did not approve of his taking such Liberties. In the mean time, he omitted nothing that might ren-

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der himself agreeable to her, without discovering his Quality, or risking his being made the Jest of the Court as *Arondes* : but finding at last, that by containing himself within these Bounds, he no ways advanced his Affair ; tho' he apprehended the being banish'd from a Place, which contain'd the Delight of his Life, or else to be depriv'd of Liberties he had acquir'd by a Disguize, and by assuming a Name so different from his own, yet he cou'd no longer refrain from declaring his Passion in a plainer manner. One day being in the Princess's Chamber, he saw her Pocket-Book lying on the Table, and tempted by such an Opportunity, he took it up, and writ these Words :

*O Love, how cruel are thy Chains !
How vain with thy Almighty Power's Strife !
How very wretched are the constant Swains !
But without Love, who'd wish for Life ?*

This alas ! is what every body experiences who sees you, O too perfect Princess ! but what Chains are more cruel than yours ; who that sees you, can avoid Death ? and yet this Death, which you indifferently inflict on all alike, becomes a Crime in the unhappy Sufferer, if he be unworthy of it.

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He had scarce made an end of writing these Words, when the Princess came out of her Closet ; a Thief surpriz'd in the Act, is not more confounded than he was : for full of Respect, as one who sincerely lov'd, and sensible that he had been too presumptuous, he did not dare to look up at the Princess, who came up to the Table on seeing him lay her Pocket-Book down upon it, and ask'd him what he had been doing ; at the same time opening it, she saw what he had writ. The Confusion that appear'd in *Arondes's* Countenance, made her more angry than perhaps she wou'd have been, had he endeavour'd to have turn'd it off as usual ; but he was so astonish'd, that he was incapable of speaking a Word. Who cou'd now have taken him for that valiant Prince who had signaliz'd his Courage in so many Battles, to see him thus tremble at the Sight of the Princess ? who, unable to contain her Indignation, said to him, *Arondes*, if I were not restrain'd by the Regard and Friendship I once had for you, I shou'd at once forbid you my Apartment and Presence for ever, and make you the Jest of the whole Court : but take notice of what I now tell you ; cure yourself of your Follies, or expect the Punishment they so well merit. Great Princess, reply'd he,

after what I have so long suffer'd, that I might not displease you, I am in a state not to dread any thing that can happen either to my Life or Honour; but your Anger is terrible even to those, who apprehend not Death.—He wou'd have gone on, and have justify'd himself, on account of the Violence of his Passion, and the long Constraint he had put upon himself, and perhaps have declared himself, if he had seen her at all touch'd with his violent Love, but she did not give him leave; for interrupting him, and repeating much the same Words she had already spoke, she silenced him, and at the same time, left him in the greatest Confusion. From that time, he fell into a deep Melancholy, and there appear'd so much Dejection and Paleness in his Countenance, that his Condition might have mov'd the most Insensible to have pitied him; but the Princess's Compassion cou'd be but of little Service to him: she very much esteem'd the good Qualities she saw in him, and with Regret found that he wou'd not lay aside Inclinations so distant from hers. All the Princes of *Europe* that aim'd at an Alliance with *France*, had their Eyes on her: for at that time, there was no Princess so conspicuous, as well on account of the great Power of the House of *Burgundy*,

dy, as for the great Reputation she had acquir'd. So that if she had felt any Compassion for *Aronde*, it cou'd not have been what a Lover wou'd have wish'd for; her Mind was not at all turn'd to Gallantries, tho' she had a great deal of Wit and Fire; besides, she was so reserv'd and haughty, that perhaps, if she had had an Inclination for a Person of *Aronde*'s seeming Rank, she wou'd never have let him know it. Thus did he live in strange Irresolutions, sometimes thinking to discover himself, but then, What, *said he to himself*, must I owe to my Birth and Quality, what my Love alone deserves? — And sometimes, as the great Soul, extreme Virtue, and Charms of that Princess, convinced him how happy he shou'd be, if he cou'd marry her; he was in reality pleas'd with her Rigour; (a severe Virtue in a beautiful Woman, is an irresistible Charm, even to the Man who wishes to find her otherwise.) All that he wanted to know, was, whether she liked his Person, of which, he was not a little persuaded, by the Esteem she express'd for him, disguiz'd as he was: but there soon happen'd an Accident, which very much assuaged his Melancholy. Belonging to the Princess's Palace, was a beautiful Garden, which was the Diversion of

the whole Court; *Arondes* often repaired thither, when he cou'd not be with the Princess, because from thence, he cou'd see the Windows of her Apartment, which agreeably flatter'd his Musings. One Night being there, and thinking by the little Lights he saw in the Princess's Apartment, that she was gone to rest; he enter'd one of the Alleys of the Garden, indulging himself in a profound Revery; but he was soon rous'd out of it by the Voices of two Women, who were placed on a Seat on the other side of the Pallisade; he presently distinguish'd 'em to be *Jolanta* and the Princess, who were enjoying the fresh Air, after the excessive Heat of the Day. One of 'em, whom by her Voice, he knew to be the Princess, said, No, I never cou'd comprehend how any Person of my Quality, cou'd ever condescend to love a Man of inferior Rank. But yet you see, reply'd *Jolanta*, that all Ages furnish us with Examples of it. How can you, said the Princess, give credit to what the ignorant and insolent Vulgar say; no, there is such Contradiction in their Opinions, upon which Histories are often grounded, that I think it very wrong to give any credit to 'em: I see so much Reason for a great Princess's not loving any thing of which she may be ashamed,

shamed, that I cannot think any one can easily be guilty of such a Fault; whatever Merit may accompany such Inequality, I think the not being born a Prince, must always be a secret Reproach to a Person of my Quality, and there ought to be no defect in a Person truly worthy of our Affection. But yet, *reply'd Jolanta*, Love, who is blind, has no regard to any Disproportion. Love, *answer'd the Princess*, is only blind when we make him so; tho' indeed he does not so much observe a Resemblance in Quality, as in Temper and Understanding; yet no Princess of high Birth, abandons herself to those sort of Passions without Frenzy: but there is still a stronger Reason for my not being of your Opinion, which is, that Men seldom love without some Encouragement or Hopes; and how can he have any, who is so far beneath his Mistress, that he approaches her with trembling, and hardly dares look upon her, much less declare his Passion, unless she encourages his Presumption? which I look upon as a thing impossible; for sure no Princess, who thinks herself worthy of being admir'd by formidable Princes, can so far debase herself, as to make advances to a Subject. But, *Madam, answered Jolanta*, tho' there is great difference in Rank and Splendour between Gen-

Gentlemen and their Sovereigns, yet there is much more Conformity in their Inclinations, Understandings, and Valour, than there is between Men of Quality and Fashion, and Peasants or Citizens, whose Notions of Life are base and groveling. Do we not every day see Persons who are not Princes, endow'd with all the Qualities requisite towards rendering them amiable? and as to making Advances, do you think you need do any thing else, than listen to the Addresses of those whom your Charms have captivated? Have you not an Example of this, in the Person of the *French Gentleman*, who is with so much Zeal attach'd to your Service? he behaves himself with as much Respect as is due from one of his Rank, to so great a Princess as yourself; but yet, tho' he does not speak to you of his Passion, you cannot make any question about it. He began to love me by so odd an Accident, *reply'd the Princess*, that he ought not to be alledged as an Example; my Disguize gave him the Boldness to discover his Passion to me; and that wherein lay the Difficulty, being over, perhaps he thought, it was something very fine, to act the part of a Lover to a Person of my Rank; and as I at first list'ned to him out of Caprice, and the Necessity I lay under of

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not making myself known, he believes let what will happen, it can no ways hurt him to persevere : but let that be how it will, he's a Proof of what I say, his Person is very agreeable, his Understanding excellent : the War in which he has so generously engaged at his Age, and the access he has had to the Count of *Clermont*, who shews no Countenance but to Persons of superior Merit, must give us a favourable Opinion of his Courage : I believe he truly loves me, which is no small Recommendation ; you know very well my Affections are not engag'd to any other ; but I assure you, convinced as I am of his Merit, and tho' I very much esteem him, yet he does not make me alter my Opinion ; nay, I'll say more, perhaps I shall be obliged to love a Prince not so amiable as he is, and I don't question but I shall be able to do it ; but I'll confess, that you may not reproach me with Insensibility, that I wish the Prince, to whom the Duke my Father will give me, may be master of as many fine Qualities as he is. *Arondes* attentively listen'd to this Discourse, and at the beginning of it mortally afflicted him, these last Words were an excellent Remedy : but his good Fortune that had brought him to hear this Conversation, did not stop there ;

there; for *Jolanta* being in a very gay humour, took this opportunity to give an agreeable turn to the Discourse, which began to grow serious. I think, indeed, *said she*, you ought to do Justice to that poor Lover; for my part he has entirely gain'd me to his side, tho' he has not made me his Confidant. How do we know but he may be some Emperor, or great Monarch disguiz'd, on purpose to see you? The other day I enquir'd after him, of a Gentleman who is of that Country he pretends to be of, and he told me he had never so much as heard of his Name; yet 'tis certain, that he is of no mean Extraction; for you see with what Disinterestedness he attaches himself to the Service of your Family. What simple Chimæra's do you form? cry'd the Princess, interrupting her. I suppose upon the strength of this imaginary Grandeur and Power, you would have me embark myself in a fine Passion with him. At these words the Princess got up, and *Jolanta* following her, and continuing the Discourse; I dare lay a Wager, *said she*, that with all your Wisdom you can't but wish he should be what I say. Were I to confess that, *said the Princess*, 'twould not be a great proof of my being charm'd with him; but I believe, *reply'd Jolanta*, if that Lover knew you wish'd

wish'd so, it would not be a little Consolation to him. As she spoke, they turn'd out of that Walk into another, where *Arondes* had not an opportunity to listen; and it being very late, he retir'd home, with greater satisfaction than he had ever yet known; but as Joy has its Transports and Uneasiness as well as Grief, tho' he immediately went to bed, he could not compose himself to sleep sooner than he was accusom'd when his Passion most tormented him; not that he was at all irresolute about making himself known; he was too well encourag'd to that, by what he had heard; he only deliberated on the manner and time of doing it: for the first, he employ'd all his Address and Wit, in contriving that it should be with as much Gallantry as possible; and his Impatience left him no room to hesitate about the second. At length, wearied with a thousand Contrivances, he fell a-sleep, after having resolv'd to quit being *Arondes*, and appear the Count of *Clermont* the next day; but in the morning, as soon as he awak'd, he heard news that very much surpriz'd him, which was, that the Duke and the Princess had left *Dijon* in great haste, the Duke being set out for *Paris*, and the Princess for *Brussels*. At *Paris* there had been great Commotions, the *Burgundian*

dian Faction having got the advantage, recall'd the Duke in the greatest haste. †

The Duke receiv'd this piece of News in the Night; but this that was so good for him, was attended by another that was very bad, and which Heaven seem'd to send him, to shew that there can be no perfect happiness in things that depend on Fortune, and especially where the Designs are unjust. The Countess of *Haynault* having married a Prince of the House of *Burgundy*, had quitted him, and married herself a second time to the Duke of *Gloucester*, Brother to *Henry the Fourth*, then King of *England*, and by that double Marriage had fill'd *Haynault* with confusion : the *English* had made a considerable Descent at *Calais*, which belong'd at that time to the afore-nam'd Relation of the Duke of *Burgundy*, for which reason the Duke espous'd his Quarrel; and because, on account of the nearness of *Haynault*, the Cities of *Flanders*, which the Duke held in right of his Mother, Heiress of that Province, were

† This was after that great Sedition, excited June the Twelfth, 1418, wherein the Constable of Armagnac, the Chancellor of Marli, and all the Heads of the Orleans Faction were kill'd; the Massacre being so very great, that neither Bishops, nor those whose Persons ought to have been sacred, were spar'd.

threatned with the same Disorders; besides, being very much oppress'd with Imposts, they shew'd great Inclinations to throw off their Yoke, and in particular *Brussels*. At the same time that the Duke receiv'd the News of the Tumult at *Paris*, a Courier from some of his Partizans at *Brussels* arriv'd, and inform'd him that his Presence was absolutely necessary there; that the *English* held secret Correspondence with the Disaffected of the Town, who were resolv'd on their approach to open the Gates to 'em, and throw off his Authority. The Duke not being able to go to both places, resolv'd himself to repair to *Paris*, and to send Prince *Philip* his Son to *Brussels*, to represent his Person; and because of his Youth, that the Princess his Daughter should go along with him, to advise and direct him, because she was extremely belov'd by the People. As soon as he propos'd it to her, she accepted of the Commission, chusing rather that, than to follow him to *Paris*, the Tumult of which very much displeas'd her. The Duke, who had no such Scruples, took the road to that great City with the utmost expedition, after having first seen his Son and Daughter set out, and given the necessary Orders for the preservation of his own Dominions. The Princess was therefore

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gone, when the Count of *Clermont* waked; but being soon appriz'd of the reason, he immediately follow'd her. The danger was not less urgent at *Brussels*, than the opportunity that call'd her Father to the Capital of the Kingdom. The People of *Flanders* are very inconstant: those of *Brussels*, after having so openly declar'd against their Prince, dreading to be punish'd, and seeing the *English* so near them, seem'd resolv'd to compleat their Enterprize. The Duke of *Gloucester*, who commanded the *English* Troops, was inform'd of the disposition they were in; he had secretly sent Incendiaries into *Brussels*, to excite the Citizens to rise and take up Arms: but not contented with that, as soon as he knew of the Princess's march, he advanc'd with the greatest diligence towards that Town, in which there were no Forces able to resist him; and he had certainly made himself Master of it, had it not been for the extreme Diligence of the Princess. The Insurrection was very great, and the Conspirators seeing his Troops so near; and inform'd of the Princess's march, were resolv'd not to receive her into the Town; but that Princess join'd so much Courage to her Diligence, that she disappointed all their Designs, not without being a thou-

thousand times in danger of being taken on the Road ; for she had very few Troops with her, and was oblig'd to pass within a League or two of all the *English* Army, which consisted of six or seven thousand Men : but that was not all the Difficulty, for she found the Gates shut against her, and there were some insolent enough to tell her, that they should not be open'd to her ; nevertheless, she drew near to them with great Courage, and shew'd them the Prince her Brother. The Populace were not at all mov'd with this, but a young Soldier having put himself at the head of some of the chief Citizens, came upon them with a Force considerable more for the Courage of the Leader than Number ; and vigorously attacking them, dispers'd them, and clear'd the Gate where the Princess was, who was very much surpriz'd to see it on a sudden open'd to her : but her Astonishment was greatly augmented, when being enter'd, the first Person that presented himself to her sight, was the young *Arondes*. He was disguis'd like a common Soldier, and 'twas he, who by his Eloquence, having animated that little Troop, had put himself at their head, and quell'd the Sedition.

Inform'd of the Princess's Design, and foreseeing the tediousness of her Journey,

he thought he might sooner find an opportunity to signalize himself by getting into *Brussels* before her, than by following her on the Road. The Success answer'd his Expectations, he found the City in very great disorders, and wishing for nothing so much as to display his Courage, he had the pleasure thus signally to serve the Princess; the Citizens own'd him for their Leader, and yielded him the Glory of the Action: the Princess by Clemency and Prudence soon restor'd every thing to Peace, after which she was conducted to a Palace prepar'd for her.

Arondes having quitted the Habits he had been oblig'd to assume to facilitate his Entrance into the City, repair'd thither. The Princess was then in the Garden, to refresh herself, after the Heat and Fatigue of her Journey; but she no sooner saw *Arondes*, than calling him to her, she arose and walk'd with him, thanking him in an obliging manner for the Service he had done her. This was too good an Opportunity for him to tell her, that inspir'd as he was with a Passion for her, 'twas as little as he could do, especially considering the Design he had form'd; we may easily suppose he would not wait for another Conjuncture to discover himself to her. She had only *Jolanta* with her, and some of her Domesticks in the

the Garden, who seeing her speak with Attachment to that Cavalier who had done her so great a piece of Service, they out of respect retir'd, and by good luck for *Arondes*, the Princess walking to the end of the Alley, in which she happen'd to be, came to an Arbour, form'd with Trees, whose thick-tufted Branches render'd it impervious to the Eyes. The Place being so favourable, encourag'd by the Princess's obliging Discourse, he threw himself at her Feet: She was so amaz'd, at this Action, that she endeavour'd to go away, but stopping her by her Robe, Beautiful Princess, *said he to her*, be not surpriz'd at my thanking you in this manner, for your so graciously receiving the small Service I was happy enough this day to pay you; since the more I see of your Goodness, the greater dread I have of my having offended you, and the more I find myself oblig'd on my Knees to ask your Pardon.

Seeing that the Princess was so surpriz'd that she could not answer, Yes, Divine Princess, *continu'd he*, in what other manner can I answer the engaging Terms in which you flatter me, even tho' by it I throw into a Precipice the unhappy *Arondes* whom you have so far exalted above his Merits? *Arondes*, Madam, is unworthy of the Honour you do him; *Arondes* is

an Impostor, perhaps, even worthy of Death; who has a long time robb'd the Count of Clermont of the Glory of serving you.

Arondes has had the Honour of being attach'd to the Service of the Duke your Father; but what must be the Fate of an unhappy Prince, who without considering his being engag'd in Interests contrary to yours, has abandon'd every thing for you, and who has so accusom'd himself to your Service, that he chuses rather eternally to languish in it, than to form the least thought of disengaging himself? Pronounce then, beautiful Princess, pronounce my Sentence, whether you'll punish the Imposture of *Arondes* in me, or the Enmity that is between your Family and mine; whatever it be, I shall receive it with profound Submission, and an entire Resignation to your Will and Pleasure.

The Princess's Amazement was so great, that she cou'd not for a long time make any Reply; but at last, recovering herself as well as she cou'd from the Trouble these Words had given her: *Arondes*, said she, (for I know not how to call you by any other Name as yet) is it possible that you should be the Count of Clermont? Yes, Madam, said he, I am that unhappy Prince,

Prince, who, captivated by your Charms, has not been able to recover his Liberty from the first Moment he had the honour to see you: the Disguize, which then conceal'd your Quality, must convince you, that 'twas your Person alone I admir'd; but I do not declare my Birth to you, in hopes of better treatment. I well know there is no Prince that can, without temerity, flatter himself with the Hopes of becoming acceptable to you, much less myself; but I cou'd not any longer conceal from you, your having a secret Enemy so near you: had it not been for that, I shou'd have bounded my Glory in the honour of serving you and seeing you: and however wretched the Condition of *Arondes* was, by his being obliged to stifle the Violence of his Desires, I shou'd have preferr'd it to that of the most powerful Monarchs, who are forced to live at a distance from you. I believe, *reply'd the Princess,* a little recover'd from her Surprise, and at length obliging the Prince to rise, I believe *Arondes* knows me so well, that I need not by a Severity, which perhaps you'll think affected, strive to shew you, how uncapable I am to answer to this Discourse. I have not merited so extraordinary an Effect of Love, nor that you shou'd have undertaken what you have

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on my account: but yet I must confess, I am not sorry at this odd Accident, since by it, instead of an Enemy, formidable as you wou'd certainly have been, we have acquir'd so generous a Friend. The Interests that have divided your Family and mine, are of such a nature, that it has rather been the want of a right Intelligence, than any hatred caus'd by Injuries on either side. But now you know the Intentions of the Duke of *Burgundy* my Father, I cannot believe you will look on us as Enemies. The Prince did not fail to express himself as was proper on this Occasion; but the Princess rising up, and joining her Train, prevented him from saying all that he intended. Soon after, the Princess went to *Paris*; thither also the Prince repair'd, where the Duke of *Burgundy* govern'd every thing with an uncontroll'd Power: the Duke of *Bourbon* was at that time Prisoner in *England*, having been taken in the Battel of *Agincourt*; but the Court did not give themselves great trouble to release him; this was a very good Reason, besides his Passion, for the Count of *Clermont's* treating with the Duke of *Burgundy*. Soon after the Affair of *Brussels*, the King of *England* and he had compos'd their Differences, which made it much more feasible for the Count

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of *Clermont* to gain his Father's Liberty, by the Intercession of the Duke of *Burgundy*, than any other way, and he resolv'd to attempt it. He therefore entirely quitted the *Orleans* Party, finding that neither Honour nor Reason obliged him to continue in it, for he had never engaged himself to them by any Treaty. He was in *Hungary* when the Duke of *Bourbon* his Father enter'd into an Alliance with the House of *Orleans*, by whom he had been so ungratefully deserted, that his Son must have forfeited his Reputation, had he not resented it by breaking off with them. Thus by the Princess's Interposition, were the House of *Burgundy* and *Bourbon* reconcil'd; soon after which, the Duke of *Burgundy*, sensible how much 'twas for his Interest to secure to himself a Prince of the Count of *Clermont*'s Rank and Reputation, listen'd to the Proposals of Alliance and Marriage that he caus'd to be made him. The Prince was Cousin-German to the King, and the eldest Son of his Family; which, tho' more distant from the Crown than that of *Burgundy*, yet it held so great a Rank in *France* on account of its Valour and great Possessions, that its Splendour cou'd not be eclipsed even by those that were nearer to the Succession of the Crown; tho'

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at that time, there were the Houses of *Anjou*, *Berry*, and *Alanson*, besides that of *Burgundy* and *Orleans*, that were before 'em. Thus every thing was preparing to crown these Lovers with Felicity; but Fortune, who takes a pleasure in traversing the noblest Passions, cou'd not bear that they shou'd have so little Reason to revere his Power; and at the very Instant, when they thought they had nothing to fear, she overwhelm'd them in inexpressible Misery. On the other hand, perhaps, Love resolv'd to teach the Count of *Clermont* a Truth he seem'd to be ignorant of; which is, that there is no Rival but what may be dangerous. He had always despis'd the Duke of *Clarence*; but Cunning often supplies the Defects of Fortune: What is it that Love, Vengeance, and Spite united, are not capable of effecting? The Rumour of the Marriage of the Count of *Clermont* and the Princess of *Burgundy*, inform'd him, that he cou'd have no further Hopes, but not only that, but as he had been grossly deceiv'd, when he made the young *Arondes* his Confidant; he cou'd not but think that he and the Princess had laugh'd at his unlucky Contrivance; and the just Resentment at seeing himself made a Jest of, join'd to the Displeasure of losing all farther Expectations.

tions, inspir'd him with as extraordinary Resolutions, as a despairing Lover cou'd be capable of : he wanted not Courage to form the generous Design of destroying his Rival, but his Strength was not equal to his Valour ; he was too unhappy to have many Friends, and he did not dare in the least to shock the Duke of *Burgundy*, for fear of depriving himself of the last Support he had left in the World. But what, *said he*, can a Man fear who loses his All ? what greater Misfortune can befall a Prince than the being despis'd ? or what can add to the Wretchedness of the Lover, who sees his Mistress in another's Arms ? He was wrapp'd up in these melancholy Thoughts, alone in his Chamber, when a Confidant he had, enter'd. This Man had great power over him, and 'twas by his advice, that he finding Force wou'd be of no efficacy, resolv'd to make use of Cunning ; and at length, after a long Deliberation, and having settled every thing according to his Confidant's advice, he went to the Count of *Clermont* ; he desir'd him to give him leave to speak with him alone in his Closet, in which, as soon as they were shut, he began the following Discourse. Generous Prince, *said he to him*, *Arondes* has so well known the Sincerity of the Duke of *Clarence*,

rence, that I need not, by any vain Discourse, endeavour to gain the good Opinion of the Count of *Clermont*; 'tis with the same sincerity that I now come to assure you, that no one can be more pleas'd with any good Fortune that may happen to you: As I myself cannot obtain the illustrious Princess that is promis'd to you, 'twill be a very great Consolation to me, to see her the Wife of one for whom I have so great a Respect as I have for you. But sure, my Lord, you will not enrich yourself with what belongs to another, and whatever Charms you may find in that beautiful Princess, sure your Honour and Virtue will not permit you to marry one who cannot possibly love you after her Engagement with me. We cannot wonder, if this unexpected Compliment surpriz'd the Count of *Clermont*, the Beginning of it was so little suitable with the Conclusion; and what he heard, was so widely different from his receiv'd Opinion, that he did not interrupt his Rival's Discourse. He immediately thought, that all this might be an Artifice, that every thing that came from a despairing Lover, ought to be suspected: these Considerations, together with the Princess's Reputation, made him, as soon as he had recollected himself, laugh at the Duke's Dis-

Discourse, tho' he thought himself assur'd of the contrary; yet to see how far he wou'd carry it on, he answer'd him in this manner. Generosity, my Lord, is a Virtue so inseparable from Persons of our Birth, and I have seen so many Instances of it, in all your Actions, that tho' Fortune has made us Rivals, yet I never thought it capable of making us Enemies. Presuming on the Esteem you have always profess'd for the Princess, who was entirely dependant on her Father's Will, tho' I have been so happy as to gain his Consent, I thought you wou'd see my Happiness at least without Hate, tho' not without Displeasure; and as this is my Opinion, I assure you, I give entire credit to the first Part of your Discourse: but be not offended, my Lord, if I own that I do a little doubt of the Engagement you talk of, and if I declare that it will not be an easy matter to make me believe it, when I have so much reason to think the contrary. My Lord, *reply'd the Duke*, Woman's Artifice is very great, and if you are well assur'd of the Affections of your beautiful Princess, I can convince you that she loves us both, or perhaps, that she has a greater Tenderness for me than you. When you have made out the Truth of this, by undeniable Proofs, I may believe

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you, *said the Count*; but till then, 'tis what I cannot so much as conceive. Well then, *answer'd the English Prince*, give credit to your own Eyes: but before you oblige me to come to a further Discovery, you must promise me two things: First, that when you are satisfy'd that I am in the good Graces of the Princess, you will no longer think of marrying her, and that you will not engage me in a Quarrel with her or her Father; you may make use of what pretext you please, but I insist upon your promising me, that you will take so little notice of what I shew you, that my Name may not at all be brought in question. I can easily promise the first thing you require, *reply'd the Count*, and if you shew me what you say you can, I shall with as little difficulty entirely abandon the Princess, as cease loving her; explain yourself therefore freely: but if I discover the least Artifice or Deceit, assure yourself that nothing in the World shall save you from my just Vengeance. I willingly submit to these Conditions, *reply'd the Duke*, and hope you will inviolably keep your Word, when I shall convince you that the Princess is not so cruel to me, as you imagine; that she writes to me when I will, that she permits me to see her in private whenever I please, and that

that this very Night, if you think fit, you shall see me enter her Apartment at an hour, that must satisfy you, I have that out of pure Affection, which her Duty only will force her to bestow on you. When I have done this, sure you will hardly marry a Woman who loves another, as you shall see she doth. Whatever Reasons the Count of *Clermont* had to be sure of his Mistress's Virtue, his Rival pronounced these Words with so much Assurance, that he was astonish'd. That great Courage, which he had given such intrepid Marks of in the midst of Dangers the most imminent, was stagger'd at this sad piece of News; and the Duke taking advantage of the Trouble he saw him in, entirely disconcerted him by his Discourse, which he pursu'd in this manner. My Lord, a cunning Woman, and a prudent Lover, may deceive the World: What signify'd it to me, whether I was thought to be belov'd, or not belov'd by the Princess, as long as I freely possess'd her Affections, and had all the Assurances of her Love that I cou'd wish for; finding how secure she is thro' my Discretion, she entirely confides on me; and you may assure yourself, that nothing in the World but my Misfortune, and the violent Humour of her Father, shou'd extort this Secret

from me : if she cou'd, without being expos'd to a thousand Difficulties, be the Companion and Sharer of a Fortune so ill assur'd as mine, I wou'd not have recourse to this Method; our Resolutions wou'd have been taken before you discover'd yourself : but now she well sees, that without drawing on herself the Anger of her Father, she cannot deprive him of the Advantages he proposes to himself from your Alliance; and this it is that obliges her to show you as favourable a Countenance as she can : But that you may know the true Sentiments of her Heart, see her hand-writing, and read this Letter. As he spoke these Words, he pull'd a Letter out of his Pocket, and opening it, presented it to the Count of *Clermont*; that Prince casting his Eyes upon it, already sparkling with Rage and Indignation, found Characters too too well known to him; and tho' he cou'd not believe what he saw, yet at last he read these Words.

*W*HAT, my Lord, will you make me more wretched than I am? is it in Dangers that we are to abandon what we love? and will you be more cruel than even my Enemies? Is my Infidelity to you voluntary, that I deserve the Vengeance you take? — Are you now to learn, that Persons of my Quality are seldom

dom Mistresses of their own Actions?—and when I am thus sacrificed to a detested Hymen, is it not enough that I assure you, my Heart pays no obedience to the cruel Tyranny?—yet, you deprive me of yours, at the very Instant that I am endeavouring to convince you, mine was never more truly yours: are these the Consolations I might expect in return for the Friendship I've profess'd for you? Return to me, my Lord, return, and afflict not her who is no ways unhappy, but through her Passion for you. I owe you every thing in Gratitude, for the generous Affection you have honour'd me with; but what shall I not owe you, if you once more give me the entire Possession of your Heart? Without examining whether you have depriv'd me of it or no, or whether I have given you cause so to do; I will receive that as a Favour, which of right belongs to me, and reward you in the same manner, as if you had not been faulty; if there can be any thing still in her power to give, who has intirely lavish'd on you all her Affections.

Scarce had the afflicted Count made an end of reading this, when his Rival presenting him with another Letter, and exulting at the Success of his Imposture, Perhaps, said he, one alone will not convince you; examine therefore carefully this, and convince yourself it is not for-

ged, by comparing it with those Letters, which you yourself have received from her; for I don't know but the Princess may have deceiv'd me as well as you. The Count was so dismay'd at the first Letter, that giving way to his unlucky Curiosity, he read the second.

NOT to dare to see him whom I love more than Life, and to be incessantly persecuted by one whom I hate more than Death; is, I think, sufficient to make one most wretched. What is it then to be oblig'd to feign Love where I have nought but Horror, and to profess a hatred for the Person, who is the only one I'm capable of loving? Yet to this Extremity am I reduc'd; do I not therefore deserve to be pity'd, rather than condemn'd by you? And yet tho' I am only unfortunate, I am punish'd as if I were guilty. The Injustice of your Complaints makes you deserve our unhappy Fate, yet am I weak enough to render myself miserable by persevering in my Passion for you. Adieu, expect this Night to be reproach'd for your Ingratitude. Come nevertheless, every thing shall be in readiness as usual; come and be witness of my Affliction, and by my Example learn what it is truly to love, if that is what you do not already know.

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Is this enough, my Lord *said the Duke of Clarence*, (as soon as the Count of *Clermont* had done reading) is this enough, or shall I show you a thousand others no less convincing? No, no, to oblige you to keep your Promise, 'tis better to let you see whether the Princess will keep hers; you shall this Night see what she means by things being in readiness. I am guilty of a great Infidelity to her, but I think 'twill be much better to depend on your Discretion and Generosity, than to reduce us all three to the dreadfulest Extremity: You, by being oblig'd to spend your Life with a Woman who cannot love you; she, by always being in the same State of Misery, or rather greater, through her Love for me; and I, who doat on her with the extremest Fondness, by seeing you possess her.

He then offer'd to show the Count of *Clermont* how he was introduc'd into the Princess's Apartment, and as he had so well manag'd the Affair, that the Hour for the pretended Assignation drew near, he propos'd to carry him that very instant; and that if he had the least mistrust, he might take whom he pleas'd with him, provided he would be answerable for their Discretion. The Count reply'd, that he would go alone, that he apprehended no
Trick

Trick from a Prince in whom he saw so much Candour; and being animated against no body but the Princess, by whom he thought himself so basely betray'd, he follow'd his perfidious Rival, with a Mind fill'd with so much Care, so many different Sentiments and Designs, that it is impossible to express them.

That which is now call'd the *Hotel of Burgundy*, compos'd part of the Palace where the Princess resided; the rest extended itself throughout the Neighbourhood; the Apartment she made use of, look'd upon a Street but little frequented. The Night was pretty much advanced, so that the two Princes had not been long near the Palace, when at one of the Windows of a Room, which the Count of *Clermont* knew to be the Princess's Wardrobe, a Woman appear'd, upon a Signal of the Duke of *Clarence*, and let down a Ladder of Ropes. That artful Prince, after having made his Rival renew the Promises he had given him of being secret, and of no longer thinking on the Marriage, ascended with so much expedition, that the poor Prince, attributing it to the Impatience of a Lover who was going to be happy, was not less convinced of his Rival's Felicity by his affected Precipitation, than he was by the many convincing

vincing Proofs he had seen. Only they who truly have lov'd, and have met with the same poignant Affliction, can imagine his Grief.

How great must it be, when at the brink of marrying a Person whom he believ'd to be replenish'd with Virtues, for whom he had the strongest Passion, and in the possession of whom, Beauty, Love, and Interest combine; on a sudden to have so much reason to abhor her, as not to be able to think on her without Fury!

What a sight was this for the Prince, to be himself an Eye-witness of his Rival's Happiness? What Complaints did not Love, Jealousy, and Rage inspire him with; and all this was owing to the detestable Malice of the Duke, in following the Counsel of an artful Villain: for in short, there was nothing in all that the Count of *Clermont* had seen.

The Confidant, who had advis'd him to make use of this Artifice, had himself counterfeited those two Letters, in which Art he was so expert, that the Princess herself might have been deceiv'd with them. As for the rest, the Duke of *Clarence* had long gain'd one of the Princess's Women, who either out of spite, because the Count of *Clermont* had not taken care to secure her
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to his Interests, or through the strength of his Rival's Presents, thus villainously betray'd her innocent Mistress.

The Duke continu'd hid in the Wardrobe as long as he thought necessary to persuade his Rival of his imaginary Happiness; and after staying there three hours, he came out in the same manner as he went in, without reaping any other Advantage, than the having made his Rival most wretched. The Count did not wait all that time before he returned home; but as one Misfortune never comes alone, he was no sooner got to his own Palace, than, instead of the Consent of the Duke of *Bourbon* his Father for his Marriage, he found a Courier just arriv'd from *England* with the News of his Death. This was an Accident that his great Age and long Captivity might have caus'd to be expected; yet as it happen'd at this unlucky Conjunction, it entirely depress'd him: this Death wou'd rather have forwarded the Marriage than deferr'd it, on which his Love reflecting, it afflicted him in a more lively manner. Rage possess'd him with so much Violence, that when he reflected on his Misfortune, he abandon'd himself entirely up to it; he thought he had no other Passion for the Princess, but Horror and Detestation; and

and tho' he was fill'd with Jealousy against the Duke, yet that Horror and Detestation became so dear to him, that he thought himself obliged to his Rival for inspiring him with them; and, as in the Sentiments he then was, he dreaded no Misfortune nor Infamy, so much as the being Husband to the Princess, in whom, the day before, consisted all the Felicity his Hopes cou'd flatter him with; he thought himself so happy in the having escap'd it, that he look'd upon the Duke of *Clarence* as a Friend, who had deliver'd him from a Precipice, down which he had fal'n, had it not been for his kind Assistance. The only thing that he seem'd most afflicted at, was, what he had promis'd, which prevented him from reproaching the Princess with an account of her Crime, and the making her blush at her Perfidy. But that poor Prince did not know all the Passions his Soul was distracted with; and doubtless the greatest Misfortune that beset him by his Father's Death, was, that it hinder'd him from coming to an *Eclaircissement* with the Princess, as he certainly wou'd have done, had he not been obliged the next Morning, the Death of his Father being divulged, to receive the Compliments of Condolance of the whole Court. The
Duke

Duke of *Burgundy*, willing to shew how much his Interests were at his heart, was the first that waited on him; and in consideration of the Treaty of Alliance that had been made between them, he endeavour'd to convince the Count of the Sincerity of his Reconciliation, and the Esteem he had for him; but he was very much surpriz'd, when the Prince having caus'd every body to withdraw, answer'd to his Compliments in this manner: My Lord, I receive with all the Gratitude I ought, the honour you do me of taking part with me in my Afflictions: I cou'd not expect less from your known Generosity, and from the Friendship you have been so good as to promise me; and I assure you, that nothing shall ever be able to separate me from your Interests: I shall always by my Submissions to your Person, endeavour to convince you with how much Passion I have wish'd for the honour of your Alliance; but since I can no longer think of that, be not offended if I now return you the Consent you have given me for my Marriage with the Princess your Daughter. The Duke amaz'd at what he heard, ask'd him with Disdain, if 'twas the new Title of Duke of *Bourbon*, that was come to him by the Death of his Father, that made him not relish his

his Alliance; and thinking to return Contempt for Contempt, he said several things that the Count wou'd not have borne at another Season. But that Prince making a great effort on himself, answered him with Moderation; and having made the Duke take notice with what Fervency and Affiduity he had sought his Alliance, as long as he thought he cou'd do it with Honour; he convinced him, that 'twas neither out of Caprice or Interest that he desisted. Force me not, my Lord, *said he*, I beseech you, to say any thing that may displease you: as long as I cou'd with Glory love the Princess your Daughter, you know the Passion I've had for her, I neither ought, nor can tell what now prevents me from having the same Respect for her; but be assur'd, that my own Eyes have been Witnesses of her Infidelity, which is such, that I cannot doubt of it: as for the rest, take what pretext you please for the breaking off our Marriage; I consent to it, even tho' it be contrary to my Interests. Say you despise me, I agree to it, out of the great Respect I have for you, and on account of the Passion I once had for the Princess; and I beg you to believe that the Honour I have for you, makes it a sensible Affliction to me, my not being able to become

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your Son-in-Law. The Duke did all he cou'd to discover the Cause of the Count's breaking off with his Daughter; but he inviolably observ'd his Promise to his Rival: yet the Duke return'd fully persuaded that his Daughter had been guilty of a Fault, and all that the Count did to evade explaining himself, did but serve to convince him the more of it. He had naturally an ill Opinion of Women, as one who thought himself deceiv'd by his Wife; for 'twas upon no stronger a Suspicion, than what he now had of his Daughter, that he caus'd the Duke of * Orleans his Cousin-German to be assassinated, as is well known in History; which was the Source of all the Miseries that desolated *France*, during all that unhappy Reign. We may easily therefore conceive, in what terms he told the Daughter of the Loss of her Lover: but who can judge of the Princess's Affliction, when at the same Instant that her Father told her this dreadful Message, a Gentle-

* Lewis Duke of Orleans, Brother to Charles the Sixth, was assassinated in the Street Barbette, Nov. 22. 1407. John Duke of Burgundy was, in his turn, assassinated on the Bridge of Montereau Faur-gonne, in the Year 1419. by the Treachery of Adam de Gyac his Mistress. Mezeray, *Life of Charles the Sixth*.

man of the Count's brought her the following Letter.

YOUR Falshood to me is no longer a Secret, and you must not now expect by marrying me, to make of a most submissive Lover, a Husband as credulous and complaisant as it is requisite for you to have. Would to Heaven I were still in the same Ignorance that so long possess'd me !——Why had I Eyes to be Witnesses of your Shame ? Or, why can I not now forget the heart-piercing Spectacle ?——But that, alas ! can't be ! return me therefore the Faith I so imprudently gave you. Your Infidelity authorizes mine, Reason guides me in what I do ; whereas your Actions are inexcusable Baseness : yet still you may triumph over me, for still you are too dear to me, and I with shame confess, that notwithstanding all you've done to make me detest you ; I am much more afflicted at the Injury you have done yourself, than I am at the bitter Anguish with which you have fill'd my distracted Soul ; tho' that is so great, that Death is all I possibly can hope for.

The Duke of Burgundy, who took this Letter from the hands of the Gentleman, and who read it himself to her, was so well perswaded by it, that the Count had just cause not to marry her, that he flew

into a most exalted Passion against her. The melancholy Condition she was in after she had heard it, no ways mov'd him, tho' the Gentleman that brought the Letter was Witness to her falling in a Swoon on a Bed near which she sat: he immediately return'd to his Master to tell him of it, who was not so insensible at it. The Count thought himself mortally injur'd by the Princess, but he had so strong a Passion for her, that he was sensibly affected with her Sorrow, and much more than he thought he shou'd have been, considering what Reason he had to hate her. But how great was his Affliction, when he heard that her Father had carried her overwhelm'd with Grief into the Country, four days after which, News was brought him that she was dead, having broke her Heart with Sorrow! The Duke her Father caus'd her Body to be deposited under a magnificent Mausoleum, erected in a Church he had pitch'd on for that purpose, there to receive the solemn Honours that are usually paid to Persons of her Birth and Quality. The afflicted Count still retaining his Resentment, was asham'd of his being concerned, but it seem'd as if his Grief exerted itself in tormenting him, the more he endeavour'd to stifle it. He shunn'd the
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Presence of the Duke, whose Eyes reproach-
 ed him with the Loss of his Daughter;
 he avoided every thing that might remind
 him of his past Felicity; his only Plea-
 sure was to frequent the Place where the
 Princess's Coffin stood; and tho' he look'd
 upon it with Eyes full of Disdain and
 Grief, yet he cou'd not approach without
 shedding a Torrent of Tears. Alas!
cry'd he, one day that he was there, in this
melancholy State, Who but I ever experi-
 enc'd, that it is an extreme Affliction,
 when it does not consist with our Honour
 to afflict ourselves? O ungrateful Prin-
 cess! ten thousand times more cruel to
 me after your Death, than when living;
 enable me to bewail you without blush-
 ing, or else to forget the Loss of you!
 But what do I say, distracted Wretch as I
 am! has she not done all that lay in her
 towards it, and does not her Infidelity
 give me sufficient Reason to forget her!
 were it not for thee, cruel Love, who
 will not abandon my Heart! what wou'd
 your tyrannick Rage exact from me?
 Whom didst thou ever torture in so odd
 a manner as you do me? Or, when did
 you ever before now, take a malicious
 Pleasure in preserving your Flames in the
 Ashes of an Inconstant? This deplorable
 Lover was buried in these melancholy

Reflections, near the fatal Coffin, when by the Light of some Wax-Tapers, which illuminated the Place, render'd obscure by the Darkness of the Night, and more so by the black Velvet, with which 'twas environ'd; he saw the Duke of *Clarence* approaching him, pale and wan, who offering him a Dagger, address'd himself to him in this manner:

Ah! Prince, how much more wretched are you than you believe yourself; but since your Misfortune is such, that nothing in this World can repair it, it is not just you should any longer continue without revenging yourself, and offering to that beautiful Princess a devoted Victim. Pierce therefore, pierce this Heart with the Poyard I present you; this is the Place where you ought to offer up a due Sacrifice to her whom your Credulity has kill'd; neither can you do less to appease her *Manes*, or to gratify your own Sorrow, than stab the Traytor that seduced you.

The Prince was so blinded with his Tears, and so entirely possess'd with his Sorrow, that the sight of his melancholy Rival had scarce power to rouse him; and these words found his Mind in such Distraction, that after the Duke had done speaking, he continu'd some time motionless, and struck dumb with Astonishment,
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if he fix'd his Eyes on those of his Rival, he saw so much Wildness in them, that he did not dare to believe what he heard, and the trouble in which he saw him, so disconcerted him, that unable to find words to express himself by, he contented himself with examining the Discourse and Actions of the Duke, with an Amazement very near approaching to Stupidity.

When the other unhappy Wretch, who at the sight of the Coffin felt redouble the just Remorse that the Horror of his Crime fill'd him with, unable to restrain his Transports which propos'd to him nought but Death, to oblige his Rival to give it him, began again in this manner to press him to it.

Why, my Lord, do you thus delay, or what can make you so insensible of the Wrongs I've done you ? If you cannot yet believe my Baseness, learn it from my own Mouth, since the Despair I'm in, does not convince you of it. But to enable me to make a Confession so full of Villany, turn from me those Looks which cover me with Horror and Confusion ;——or rather let me address myself to this mournful Monument, where lie the Remains of a Princess of much more worth than any that at present survive her.—Pardon me, O ye Chaste and Virtuous Ashes, pardon me !
not

not for the Crime that I have committed against your Innocence, for that, I confess, deserves none; but forgive me, if blacken'd, with the greatest piece of Villany that ever was committed, I dare approach a Person of the purest, and most unsullied Virtue.——Hear me, O too credulous Rival, hear me, and know that all I told you was false, Falshoods as black as Hell itself e'er forg'd.——Yes, I'm a Traitor, —Villain,—and Impostor, —I counterfeited the Letters I show'd you; there was no more Truth in them, than in the Favours you thought me bless'd with. I only enjoy'd the Appearance of them, and that vain Appearance deprives you of those real ones you have deserv'd. Expect not that I shall say any thing to mitigate your Rage; I have laugh'd at your Weakness, I have corrupted the Domesticks of your Mistress, I have made you suspect her Virtue by the blackest Artifice that slighted Love could invent: In short, I am the cause of the Death you have given her.——

If this be not enough to make you pierce my treacherous Heart, that has depriv'd you of so much Happiness, and plung'd you thus in Misery, assure yourself, that were it still to do again, even now I would repeat it; for I had much rather

rather see the Princess in her Grave, than in your Arms; believe my Malice capable of this, and even more, if that can be, or if it need be, to provoke you to give me the Death I wish for.

As soon as the Duke had vented his Despair in these Words, he again made an Effort to put the Ponyard into his Rival's Hands, which he had already offer'd to him; and pressing him to make use of it, he tore open his Bosom with so much Violence, that notwithstanding the great Astonishment of the Count, apprehending that the Duke of *Clarence* would stab himself, he took the Dagger from him, and said to him, What was all that you told me of the Princess an Imposture? Did you counterfeit those Letters, and forge the rest of that detestable Contrivance? Is it possible that a Prince can have been capable of such Baseness? Yes, cry'd the Duke, interrupting him, lest he should vent his Rage in Reproaches, and too long defer the fatal Stroke he so much wish'd for; Yes, one of my Servants wrote the Letters I show'd you; a Woman of the Princess's, whom I had gain'd, answer'd to my Signal, the Ladder of Ropes she threw me, only gave me an opportunity to be in the Chamber by the Window of which I enter'd.

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There I continu'd, seeing no body but that Woman, as wicked as myself, staying long enough to make you wretched all the rest of your Life, and full as miserable as you then thought me happy.

If this the greatest Injury Villany could invent, and justify'd with Insolence, does not provoke you to strike the Stroke; give me the Weapon, my own Hands will not fail me, for what indeed does it signify how I perish, since I can never hope for an end to my Wretchedness.

Ah Villain, *reply'd the generous and afflicted Count*, how this Despair betrays the Baseness of your Soul! come Traytor, out of this Place, which perhaps your Artifice makes an Azyle of; come and dispute your Life with me, if you'll give me an Opportunity to revenge myself: but your Artifice, base Wretch, is visible even in your feign'd Repentance, which you make use of only to disarm my Rage. Alas! *reply'd the unhappy Clarence*, punish me, Prince, if you will, but do not insult an Enemy that submits to you. Let us quit this Place, if your Respect for this sacred Temple prevents you from defiling it with my perfidious Blood; or if your Vengeance will not be publick enough, come and sacrifice me in the Face of the whole World. In whatsoever part
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of the World my Soul is separated from my Body, I question not, but it will repair to that of the innocent Princess, if the Place that contains her, will afford Admittance to one so wicked as I am: but think not that I want to move your Compassion; if that were my Design, I shou'd alledge the power of Love on a Heart abandon'd to Despair; I should remind you of what it is to love with an invincible Passion, and yet to see the only Object of my Desires in my Rival's Arms. I might then say, think what you yourself wou'd have done, had you been in my place, if the Commands of a Father had given me the preference; but you are full as cruel in your turn as I have been; you may with honour give me Death, yet you refuse it.—Let me have a better Cause, and see how I'll support it.—But I alas! have already but too much remorse for what I've done, I need not accumulated Guilt, I need not seek the Life of one whom I have no reason to hate, but because I have injur'd him in the tenderest Point. 'Tis I alone that ought to be sacrificed to the Innocence of that virtuous Princess, but you ought to live to publish it.

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The Repentance of that unhappy Prince was so visible in all his Words and Actions, that in some measure it mitigated the Count's Rage ; but as he could not but be sensible of the Misfortunes his Rival had by his Artifices drawn on him, notwithstanding his Submission, he did not refrain from reproaching him in the bitterest manner.

Perfidious Man, *reply'd he*, how ingeniously do you contrive cruelly to afflict me? since you have already deceiv'd me, how can I be certain but you do the same now, on purpose to add Weight to my Sorrow? Besides, of what service to me is this Confession of yours now? Cast your Eyes on this Funeral Pomp, look on this melancholy Coffin, consider what you have ravish'd from me, the Despair you've reduc'd me to, and the Fruit of your Perfidy. And now by your Repentance, tho' perhaps feign'd, you take from me the only Pleasure I had left, which was revenging myself.

Go to your own Remorse, I abandon you, yet even that can't make you more wretched than I am; but tho' my Misfortunes are greater than yours, yet my Innocence alleviates them, and I certainly shall sooner find Death than your base Heart will permit you to do. Come along with me,

me, and aid me to put an end to my Misfortunes ; for in this condition, to which you've reduc'd me, I have nothing to do but to justify myself to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and then die : come and animate that unhappy Father against your detestable Life ; perhaps he will be more inclin'd to take it from you than I am ! Come and restore to his Daughter her Innocence, and to me mine, in regard to him ; 'tis for this Action alone I can with Honour live any longer.

They went both together directly to the Duke of *Burgundy*, to whom, as soon as they approach'd, the Count of *Clermont* thus address'd himself ; Learn, my Lord, from the Mouth of the Duke, your Misfortune and mine. After the Injury I have done you, I dare not any longer continue in your Presence, I retire therefore to seek a Death that shall revenge you on me, and enable me to rejoin the much-wrong'd Princess. He immediately withdrew, and as they were alone, that unhappy Father, in whose Face the Marks of the extremest Sorrow were deeply engraven, was soon inform'd by the despairing, and repenting Duke of *Clarence*, of the Villany he had committed ; he told him how long he had lov'd the Princess, the Excess of his Despair, when

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he saw the Preparations for her Marriage with his Rival, and of his wicked Contrivance to break it off; and as he had the counterfeit Letters about him, he put them into the Duke's hands, and said every thing he could think of to provoke him to Revenge: but as his Discourse was much the same with that he had with the Count of *Clermont*, I think it's much better not to abandon that wretched Lover, whose Grief was much more just. As soon as he left the Duke of *Burgundy*, he retir'd to his Chamber in the utmost Distraction; the Violence of his Sorrow had so weaken'd him, that unable to support himself, he threw himself on the Bed; his Mind being entirely bent on seeking Death.

The Civil War, which was then kindled, was the first Method he thought on to gratify his Desires; but as that was not at that time carried on with so much Vigour and Heat, but that he might be unhappy enough not to die so soon as he wish'd, he resolv'd to return to *Hungary*, where the War with the Infidels was extremely bloody; besides, he could not think of staying in a Country, where every thing he saw would reproach him with his credulous Barbarity.

Fly.

Fly, wretched *Clermont*, cry'd he, fly at least the place where you committed this Crime ; for the Villany of my Rival can no ways excuse me, my Credulity alone was the occasion of my Ruin. How could I think a Princess, whose Honour and Virtue I so well knew, could be capable of what he accus'd her of ? How could I be so blinded by my cursed Jealousy, or how could my Reason so far abandon me, as to think she could be in an instant so much alter'd, or so shamelessly abandon'd to her Passion ? Had I the least reason to believe my Rival at all agreeable to her, even when I was unknown ? Oh Heavens, what is not a Mind capable of, where Love presides ? And how blind are the Eyes of a Lover for every thing but his own Misfortunes ! Ah Princess ! how well will the few Days I have to live revenge your Death ! but Wretch that I am, how can I survive the agonizing Thought of it ! How great was my Happiness seven or eight days ago ! how great my Misery now — ! Oh Felicity, too flattering, too soon vanish'd, of which I only saw the appearance ; what can restore to my Soul the bare Idea of you ? — Or what restore it, without filling me at the same time with Rage inexpressible ! with despairing Anguish !

fall'n from the height of Glory into the Abyss of Misery, thence never more to rise! Can Life be agreeable to him, who thro' his own fault has lost the only Person he was capable of loving? who has made his Mistress die with Grief, one who was most amiable, and who would not have dy'd, had she not lov'd me too well? Let them that say Hope never abandons, even the most Wretched, let them come to me, and tell me with what I can flatter my deplorable Destiny! You alone, O Divine Princess, was my Joy, my warmest hopes; they are in the Grave with you, and 'tis there I must seek them.

In these melancholy Reflections did the Prince pass his Nights and Days, pleasing himself with nothing but the thoughts of the Death he propos'd to find in the *Hungarian Wars*.

Upon account of his Disguize in *Burgundy*, he had sent Orders to his Equipage to continue in a Town in *Germany*, and as he had only sent for it since his Marriage had been agreed on, he immediately countermanded it, and order'd it to stay for him where it was; and that he would join them in a few days.

The Duke of *Burgundy* appriz'd of his Design, came to visit him; the whole Life of that Prince was a continu'd Scene of
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Politicks, his Mind was so taken up with Ambition and great Designs, that the Count was not at all surpriz'd at his not being afflicted as much as he ought to have been, at his losing a Daughter, and a Daughter so amiable and virtuous as the Princess.

He told the Count that he came more to comfort him, than to receive any Consolations from him ; and as in the Marriage his only view was to aggrandize his Family, and strengthen its Interest by uniting it with the House of *Bourbon*, he propos'd to the Prince, that if it were true he had had such a Passion for his Alliance, as he once profess'd, it should be his own fault if they were not united, since he had still a Daughter alive, somewhat elder than her he had lov'd ; that tho' she was the *Dauphin's* Widow, and of consequence would prejudice her Rank by a second Marriage, yet he would oblige her to consent to it, to convince him how great a regard he had for him.

The Count thank'd him with great Civility for his Offers, but told him, that in his condition he could have no thoughts of any thing but Death ; that by doing him the honour of giving him the Princess, he would make her very wretched, by marrying her to a Man incapable of a-

my Joy or Satisfaction; and he then assur'd him that his Journey to *Hungary* was resolv'd upon. The Duke did what he could to dissuade him from it; but finding it impossible, and that he was determin'd to set out the next day: Since, says he, I am not able to persuade you to accept of my Alliance by this other Marriage, at least let me introduce you to the sight of the Princess I design'd for you. When I sent for her hither, I put her in hopes of acquiring you for her Husband, which tho' it would have been derogatory to her as *Dowager Dauphin*, yet the extraordinary Character she had heard of you, made her accept of it with pleasure; for which reason, and on the account of the Affliction she's in for the loss of her Sister, you can't in common Decency refuse her a Visit.

The Count had never seen this Princess, because during her Infancy she had been always in *Burgundy*, till the time she was married to the *Dauphin*, which was when he was in *Hungary*; and since her Widowhood she had constantly resided at a Monastery some distance from *Paris*: but the Duke had two days before sent for her, to come and comfort him for the loss of his youngest Daughter. This young Widow was reported to have a great deal of Merit.

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The Count, who had heard that she was accounted very near as beautiful as her whose Death he lamented, and that she greatly resembled her, thought that the Duke, who very much desir'd to have him for a Son-in-law, was in hopes that he would be captivated with the Beauty of that Princess; answer'd him, That in the condition he was in, he thought it impossible for so beautiful a Princess to regret his Loss, but much more so, for him to be touch'd with any Object whatsoever; that as he wanted so much Consolation, he was very incapable to give any: but yet since he insisted upon it, he would wait upon him that instant, because he should employ the rest of the Day in getting things ready for his Departure.

The Duke reply'd, That he could not possibly take him with him then, because he had a Business of the greatest Consequence to transact immediately, that would admit of no Delay; but he appointed the Count to come to his Palace in two hours time, which the Count did not fail to do, being uneasy till this troublesome Visit was over, that he might apply himself to ordering Matters for his Journey. Who can therefore conceive his astonishment, when in lieu of his Mistress's eldest

deft Sister, and instead of a Person cloath-
 ed in mourning as he thought to find, the
 Duke having led him into a magnificent A-
 partment, shew'd him his Mistress herself
 in the greatest Splendour he had ever yet
 seen her; being dress'd in the sumptuous
 Apparel that had been prepar'd for her
 Wedding? In reality 'twas her; the
 Duke having pretended to have Business
 that wou'd employ him two hours, only
 to give the Princess time to adorn herself,
 and that she might be prepar'd to play
 her Lover this little Trick, in revenge
 for the Mischief his Credulity had brought
 on her. Tho' the Princess was dress'd
 with the utmost Magnificence, and tho'
 the Pearls and Diamonds with which she
 was cover'd, wou'd have dazled the Eyes
 of any body that had look'd on her; the
 Count's were only attach'd on her
 Beauty: he was so surpriz'd at the sight
 of her, that he was uncapable of speaking
 a Word: he thought himself in a Dream,
 and 'twas not till after some time that the
 Duke of *Burgundy* cou'd convince him
 that all he saw was a Reality, and no Illu-
 sion.

That violent and passionate Prince con-
 fess'd to him, that he was so entirely per-
 suaded of his Daughter's having forfeited
 her

her Honour, by what he said, when he had assur'd him of his being incapable to compleat the Marriage, and by the Letter that he had sent to his Daughter, that very much abhorring her, and unwilling that his Enemies, who endeavour'd to decry him on all Occasions, shou'd be able to reproach him with so black a piece of Infamy; he resolv'd to keep it inviolably secret, and to put her to death by Poison; but that when he came to the execution of his Design, the Force of Nature had hinder'd him: but nevertheless being resolv'd never more to see her, he had form'd the Design of feigning her Death, and of sending her to a Monastery, at such a distance, that she shou'd never more be heard of. The Place he had pitch'd on, was in the extremest part of the *Seventeen Provinces*, which at that time, almost entirely belong'd to him; and as he had raised so many Seditions, and perpetrated such numbers of Murders to accomplish his Designs, he was not to be mov'd by his Daughter's Tears, who, as he thought, had by her ill Conduct broke off a Marriage so advantageous to him in his Projects. Nevertheless, after he had made her Death be thought a Certainty, by a Journey that he took to one of his Country Seats, where all his Domesticks thought he had carried

carried her, and she had dy'd, (as indeed who cou'd have doubted it, after the Honours he had caus'd to be paid to her Effigies, and the Funeral Mausoleum he had erected!) he deferr'd sending her to the Convent, because all *France* was up in Arms, and the Places through which she must of necessity have pass'd, were fill'd with Troops of his Enemies Party; and contented himself for the present, with shutting her up in a private part of his Palace, none but a Person who brought her Food, being entrusted with the Secret. How was the Count astonish'd and afflicted, when he was inform'd of the Troubles he had drawn upon the Princess! and how fill'd with the extremest Shame, when he learnt the Dangers his Credulity had thrown her into! He was at once transported with Joy and Grief at the Risque she had run, and at her Escape, and there was nothing that he did not say to obtain her Pardon. After some little difficulty, she granted it him, owning that the Duke of *Clarence's* Deceit had been so cunningly manag'd, that it was not easy to have avoided falling into the Snare. The Count of *Clermont* was also inform'd by the Duke of *Burgundy*, that as that perfidious Prince had put those counterfeit Letters into his hands, he immediately

ly brought them to the Princess, whose Moderation was so great, that when she was inform'd of the whole Adventure, and had view'd the Letters with astonishment, the only Answer she made after having read them, was, That the Duke of *Clarence* in return for depriving her of her Honour, had given her a great deal of Wit, for the Letters were much better indited, than she cou'd have done. This great Wisdom and the Charms that the Count saw with Admiration in that divine Princess, put him into a State, that can only be conceiv'd by those who after having been in his Misfortunes, have seen themselves restor'd to such inexpressible Felicity: his past Afflictions heighten'd his present Raptures; what he heard of the Princess's Constancy in her Disgrace, convinced him of the unsullied Innocence of her Soul; he was told that 'twas with her Consent, that the Duke her Father try'd his Fidelity in proposing to him another Marriage, and as she had no reason to be dissatisfy'd with him on that Article, 'twas what did not a little aid him in making his peace. Every thing therefore being before prepar'd for the Marriage Solemnity, 'twas no longer defer'd: the Duke of *Clarence* was, as a Punishment, Witness of it; After which,
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he liv'd very unhappy, but with so much Contrition for his Baseness; that the Duke of *Burgundy*, the Princess and her Lover, being the only Witnesses of it, wou'd not dishonour him by publishing it; and the People, who attributed all the Duke's Actions to Ambition, pass'd several Judgments on the false Report of his Daughter's Death, without so much as guessing at the Truth.

Yet this present History of those Lovers was writ at that time, and but very lately found in *Auvergne*, in an ancient Castle, that has for several Ages belong'd to the Dukes of *Bourbon*. The Count of *Clermont* became the Head of that illustrious House by the Death of his Father; and 'twas he who compos'd the Differences between the House of *Burgundy* and the *Dauphin*, who was afterwards the victorious *Charles* the Seventh. He lived a long time bless'd with the Affections he so well had merited of that noble Princess, as may be seen in the Genealogy of that Family, which may with Justice boast of being the first in the World; enjoying with her that Peace, which through his Valour and Address bless'd *France* after such successive Trains of Miseries.

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